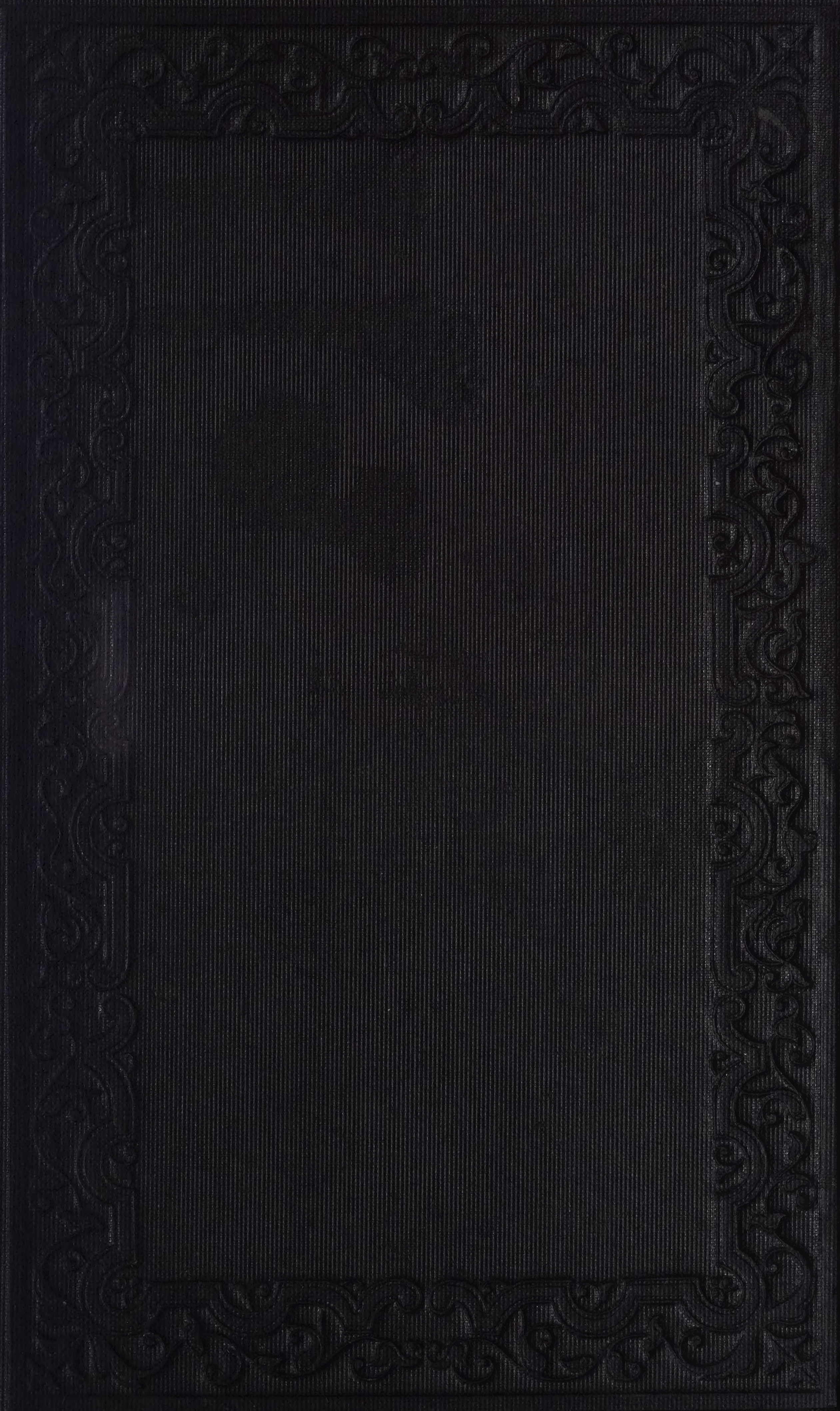

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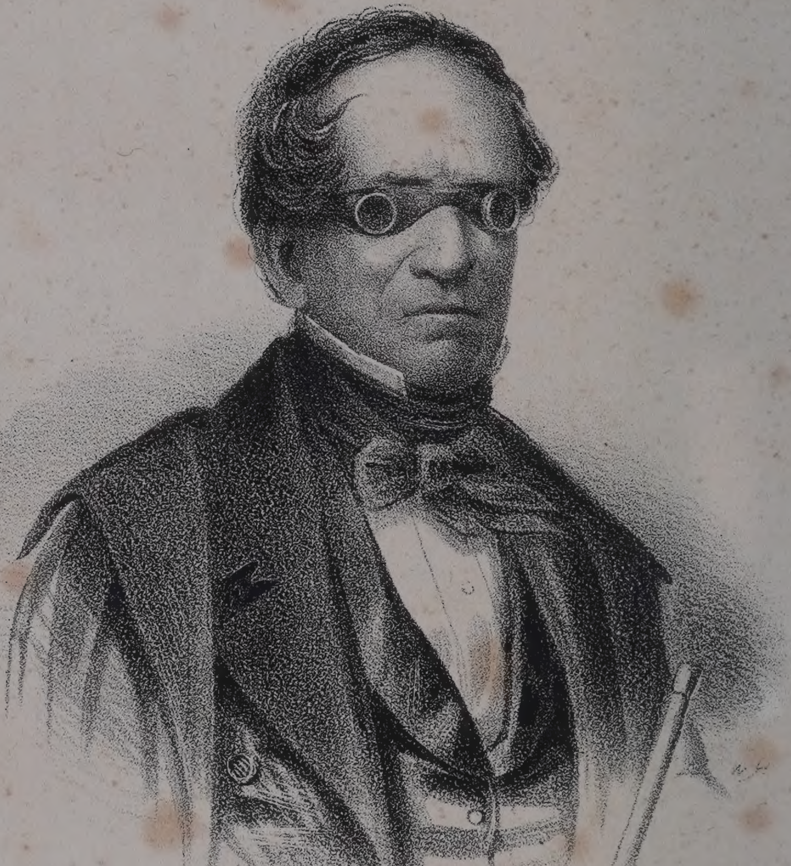

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TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE D.D.

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A

BLIND MINISTER;

INCLUDING

SKETCHES OF THE MEN AND EVENTS

OF HIS TIME.

BY TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE, D. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

FOR many years I have contemplated writing this sketch. My life has been peculiar, and may afford some useful lessons to others, particularly to young men; who will learn that adverse events, to which they are all exposed, need not subdue them. Difficulties encountered with cheerful resolution are generally overcome; and the history of every resolute man proves the truth of Bolingbroke's remark, — that "trophies of glory are often built upon what the world considers our own ruins."

I trust that, by writing my own biography, I shall not be thought to assume a rank in the scale of importance which does not belong to me. I have often been requested to do it, and requested by men whose wishes I would not slightly regard. Several eminent men have written to me, requesting some passages of my life, and desiring to know how I made my literary and theological acquisitions — how I composed my sermons, and performed the varied duties of the pastorate. I had also understood that some gentlemen were determined that my life should be written; and, if this was to be done, I considered that it was so unique that no one could draw up the biography but myself. I know the history of my own life vastly better than any other man can possibly know it; and, if self-love has thrown a few roseate tints into some of the pictures, it is still better that I should hold the pencil, than another man who could not understand so peculiar a subject.

I feel myself coerced to this task, and I cheerfully perform it, as I have embodied in my narrative some interesting facts, touching the history of our country and its eminent men, which were fast floating down the stream of oblivion.

I consider it a matter of little consequence to the interest of this work, whether I occupy the Diocese of London, or the Vicarage of Wakefield. In the opinion of sensible men, characters are to be estimated, not by adventitious circumstances, but by their intellectual and moral attributes. If I have not permanently occupied those stations in the Church which in their secular relations are considered primary, I have labored in very important positions, and have seen spring up into commanding and influential situations successive generations of young men and women, whose characters have been moulded by my conversation and preaching.

> "From scenes like these our country's glories rise."

It is no more necessary to the interest or utility of such a narrative that it should concern an Archbishop, walking on the gilded pinnacles of the Church, than it was to the success of Claude Lorraine's pencil that he should abandon the cot of the mountain shepherd, with its home touches, for the gorgeous scenery of the Bay of Naples. Those maxims for wise living which we all need, are not to be gathered from the history of those who have been decorated with the insignia of worldly distinction, for they are applicable only to a few; but those lessons spring up from the ongoings of every-day life. The honest history of any individual man is always entertaining and instructive; and it is somewhat strange that, while the literature of other great nations is enriched with this fascinating department of letters, our language should be so poor in private and individual history, and particularly in Autobiography.

The loss of my sight, at an early period of life, seemed to others to cast a deep cloud over my prospects — to throw up a frowning barrier which I could not pass. But it did not seem so to me, nor did I find it so. Even after this apparently unpropitious event, I determined to practice law, and prosecuted its studies with glowing prospects. But I was diverted from this design by causes the reader will find unfolded in the ensuing narrative. I became a Minister of the Gospel, and have pursued this vocation, with unmitigated earnestness, through life. We have not many records in Church annals — though a few of great brilliancy — of men in my situation sustaining the hard work of a faithful and widely-extended pastorate.

I have not written this sketch, I hope, in any other spirit than one of gratitude to a kind Providence for having smoothed the roughnesses of my way; and with a desire to offer to my brethren of the same pursuit, in all denominations, a lesson of encouragement in the high service of our common Master. I am gratified, also, in believing that in a country which has had such an origin, and such a history as ours, where so many religious and literary institutions have been founded — the general reader, who recognizes the Scriptures, will find little that will conflict with his own generous and humane sentiments: while he may read with some pleasure the story of a man, who, although dedicated for life to a sacred, and often considered an exclusive, profession, has thrown out his sympathies over all around him, and carried into every scene of life and labor the genial spirit of our liberal institutions; and the diffusive kindness of one who has risen above the frowning barriers of sect, although decidedly preferring the distinctive peculiarities of a particular department of the Church.

I have never felt that consecration to my Master's cause has chilled any of my social sympathies; or shut me out of the inspiring scenes of national progress; or excluded me from the hallowed society of that venerable company of scholars who have drank deeply from the fountains of classic learning.

I have delayed this work until I resigned the pastoral office, with its incessant pressures, and found myself in a position where, in the full strength of life, leisure made almost every hour propitious to composition. With the aid of a phonographic amanuensis, I have, with the facility of conversation, dictated this unpretending sketch. It is written with an earnest desire to shed some light over passages and aspects of life not well understood, and to impart the radiance of hope to those clouds which often hang over existence.

I commit it to the blessing of Heaven.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

My Father. — My Mother. — President Edwards. — His Wife. — John Woodbridge, my Ancestor who came from England. — Character of the Ejected Ministers.

I WAS born in Stockbridge, Mass., November 24th, 1784. My father was Hon. Jahleel Woodbridge. He was brought to this beautiful valley by my grandfather, when he was a child; and his character was developed and moulded amid the sunny and romantic scenery which surrounds that loveliest spot on the Housatonic, and by the powerful moral elements which Providence had concentrated in that remarkable place.

He was educated at Princeton College, N. J. I do not know what circumstances determined him to that institution, unless it was the fact that the illustrious Edwards, the pastor of his boyhood, had been president of the college. He graduated in 1761.

On returning to his home, his fellow-citizens, who regarded him with great favor, immediately forced him into a large number of public employments, which prevented him from pursuing a particular profession, and engrossed his whole life. In his early youth he discharged the duties of many town offices, and while quite a young man was sent to the Legislature, in both branches of which he repeatedly served. He was an associate, and afterwards presiding, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and held for many years the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Berkshire.

He took a very active part in the measures which were preliminary to the war of Independence; and I have observed his name conspicuously recorded in the conventions which were often held in Massachusetts, during that stormy and exciting period, for the purpose of resisting British encroachments, and arousing the public mind to the great struggle which was coming. He rendered active service during the war, particularly in the commissary's department — making unsparing sacrifices of property to help along the patriot cause.

The Rev. Dr. Field, in his History of Berkshire, gives the following view of my father's character: "He was highly esteemed for his good sense, integrity and piety; he was of a philosophic and even temper; of large private charity, and eminent public spirit. His piety was of the stern Puritan stamp."

My mother was a daughter of President Edwards. I have no recollection of her, but have always understood, from those who knew her well, that she was graceful, intellectual, affectionate, and pious; and that she superadded to these qualities great energy and force of character. I have heard many anecdotes of her, tending to illustrate her benevolence and social influence. A few years ago, in a neighboring congregation, when I preached on a particular occasion, I met a man advanced in life, who told me he was brought up in Stockbridge, and wanted to know my parentage. When he found I was a son of Lucy Edwards, he lifted up his voice and wept so loudly as to frighten us all. "God bless you, sir!" said he; "are you a son of Lucy Edwards? Her face seems to me like the face of an angel. I was a poor lad in Stockbridge, and she taught me to read and write, and inculcated on me the sublime lessons of Christian morals and religion; and her kindness to me has been the cause of all the respectability I have enjoyed in life." He then put his withered arms around me, and wept like a child.

My parents had nine children, five sons and four daughters, of whom I was the youngest by four years. Some of the elder branches of the family were established in life before I can remember.

It has always been a matter of grateful recollection to me, that I am a grandson of "God's own immortal Edwards," — as my grandfather is often called in theological writings. Perhaps the Father of Lights bestowed on him as capacious an intellect as ever fell to the lot of any man in this country. His mind was massive and pliant, acute and comprehensive. He had imagination enough to have unbalanced a common mind; but in his case imagination was the handmaid of reason, and was kept in supreme subordination to that higher faculty, and was employed only to illustrate truth which reason discovered.

The enlightened criticism of both continents has pronounced Edwards to be the mightiest man who has lived in the Western world; and the opinion is quite as common among philosophers, that he has put forth the greatest influence upon the thinking mind of the two past generations, of any man who has lived during this period. Sir James Mackintosh regarded him as the acutest metaphysician that had lived. His Essay on the Will is the most stupendous structure of intellectual mechanism in the English language.

But while the intellectual eminence of Edwards is universally admitted, little is popularly known about his wife, who was a woman of mark, and was thought in her day to be as remarkable as her illustrious husband. Some things in regard to her extraordinary qualities have wandered down to us in writings of that time, and more have been conveyed to us by tradition. She was a woman of extraordinary genius; and had it not been for the grace of God and the Puritanic manners which surrounded her, she would have become one of the most brilliant, fanciful, and magnificent writers and enthusiasts of any age. There were concealed in the depth of her bosom, under the chill manners of that period, hidden fires, which would have given birth, in their display, to qualities that have won immortal renown for the heroines of history.

I am directly descended from John Woodbridge, one of the two thousand ministers who were ejected from the Church Establishment of England, by the infamous Act of Conformity, passed in 1662. "However some affect to treat these men with indifference, and suppose that their consciences were more tender than they need have been, it must be remembered that they were men of extensive learning, great abilities, and pious conduct as ever appeared." Locke, if his opinion has any weight, calls them "worthy, pious, learned, orthodox divines, who did not throw themselves out of service, but were forcibly ejected." Mr. Bogue thus draws their character: "As to their public ministrations, they were orthodox, experimental, serious, affectionate, regular, faithful, able, popular preachers. As to their moral qualities, they were devout and holy, faithful to Christ and the souls of men, wise and prudent, of great liberality and kindness, strenuous advocates for liberty, civil and religious. As to their intellectual qualities, they were learned, eminent, and laborious. These men were driven from their houses, from the society of their friends, and exposed to the greatest difficulties. Their burdens were greatly increased by the Conventicle Act, whereby they were prohibited from meeting for the exercise of religion, above five in number, in any other manner than allowed by the Liturgy, or practice of the Church of England."

Mr. Woodbridge, my ancestor, must have been a man of great consideration and influence among the ejected ministers. We infer this from the fact that he was associated, by the appointment of the ejected ministers, with the celebrated Richard Baxter, to advocate and sustain their cause in a conference with the bishops, in the presence of the king, at the Savoy House.

The absence of these excellent men from the Church seemed to empty the Establishment of its holiness and learning. This event made a deep and painful impression upon the nation, and it became necessary that some measures should be attempted to bring about a reconciliation of the parties, if possible. Baxter and Woodbridge were intrepid and able champions of the great cause committed to their advocacy; and they were not men to compromit their consciences or the consciences of their brethren. They would sooner have been made victims than surrender a principle.

This famous Conference was a failure, as no terms of conciliation could be agreed upon.

Mr. Woodbridge was very popular with his people; who insisted on his remaining with them, to preach in such places as they could congregate in. He made several efforts to preach; but his assemblies were soon broken up by the intrusion of the King's soldiers. At length, baffled and wearied in his efforts to do good at home, he resolved to go to America. He crossed the ocean, and landed at Boston, where his fame had preceded him. Just at this conjuncture, a church had been organized at Andover, since the seat of a distinguished Theological Seminary. Here he was immediately installed as pastor; but while he was proceeding in his ministry with distinguished popularity and success, a committee of his old congregation in England arrived at Boston, and hastened to Andover to persuade Mr. Woodbridge to return to his former charge, who waited for his coming with the most enthusiastic affection. They cherished a hope that the fires of persecution had gone down and would not be rekindled.

The eminent man in question, after deliberately considering the matter before him, concluded to return to his old scene of labor, and took measures regularly to withdraw from his American charge. His return to

England was hailed with deep gladness, and he re-entered upon the work of preaching. He is described by his cotemporaries as a man of great eloquence, and his preaching drew around him large assemblies. His movements soon attracted the attention of government, and files of the King's troops were again marched in upon his congregations, who were compelled to disperse by the clash and terror of arms.

Mr. Woodbridge, perceiving it was vain to try to prosecute his ministry in England, and remembering the direction of his Master—"If they persecute you in one city, flee to another"—resolved to return to his loved America.

On arriving at Boston, he received an invitation to become the pastor of a prominent church in that citadel of Puritanism. This call he accepted, and entered with his accustomed earnestness upon his pastoral labors, which he prosecuted with great acceptance for a few years, when a difference of opinion arose between him and his church, upon certain matters of ecclesiastical government, which determined him to resign his charge.

His abilities had attracted the attention of the public, who demanded that they should be put in requisition in the civil service, and he was soon appointed a judge of the court at Boston, which office he held till his death.

I have a cousin at Stockbridge, who is a great antiquarian, and who has diligently traced back our family into the Dark Ages. She writes me that we are descended from the famous Earl of Warwick, who has long had the soubriquet of the "Setter-up and Putter-down of kings." Whether this genealogy is correct or not, I do not know, and am not careful to inquire. I feel little pleasure in deducing my descent from the bloody barons of the Dark Ages; but it is to me a source of gratification and gratitude that I am descended from the Puritan race, who came hither that religion and liberty might have a country and a home.*

---

* The above account of John Woodbridge is, I believe, entirely accurate, though the statements of antiquarian writers in relation to him have been various. My account is written from memory, and my memory seldom deceives me. I read the facts above related in an old English edition of Neal's History of the Puritans, which is not now within my reach. I rely with undoubting confidence on the history of John Woodbridge as I have given it; though, among the variations to which I have referred, the name of Benjamin has been given him.

CHAPTER II.

MY BOYHOOD.

Description of Stockbridge. — Our Pastor's Theological School. — My First Recollection. — My First Sporting Adventure. — Manner of Keeping the Sabbath. — Sketch of Dr. West. — Peculiar Society of Stockbridge. — Our District School. — A Fishing Incident, with its Effect on my Mind. — Indians. — Death of my Father.

In reflecting on the scenes of my birth and training, my heart impels me to take up the grateful exclamation of the Psalmist: "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Stockbridge, at the time I began my path of life, was a remarkable and interesting spot in several respects. The scenery, as the whole country knows, is pre-eminently sweet and beautiful, and scenery is among the elements that enter into the formation of character. The noble belt of hills that stretch along its western boundary, and form a bold and high barrier on the south and southeast, give a sheltered appearance to the sunny valleys along the Housatonic. We who resided there, fancied that the beautiful scenery of the town imparted a kindly influence to the temper of the inhabitants, and was in fine keeping with the character of the dwellers in those happy vales.

But Stockbridge had higher claims to consideration than those furnished by her noble river, her lakes, her laughing valleys, and circumjacent mountains. It was the residence of a considerable number of eminent men, and conspicuous and refined families. Men of high distinction in all the learned professions belonged to Stockbridge.

Through the early part of my life, we had there the Rev. Dr. West, an eminent and learned clergyman of the place, who kept a theological school in his own house, where a number of young men prosecuted their preparatory studies, and entered upon the ministry under the auspices of their distinguished teacher, and have taken their places among the flower of the clergy. There were at that time no theological seminaries; and aspirants for the pulpit resorted, from necessity, to eminent and learned ministers for direction and instruction in their preparatory course of studies.

There were, undoubtedly, some advantages in that mode of preparation for the ministry which cannot be enjoyed in theological institutions. The student had before his eye the example of a model minister, and he was gradually inducted by his instructor into the diversified duties of the pastoral office. Men trained in that way for the work of the ministry were more practical, and better acquainted with the details of pastoral duty, than it is possible for young men to be who issue forth upon the churches from the seclusion of a theological seminary. These public institutions, undoubtedly, have their peculiar advantages. They bring together and sustain a number of learned professors, and have large libraries, such as no private teacher can command.

But, when we reflect upon the stability of our churches and pastors under the old system of educating ministers, and contrast it with the fickleness of the churches and the rapid rotation of pastors at the present time, we cannot avoid the belief that the former practical method of training young men for the ministry, fitted them better to guide the churches than the theological seminary. Far be it from me to insinuate that the rapid shifting of ministers, which we all observe, is to be exclusively, or even mainly, ascribed to public institutions. Many other causes have contributed to this state of things, which all good men deplore.

Perhaps a method of education which shall blend the advantages of the two systems here referred to, would be practicable and desirable. It would be well for a young probationer for the ministry, before going forth with his panoply to the churches, to spend a few months with some eminent pastor. He would thus become imbued with the unction of the holy office, and would acquire a great many lessons of practical wisdom and Christian prudence from the mature learning and large experience of a veteran servant of the church.

We had also, at the time referred to, in my native village, eminent physicians, who attracted to their offices numerous medical students.

The very distinguished lawyers who resided in Stockbridge, instituted and guided law schools. The number of legal students in the different offices of the village was very considerable.

These causes gathered a great number of educated men into that favored spot, and furnished an enlightened and cultivated society. I recollect belonging to a debating club, which contained eighteen young men who had been educated at college; and besides these, we embraced in our circle a number of gentlemen of no contemptible literary and scientific attainments. In these scenes my boyhood was developed.

In my third year, my mother died. The death of such a mother was an irreparable loss, though, from my tender age, I could have had no perception of the extent of the calamity. I had now

> ———————— "No mother's care,
> To shield my infant innocence with prayer."

It has always been to me a matter of deep sorrow that I had no mother to whom I might show kindness. This is the most delightful form of filial piety.

The care of me now devolved upon my sisters, who undoubtedly treated me with the most assiduous tenderness. My two eldest sisters soon married, and left our home with their husbands. I then fell almost exclusively under the care of my youngest sister, who threw over my path the most unmeasured indulgence and tenderness.

I have no remembrance of my mother, or of the marriage of my two eldest sisters. About two years after the death of my mother, my father married a second wife, the widow of the Rev. John Keep, the minister of Sheffield, who died before his sun had reached its meridian height. I have heard Dr. West remark of him, that he was the most popular minister ever settled in the county of Berkshire.

She was a woman of the most respectable connections, was intelligent and pious, and always treated me with kindness. I loved her while she lived, and since her decease, which occurred about two years after the death of my father, I have cherished her memory with tenderness and respect.

My first recollection is of a belligerent character, and it has always been vividly before me. When I was about three years old, a band of armed men who belonged to the Shays' rebellion — as the insurrection in Massachusetts was called — entered our house in the night. I was sleeping with my father, and was suddenly awakened by the clash of arms. The first sight I can remember, was a band of armed ruffians standing over our bed. "The dreadful gleam of their armor was reflected" by the lights which burned upon the table. Their hemlock boughs, the insignia of rebellion, nodded over us from their hats, and they demanded the surrender of my father. I uttered a scream of terror, and my father shoving aside the bayonets, handed me through the armed men to my sister, to be carried away from the scene of outrage. These wretches pillaged the house and took my father prisoner. They placed him under the care of military guards, and carried him away in the course of the night from his distressed family.

The capture of my father was a very desirable achievement to the insurgents, as he was the chief judge of the court of the county, and their grand aim was to stop the administration of law. He was also a member of the Senate, and was a strenuous and formidable friend of law and order.

They carried him to Great Barrington, which was at that time the seat of justice for Berkshire.

Immediately after the capture of my father, a strong company of volunteers was organized in Stockbridge, to proceed to Great Barrington for the rescue of their townsman. In a day or two their equipment was completed, and they set off in the night on their chivalrous expedition. As they were descending Monument Mountain, my father heard the beat of their drums floating down the declivities. He soon met them and they exchanged their congratulations. My father, by his moral courage, had overawed the rebels, and induced them to let him depart. He left for home on foot and alone, in the night, and met his brave townsmen hastening to his deliverance.

So far back as I can recollect, I have loved the scenes of nature. Indeed I grew up in the open air, and, in some sense, may be considered a child of nature. The winds, the waters, the fields and woods, had a good deal to do with my education. Let Charles Lamb, surrounded with the smoke of London, deride rural pleasures as he will, and declare them vapid and unmeaning, I shall always be grateful to Providence that I was brought up in the country. I love the country as well as Walter Scott, who had a blood-felt love for country scenes; and I consider it favorable to simplicity of character and the gladness and freshness of future life, that one's youth should be passed in rural scenery.

Many a time did I bend my boyish steps around the base, or on some rugged brow, of Laurel Hill, to read my juvenile book with added pleasure from the scenery about me. This eminence was just back of our house, and has since been rendered classic by the pen of Miss Sedgwick.

I had a great passion for rural sport, as well as scenery, and I will here relate an incident which flushed my brow with gladness at the time. I had perceived, for a number of successive days, that a flock of wild ducks alighted and sported upon a bright wave of the Housatonic just at night. I formed a secret purpose to obtain some of these beautiful birds, and clandestinely obtained the loan of a gun; for I had not yet been allowed the use of such an instrument, except under the eye of my friends. Thus equipped, I stealthily repaired to the bend of the river, where the ducks alighted; and, hiding myself behind the sedges, was delighted by the speedy appearance of these wild birds. I saw them with a glad, but anxious eye, sporting and nestling; and, when I thought the golden moment had come, I fired off my gun and killed two. Perceiving that I had done execution, I plunged into the river, snatched my game, and ran breathless to my family. I felt that to be a proud moment of my life, and, to my young fancy, manly honors were thickening upon my brow. I felt as proud as Alexander when he had subdued the world. This was my first achievement in rural sports.

The manner in which I was brought up to keep the Sabbath, deserves description; and is a piece of history, which, I suspect, has no exemplification in the families of our day.

My father observed the Sabbath with Jewish rigor, though one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men in the world. He, like our Puritan ancestors, who were stalwart theologians, kept Saturday night. His outdoor affairs were all wound up before the Saturday's sun had sunk behind the mountain. Even in the height and pressure of ingathering—and he had a large farm—all his calculations through the week converged to a close before Saturday's sunset. The barns, gates and bars were all closed, the cows were milked, and every animal and thing was in its place before the sun disappeared. The family, including all who belonged to the house, children as well as laboring people, were all assembled in the large parlor, to begin the appropriate exercises of sacred time. The indoor preparations for the Sabbath were as complete as those which obtained on the farm. The viands and vegetables were all dressed on Saturday afternoon, and the busy housewife ceased to ply the oar of labor. No broom was used in the house for twenty-four hours, except to sweep the hearth. No bed was ever made till the Sunday sun had gone down, so "gracious and hallowed was the time."

Well, there we were in the parlor, and the broad disk of the sun was just sinking behind the western hills. My father was as a patriarch in the midst of his gathered household. He first read a long sermon, and then several chapters in the Bible, after which he offered up his evening prayer. Prayer being over, we were permitted to retire to our rooms, furnished with religious books.

The next morning, after worship and the necessary affairs were accomplished, we all prepared for the sanctuary. My father went regularly, at the head of his tribe, to the house of God. No one was allowed to remain at home, unless illness, or some other serious providential impediment, prevented his going. At intermission we returned to our house and took a lunch, after which we repaired again to the courts of the Lord.

When the afternoon service was over we had our dinner, which was got with very little labor. We then recited our Catechism to my father, and received his instructions, which were imparted with great kindness, and often affected us to tears.

The system of Calvinism, as the whole world knows, is the vital element in the Westminster Catechism. The doctrines of that system seem to multitudes stern and repulsive; but the manner in which those doctrines are regarded, is modified in some degree by the method of their exhibition and inculcation. I have heard men complain of the iron system which was taught them in their childhood. If the doctrines referred to are according to godliness, it is a necessary inference that they must be steeped in the love of their Author: His benevolence must shine through them.

The doctrines of Calvinism appear very differently in different modes of exhibition. When they are exhibited in a kind and gentle spirit, and in their inspired attitudes and bearings, they seem radiant with love; but when an adversary, or a man of a morose spirit, unfolds them, they frown upon the listener with a stern aspect.

The system of doctrine contained in the Catechism presents as different a face under different modes of inculcation, as a scene in nature presents when viewed in June, rich with verdure and enamelled with flowers, and observed in December, when it is horrid with frost, covered with snows, and swept over with rude winds.

After Catechism, another sermon and the Bible were read to us, and the family altar was again encircled.

When the sun was fully set, the outdoor and indoor affairs of the establishment were resumed with wonted activity and energy. I think the observance of the Sabbath was pushed too far in my father's house; but I have never regretted that I was brought up in this way. The rigorous observance of holy time to which I was trained, imparted to the Sabbath great sacredness, and it has always seemed to me very different from any other day. Whenever this hallowed day returns, it brings with it a thousand sweet memories, which impart a fascination to its hours. My father scrupulously obeyed the command of his Master,—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates."

Perhaps I may, in this connection as well as in any other, give a short sketch of our pastor, the Rev. Dr. West. The sketch, to be just, will be somewhat unique. He took a high rank among the metaphysical divines who distinguished his age. He was learned in the peculiar lore of his profession. He kept up his knowledge of Latin until the end of life. I have seen him take up any Latin book which happened to be at hand, and read it with the utmost facility. He had also considerable skill in the Greek. His mind was rather acute than comprehensive. He surveyed a subject in some of its relations with wonderful clearness and subtlety, but was not remarkable for comprehending a great subject in all its bearings. His clear and argumentative method of preaching had a very perceivable influence in disciplining the intellect of his congregation; and men who have risen to eminence in the learned professions, have attributed their power of attention and their skill in reasoning to the preaching of Dr. West, on which they attended during their preparatory studies in Stockbridge. He was as bland as a lady in his manners, and yet had a somewhat military bearing, resulting from his native energy of character, and early familiarity with military life in Hoosic Fort, where he was chaplain for one or two years, after entering upon his sacred office.

He was a frequent and familiar visitor at our house; and I remember well taking my little chair, when I was a boy, and drawing as near him as I could, to listen to his tender and moving conversations and pious benedictions. In his person he was a little below the middle stature, but, from his dignified bearing and aspect, he appeared of the full middle height. His frame was slender, but he had a dash of the lion in his movements, and seemed like a man destined by nature to be a military commander.

In the pulpit he displayed a variety of emotions: sometimes he would pour forth strains of the most melting tenderness, and then he would rise, like a messenger of vengeance, into a strain of the sublimely terrible.

One Monday morning I met in the street the Attorney-General of the State, who said to me: "Why, what a curious pastor you have here. Yesterday I heard him preach, and he seemed to me like a herald of wrath. This morning I have called on him, and he is all softness, grace, and gentleness. No man can be more charitable in his private judgments, and no man more dreadful in his public denunciations. He certainly embodies in his character strange contrasts."

I will here relate a conversation which the distinguished Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, had with me in reference to Dr. West's Theological School. "The fall after I graduated," said he, "my father sent me to Dr. West's house to study theology. I had then, and have now, a great opinion of his acuteness and classical attainments. Very soon after my admission, he placed in my hands such books as Edwards' powerful work on Original Sin, and Hopkins' treatise on Holiness; books which, if I could have read them with any belief, would have sent rottenness into my bones. They were written with such strength and power that they made me melancholy, and I used to go out into the doctor's orchard, upon that beautiful sidehill; then I would pick up a fervid and blushing apple, and look at it; then I would pick a flower, and look at its beauty, and inhale its odor, and would say to myself, 'these are beautiful types of the loveliness of God. I know God is benevolent, and I will return to my studies cheered with these impressions.' Yet," continued the learned president, "these tremendous doctrines seemed to awaken the deepest emotions of piety in the mind of Dr. West, and to impart light, and gladness, and thankfulness to his inmost spirit."

His exactness of habit and method was carried to a greater extreme than I have observed in any other man. When about to commence a journey, he made all his calculations in advance for each day. His neighbors often remarked, that it seemed as though the elements were subject to him, for he always accomplished what he undertook. His hat and whip were taken down and laid on the table the night before he set off; and Mrs. West knew, to a moment, when to have his table prepared for him on his return, whether he had gone only to the village, or to visit his friend, Dr. Hopkins, at Newport, which, at that time, was a long journey. His movements to execute his appointments and engagements, took rank in certainty with the laws of nature.

But his piety was the predominant feature of his character, and displayed itself in all the forms of Christian excellence. His character and manners were so deeply imbued with the spirit of piety, that some of his congregation practically regarded him as the tutelar genius of the place, standing in the gap and keeping off the judgments of God. In their imaginations, they invested him with the power and holiness of an apostle, and felt somewhat like the people in Jerusalem, when they looked on Peter, after he had performed a stupendous miracle, in reference to which, he said, "Why look ye on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?"

Some of his charge even used his name as a charm. Miss Kirkland, a sister of the president, who afterwards married the celebrated Professor Robinson, told me in the presidential mansion at Cambridge, that she grew up in Stockbridge, with a deep awe of the holiness of Dr. West, and often used his name as a talisman. "When I was going home," said she, "from the village, at twilight or in the evening, as I passed along the solitary road leading between the meadows along the Housatonic to my father's house, I used to say, in order to assure my spirit, 'Mr. West, Mr. West,' with a vague impression that the repetition of this magical name would keep off all evil agencies. And when," continued she, "I had occasion to pass from one part of my father's house to another, in the evening, it was my custom to reiterate the name of 'Mr. West.'"

His reputation as an author was considerable. He published a treatise on Moral Agency, which made a great impression in his day, and which will long be preserved in the libraries of the curious, as one of the most extraordinary specimens of subtle metaphysical reasoning. His celebrated essay on the Atonement is less metaphysical and more popular in its texture. This work has passed into a second edition, and enjoys a high measure of favor with profound theologians. The distinguished Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, father to Dr. Spring, of New York, remarked to me, when I was a student at Andover, that Dr. West's book on the Atonement was, in his judgment, the best treatise on that subject in the language.

Dr. West had a long ministry. He was pastor of our church upwards of sixty years. Such an example of ecclesiastical stability amazes us in these days of church fickleness and pastoral rotation.

There was a peculiarity in the society of Stockbridge, and it was not strange that such should be the fact. The villages along the Housatonic were, for a long time, very much isolated from the rest of the world. On the west dwelt the race of the Knickerbockers, who used a strange and barbarous speech, which repelled much social intercourse. On the east was a range of colossal mountains, which made intercourse with the valley of the Connecticut, slow and unfrequent. We had then no railroads or telegraphs, and but few mails, and there were not many vehicles by which influences could be transfused from one place to another. In such circumstances, it is not strange that local causes and elements should have formed the character of the people. An uncommonly able succession of pastors, whose labors were not much neutralized by other influences, had a decided agency in moulding the public taste. The society in which I grew up was of a peculiar stamp; the predominant reading of the people was theology. The most profound treatises in that department of knowledge, were precisely adapted to the taste of society. We had a large public library, and the kind of books most in demand were theological. When a new work on church history, or new volumes of sermons, appeared, it was often necessary to procure two or three sets to meet the eager demand for this kind of reading.

Learned treatises on the prophetic writings were favorite topics of discussion in social parties. I have seen in large evening parties of gentlemen and ladies, almost the whole time of both sexes occupied in talking over Newton's and Faber's learned Essays on the Prophecies. The signs of the times were critically scrutinized and compared with prophetic intimations.

This was indeed a singular state of society, and such as I have not met with elsewhere.

At a tender age, I was placed at the district school in my native village, and this school establishment, standing in a peculiar place, had its peculiar character. It was a remarkable school for that period, and would compare favorably with the boasted model schools of the present time.

The eminent men of the town, as they had their own children to educate in the school, bestowed on it their active attention. It was the custom of the district, whenever they wanted a new teacher, to write to Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, to send them one, of the best qualifications he could select. The doctor had great tact in such matters, and sent a succession of superior instructors, who were most liberally compensated. The school was large, and assistant teachers were employed, and all went on with glow and splendor.

We had a committee, embracing some of the ablest men in the State, who were residents of Stockbridge, to visit the school once a month, and draw up and post up conspicuously in sight of us all, a report of our merits and demerits. I have seen on this committee of visitation, our venerable pastor, associated with the president, *pro tem.* of the Senate of the United States—Theodore Sedgwick,—and a lawyer who was afterwards Attorney-General of the Commonwealth. These monthly visitations had, of course, a most stimulating effect on our minds, and awakened in us a generous ambition to excel.

I will here relate a casual incident, which happened in my schoolboy days, and gave a new turn to my character. Accidental circumstances sometimes impart an influence to the mind, which tells deeply, for weal or wo, on our whole succeeding history. We are particularly susceptible to these influences in the forming period of early youth. From some cause, our school was suspended one day in the month of June, when I was about eleven years old. Two of my school companions and myself arranged a fishing excursion, to fill up and brighten the vacant day. Early in the morning, with our tackle, we set off for the distant mountain-brook, elate with expectation of a great day for trout in that famous stream. While we were walking and talking, the conversation very naturally turned upon our school and school companions.

We busied ourselves with sketching the characters of some of the boys: we talked over our sports, and the various degrees of skill in plays exhibited by different boys. I was of a slender frame, and complained of some stout ruffian boys who ran against me, and sometimes ran over and injured me. I remarked that I could not mix with such stout and rude fellows in the excitement of games at ball. "Well," said one of my fishing companions to me, "if you can't play as well in some of our rough games as some of the boys, you know how to be a better scholar than any of us." This remark electrified and astonished me, and I began to reflect on my scholastic attainments and standing. I interrogated both boys as to the meaning of this announcement, and they both insisted that I could not help knowing that I was the best scholar in school. This boyish exaggeration is to be taken of course with some allowance. They referred to my skill in Latin, my accuracy in spelling, and the clearness with which I recited geography.

I had before entertained a very humble idea of myself, and my pretensions were very moderate. I had no expectation of reaching any distinction or of accomplishing much in life. I had never been praised at home. My family had the Puritan habit, and that was—with all the virtues of that race—a habit of censuring children when they did ill, and seldom or never commending them when they did well. The misdeeds of the boy were sure to be animadverted upon; but his merits were passed by in silence. Our excellent forefathers were excessively afraid of awakening in the bosoms of their children an unhallowed vanity and a sinful self-confidence.

But that was a great fishing day for me. As I drew out of Mosquito Brook the mountain trout, with their bright and rich spots, I meditated upon myself, and formed high purposes of future eminence. Indeed, on that eventful day my character underwent an entire revolution. I said to the boys, as we were returning, "that Steve ———, who has run over me so many times in play, I will make cower at my feet at some future day." I did not know that I was uttering a prophecy; but it happened to receive a fulfilment. In an early stage of my ministry, I had occasion to preach in a town in Connecticut, and passed the night at the house of an eminent man of that place.

While we were conversing in the parlor, in the evening, the gentleman of the house came in and said, there was a man in the kitchen who wanted very much to see me, if I would have the kindness to walk out for a minute. I inquired who it was, and found it was this very Steve ———, who had abused me in my boyhood. He was a poor cobbler, had heard of my position as a preacher, and wanted to pay me his respects. When I met him, he remembered me well, and approached in a cowering and deferential manner.

The day after the fishing excursion, I went to school and assumed an entirely different bearing. I had a feeling of self-reliance and confidence which I had never experienced before, and the great boys ceased to molest me with their rudeness. My prospects in life seemed to change, and brilliant images shot up before me in my path.

When I was a boy, I had some familiarity with Indian life. The ancient nation of Indians, who had long inhabited the valleys of Stockbridge, had emigrated to Oneida county, N. Y., before my birth; but they continued to cherish an affection for the land of their ancestors. Bands of thirty or forty Indians, men and women, were accustomed to come down to Stockbridge and spend the winter. They loved to rekindle the fire upon the old hearthstones, and linger about the ancient cemetery. They constructed wigwams on the slopes of the mountains, and occupied themselves in making baskets and brooms for a subsistence, as their hunting-grounds were spoiled by the axe of the woodman. They strolled about every day, more or less, in their wild Indian costume (which excited and impressed my boyish fancy), to peddle their fabrics among the families of the town. They were treated with great kindness and generosity by the people, as they always had been from the earliest coming-in of the white settlers.

The history of the Indians of Stockbridge, after the visitation of Woodbridge and Sargeant,—the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in that place,—is an edifying example of the effect of Christian kindness upon a barbaric tribe.

Early in the eighteenth century, Timothy Woodbridge, a man of genius and eloquence, according to the testimony of President Edwards, who had been educated at Yale College, came with a commission from the government of Massachusetts, to introduce law and letters among the Stockbridge Indians. He was associated with Rev. John Sargeant, a gifted and pious missionary, who went hand in hand with Mr. Woodbridge, to introduce Christianity as well as letters.

On arriving at Barrington they sent runners to the Indians, with the request that the red men would meet them under the brow of Monument Mountain, on the ensuing Sabbath, and have a talk. The Indians issued from the woods in great numbers, and met their new and imposing visitors. These messengers of civilization, whose fame has been every day since increasing, opened respectively their objects. The Indians heard them attentively, through an interpreter; and, after retiring awhile to hold a council, signified to their visitors that they were pleased with their talk, and wished them to come and live in the midst of them.

This was the beginning of civilization in that distinguished locality. Many of these Indians afterwards became exemplary professors of religion, and addicted themselves to agriculture, and some of them were even literary. It is affecting to contemplate the disappearance of the noble race of red men, before the onward tide of civilization and power. God is undoubtedly solving some great problem in this strange piece of human history. There is at the west end of the village an old Indian burial ground, in a warm and sandy soil. The neglected graves of the aboriginal inhabitants of Stockbridge were then intermingled with stone hatchets and arrow-heads, which the visiting Indians picked up with the eagerness of antiquarians.

In my twelfth year, my father died. This was a great calamity, in fact, and in my appreciation of it at the time. For some weeks before the event, I had painful and awful forebodings of the coming bereavement. Every apprehension of the approaching death of my father penetrated my heart with the deepest distress. A month or two before he died, he took my hand and walked with me under the beautiful shades which encircle the base of Laurel Hill. As we were returning, while the glorious sun was setting, he said to me, "This is beautiful scenery, my son; but I shall soon, very soon, leave it, and you will walk here alone." This remark made me weep exceedingly, which, being perceived, my father instantly turned the conversation to other subjects.

He was tall and erect, and his face was illuminated with intelligence and benevolence. His image is plainly before me while I am writing this humble tribute. The radiance of kindness which continually lit up his countenance was a natural expression of his deep and steady benevolence.

CHAPTER III.

MY SCHOLASTIC EDUCATION.

Character of my Brother, and his relation to me. — Went to Classical School at Norfolk. — Character of Rev. Mr. Robbins, my Teacher. — Visit to my Uncle, Dr. Edwards. — Entered College. — Letters from College.

AFTER the death of my father, the care of my person and education devolved upon my brother, Joseph Woodbridge, who succeeded to the family mansion, so that my home was not changed. This was a great comfort to me. There was Laurel Hill, the river's bank, and the mountain — the whole assemblage of objects which had been familiar and dear to me from the first opening of my eyes.

My brother was a lawyer by profession. He had been educated at Dartmouth College, had recently completed his legal studies in the office of Theodore Sedgwick, and had just entered upon the practice of law under the most favorable auspices. He loved me, and was kind and generous; indeed, I was as much at home as any son could be with his father. He was literary in his habits, and was one of the greatest readers I have known; had a good library, and was continually purchasing new and interesting books. He was very communicative, and was fond of talking upon liberal and important subjects. My situation was decidedly favorable for mental improvement.

My brother, though not a professor of religion, and somewhat convivial in his tastes, had a great veneration for the forefathers, and their religious institutions, and made but little relaxation in our mode of keeping the Sabbath. Its sacred hours were still observed at our house with great decorum and seriousness. My brother afterwards became a decidedly pious man, and had a great influence in the religious concerns of Berkshire. He was a man of high intellectual power, was ardent and impetuous in his temperament, but had a supreme self-control. He sustained to me the double relation of father and brother, and sustained these relations most honorably. His memory I shall always cherish with most grateful remembrance. He stimulated me to study, and tried to fill me with aspirations of future eminence.

In my fourteenth year, I was placed in the classical school of the Rev. Mr. Robbins, pastor of the church and congregation in Norfolk, Conn. My new teacher was a hale, fine, spirited old man; was full of vivacity, and had the pliancy and facility of manner which we often observe in Frenchmen. He had been the pastor of his church from its organization. His congregation had been so intensely engrossed for many years in felling the forests and exterminating the wild beasts, that they had found but little time for intellectual culture; and it is probable that their pastor was tolerably satisfied with the demands of the community in the matter of intellectual improvement.

He was a man of genius, and had the natural qualities of an orator. My teacher was greatly respected by his congregation, and was in that region a sort of oracle. He had a loud voice, great fluency, and preached almost extemporaneously. He carried with him into the pulpit a brief manuscript outline of his sermon; and, if the next idea in the method of his discourse did not occur to him in the proper order, he seized upon some collateral thought or illustration, and glowed upon it to the surprise and delight of his audience. But, whether erudite or not, he kept up his familiarity with Greek and Latin, and was a good classical scholar. His school had great reputation as a theatre for training boys for college. I was the hundred and thirteenth boy whom he had fitted and entered at some collegiate institution.

When I joined his school, I had a great desire to go to Yale, because Dr. Dwight, my cousin, was president. But Mr. Robbins, though educated at Yale, was one of the trustees of Williams, and was enthusiastic in his preference for this latter institution. He employed all his persuasions to induce me to go to Williams. This influence, joined to the fact that Williams was near my home, determined me to fix on the Berkshire College.

Mr. Robbins was an animated and pleasing teacher. Immediately after morning prayers, he went up into our school-room with his pipe, and spent an hour with us in hearing our recitations of the evening lessons, and in imparting to us his earnest instructions. He entered into the business *con amore.* When he left us in the morning, we were in a fine glow for study; and, at eleven o'clock, he returned to examine the results of our forenoon's work, and was faithful, cheerful, and amiable. He was, "take him for all in all," a delightful man. His piety was free, joyous, practical, and generous. He cultivated in me an earnest desire for literary excellence.

He had no touch of the Puritan habit of never praising a boy when he did well, but commended me warmly, and I was grateful for it. It fell upon my heart like the dew of Hermon, and I never abused his kindness, but studied the harder for it.

When I had been a few weeks at his house, he took me in his sleigh to visit my uncle, Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, who had recently removed his pastoral relation from New Haven to Colebrook. This was a good visit for me. My uncle had a noble library, and I saw there for the first time an original picture of my grandfather, President Edwards, which greatly affected me. In my uncle's library, I saw many colossal volumes of theology in English and Latin. These books made an imposing appearance to my youthful fancy, and gave me a higher idea than ever of the glory of being a learned man. Dr. Edwards took down the principal books, and explained to me their scope, and endeavored to impress upon me the vast importance of studying diligently. He appealed to the memory of my father; and said to me, "Your father toiled diligently to gather the means of your education; don't insult his memory by wasting these means upon idleness. You may have some play for health and recreation, but don't let one hour drop idle to the ground." This visit increased my reverence for learning, and I returned to my school with renewed resolutions of application.

In a few months after this, my uncle was called from the quiet shades of Colebrook, to the presidency of Union College. He, like his father, was an author, and his works stand up manfully on the shelf of the theological library by the side of those of his illustrious sire. In the writings of the son, we do not perceive the broad humanity, the compass of mind, and the fearful and searching earnestness, which are conspicuous attributes in the works of the father; but the path of the younger Edwards, if it is narrow, is clear and direct as a ray of light.

In September, 1799, I attended the commencement of Williams, College, was examined and received with some reputation as a member of the institution.

When I entered the basin of Williamstown, flanked with everlasting mountains, and adorned in its centre with college edifices, I was greatly excited, and my reverence for learning was heightened to its utmost intensity. I felt some trepidation at appearing before the faculty for examination; but when, at the close, I received a cordial welcome, a load of anxiety passed off from my mind, and I considered that I had now taken a definite standing in the paths of literary improvement. I began, in my fancy, to catch some glimpses of future glory. But such visions often deceive the poor victim who indulges them, and he supinely quiets himself with the distant prospect, and shrinks from climbing the rugged eminences which lead to the summit where those visions reside.

I was a boy of fifteen, with a slender frame and pale visage, and I entered upon a perilous adventure. I was too young to plunge into college and encounter its dangers, particularly at such a period, when the maddening influence of the French Revolution was acting with mischievous effect on the minds of young men. When I entered upon my collegiate career, the state of morals was decidedly low in college, and very different from the fine moral discipline which obtains in that institution at the present time. My situation, and views of things, will be perceived by a letter to my brother, which follows.

[This is the oldest letter of my composition I have been able to find. My nephew, Mr. Lester, has recently placed in my hands *fifty-four* of my own letters, which he, with great kindness and diligence, found among the papers of different members of my family, and of other friends, who have deceased. These letters I shall use freely in drawing this sketch. Some of them I shall copy entirely, and others will assist me, by the facts which they contain, in the preparation of the narrative.]

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, December 2d, 1799.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, — I love to write you from the halls of this literary institution; but there is a little more in the sound than in the reality. I am disappointed in my progress. I do not learn half as fast as I did at Mr. Robbins'. He fired us up every day with literary ambition; but here we have not work enough to do. The lessons are too short. I often come from morning recitation into my room, sling my great coat over me, and get my forenoon lesson before breakfast, so that I have nothing to do before recitation, except what I please. Sometimes I take up a Latin book that is out of our course, and study awhile; sometimes I read a book of travels, and sometimes a novel — though I have not, as you know, a passion for that kind of reading.

It is rather dangerous, I think, for a boy of fifteen to have a whole forenoon left to his own fancy. I begin to wish I had gone to Yale, or Schenectady, under the care of Uncle Edwards; but I shall soon come home, and we will talk these things over.

I have a thousand sweet memories of home, and my thoughts and anxieties incline me towards Stockbridge so strongly, that I think you may expect me home in the course of the first night of vacation.

Pray write me immediately, and send me some money; for every boy away from home has occasions for money, which he don't think of when he is there; and he wants money, especially to get back to the homestead. Remember me most affectionately to dear sister Sarah, and recollect that I am always

Your affectionate brother,
T. WOODBRIDGE.

My college life continued to flow on in an even tenor, and will be farther depicted in the following letter:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, February 10th, 1800.

MY DEAREST BROTHER, — You wished me to write you often, and very minutely, about the college. Things go on very much as during the last term, but I think they have deteriorated a little. I observe in many of the rooms a good deal of card-playing and smoking, but these vices do not affect me. I never play cards, or touch a cigar or pipe. You are very anxious, I know, for my well-being and well-doing; but you need, I think, have no concern for my morals. The condition of things on the whole, is very respectable. Dr. Fitch, our president, is an amiable and excellent man. We think he is a great scholar; but, whether we shall think so, when we get more acquainted with the learned world, I do not know. I try to escape from local influences, and judge of things by a standard raised from a broad and general survey. Our tutors are sensible men, good scholars, and affectionate to me. I want you, dear brother, to write me your advice upon everything connected with my situation here. You are an old stager; have been through college, and a great many strange scenes in this wild world, and can help to guide me in the best track.

I think tenderly of home, and wish I could give downy wings to the hours which are to fly over me before I can come to you. Remember me most affectionately to dear sister.

Sincerely your brother,
T. WOODBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

MY SCHOLASTIC EDUCATION.

Loss of Sight. — Feeling in view of this Event. — Entered upon the Study of Law. — Course of my Reading. — Notices of the best Books, particularly such as were most useful to me. — Tribute to H. D. Sedgwick.

In the course of my second year in college, I was visited with the incipient stage of a physical affection, which ultimately changed my whole succeeding history. My eyes became inflamed, so that I was obliged to go home and suspend for a while my studies. Perhaps I had studied too hard, though hard study has to bear a great many burdens which do not belong to it. I hesitated about assigning so dignified a cause for the inflammation of my eyes; but I know I had studied with some intensity, for a number of successive evenings, Greek books, printed in a fine and bad character. Be the cause what it may, my eyes became inflamed and weak; and, while they were in this delicate and susceptible situation, I contracted a severe cold, which settled in the external integuments of my head, and deepened the inflammation in my right eye. The best medical and optical skill was baffled in efforts to relieve me; but the inflammation was inveterate; and, after a few months of suffering, the sight of that eye began to fade, till at length the obscuration was complete.

My left eye was perfect, and was strengthened even to an unexampled degree of keenness and power. I could see with my left eye better than any man I met. I could read fine print across a large room, and could decipher a guide-board perfectly well three-quarters of a mile distant.

I returned to my studies with great assiduity, but felt some solicitude about trespassing upon an eye which was so perfect in its vision and so susceptible in its condition. At length, however, before my college period was finished, my left eye became inflamed, and I began to suffer the penalty of carelessness.

It may be some excuse for my recklessness to state, that I reflected that my eyes had been naturally very strong and good, and that no one in my family had any tenderness in that organ. I had no relation who had any disease of the eye; and, in the confidence of youth, I thought my eyes would carry me well enough through. But shadows at last began to come over my perfect eye; my sight gradually faded; yet I was not appalled or subdued. I had a philosophic and buoyant temper, and new images of glory began to shoot up before me in different directions.

In these events, which undoubtedly seemed painful to others, I recognized the agency of a gracious and all-wise Providence: an unseen hand, I believed, was around me, and would sustain me. I had always been instructed in the doctrine of a particular Providence, and the doctrine was with me a practical principle. I believed and felt that, though God's empire was unlimited and magnificent, his tenderness was so assiduous that he would "uphold them that were fallen, and lift up those that were bowed down."

I had a great deal of this natural religion, and it lighted up my path. My sight was now gone, and I employed myself, with intense energy, in accommodating my modes of action to the new circumstances which had supervened. I never permitted a feeling of despair to enter my mind in regard to my future usefulness, reputation, happiness, and prosperity. A great many paths of honorable business were, in my judgment, within my reach. My friends commiserated me, and thought me crushed, and said, "Othello's occupation 's gone." They spoke of the casualty that had befallen me as a great misfortune; but I was not certain that it was a misfortune at all. I cherished the hope that it would work for my good, and that this event, which some people viewed as a judgment, would prove to be a golden link in the chain of God's providences in regard to me.

I heard a portion of the common-place commiseration which was poured forth upon me with philosophic indifference, and some of it I could not help regarding with contempt; and I despised those who offered it, more than I lamented myself.* It was, doubtless, well meant, but was certainly misplaced; for my indomitable resolution never flagged, and I never faltered in my efforts to reach eminence and usefulness. I appeared, doubtless, to spectators who surrounded me, to be involved in a cloud; but this cloud to my perception, was lined all over with rays of brightness.

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* A clerical friend, reading this portion of my sketch, seemed shocked at this sentiment; and thought I must be writing more from present impulse than the report of memory. But he was mistaken. I neither wandered from memory or the record; for I find, on looking over letters to my sister, written at this critical period of my life, precisely this expression, and it was an honest statement of my feelings. The sentiment may not be very amiable, but it is a fact that I felt it; and I am chiefly concerned to portray honestly the workings of my inner life, at this eventful crisis of my history.

Many men have some intellectual faculty, or some moral power, of which they are not conscious till the occasion developes it, or the proper collision strikes out the spark. I had an unsuspected facility at resisting calamity and surmounting or overcoming difficulty, which was now furnished with full scope for its exercise.

I projected and considered successively a number of plans of business. I first thought of repairing to Albany, and setting up a book-store, and instituting a literary periodical; but this project I abandoned, as being somewhat precarious; and I ultimately, after great deliberation, determined to enter upon the study of law. I had spent the most of my time in law offices; indeed, I was brought up in one, and several of my relations, and most of my particular friends, were engaged in the legal profession. The atmosphere of the law I had inhaled from my childhood, so that legal discussions and the details of practice were very familiar to me.

After deciding upon the study of law, I arranged my course of reading, and contrived methods of practice adapted to my particular situation. I consulted talented lawyers on all these matters, and read every book I could find which treated of the study of law, that I might abridge my labors, and take the shortest way through the tangled labyrinth of the science.

I had great facilities for reading. My brother's clerks, and young gentlemen of the other offices, all tendered me, most earnestly and delicately, their time and services, to any extent, in reading and writing. With such facilities at my bidding, I formed large plans of study, as preparatory and auxiliary to legal pursuits. I travelled over a wide range of history, ancient and modern. I read history minutely and carefully. I went over, also, the range of English classics, beginning, with great delight, among the books of the Elizabethan age, which was the adolescence of English literature.

The human mind in England presented, at that period, the exuberance of a virgin soil. Various influences had combined to give to the minds of men a peculiar activity. The nation had just escaped from the thraldom of popery, and was no longer afraid of the giant pope at Rome. Men began to speculate freely on theological subjects, and the religious emancipation they experienced gave them courage to direct their inquiries to other matters. Philosophy had now left the cloister, and poetry was no longer confined to the court, but was to be found in the market-place, in the streets, and among the people at large.

There was an elevation and grandeur given to the people, which was an interesting and stirring spectacle. The human mind, from a variety of causes, received a prodigious expansion. The sailors of England were now beginning to throw the girdle of circumnavigation around the globe; and, from the imperfect state of information, the most wonderful ideas were entertained in regard to the unexplored parts of the earth. Magnificent visions of wealth and glory were located in distant regions, which had only been glanced at by the adventurous traveller.

All these influences stirred the minds of men strangely, and unwonted intellectual efforts were made in various departments of learning.

I will here give an account, for the benefit of my juvenile readers, of some of the books which I found in the result most profitable, and which exerted the greatest influence upon my mental development. It would be easy to give a long list of historical books which constitute a full course of reading in that department of knowledge; but such a list, by its formidable extent, would rather discourage than guide the juvenile reader.

When the young student of history looks at the array of books before him, he is apt to think that the acquisition of this department of knowledge is a great task; but a respectable knowledge of history can be gained by a moderate portion of labor, and labor of a very pleasing kind. A little diligence will soon carry a reader over all the most important fields of history. Notwithstanding it is the fashion for pedants to speak of our language as being rather poor in history, I consider that no small part of the riches of our tongue is to be found in our historic works. We have a vast many noble original works in the department of history and translations of all the valuable books which have been written in other languages, both ancient and modern.

I began my reading of this kind, with Rollin's Ancient History. This book I would recommend to all young men. It lays a good foundation for a knowledge of ancient history, although many of the subjects treated of by Rollin, have been better investigated and discussed since his day. He plunges into the popular current of events without very much investigation, and goes on with his free and generally correct narration. His book forms a noble body of ancient history.

It is delightful, in reading ancient story, to pass from the gloom of Egypt to the loveliness of Greece. O! the refreshing verdure of Grecian history! I love to linger over its pages. The old Greeks left abundant materials for the elucidation of the story of their country; and there is a fascination about the public, the literary, and the domestic life of the Greeks, which has attracted the attention and employed the diligence of a multitude of scholars. The Grecian type of civilization has obtained throughout the nations of Western Europe, and is the controlling element in the civilization of our own country. This consideration imparts great interest to the historic accounts of those remarkable and polished states.

I have been amused with the disputes of scholars about the comparative claims of Egypt and Greece to originality and variety in their respective inventions. Egypt undoubtedly made a great many ingenious and useful inventions, and a number of them have recently come to light by the discovery of paintings in the tombs of her kings. But Egypt was exclusive — she shut up her knowledge and confined it very much to the class of the priesthood. These priests imparted it in but very stinted measures, to inquirers from other countries. Egypt never invented an intelligible language, which embodied her literature and science, for the benefit of other nations.

I have always felt some repugnance to ancient Egyptian history, with all its mysterious grandeur. There is however one bright side to the history of old

Egypt. It is interwoven, in some degree, with the history of the Jews; and the Bible reflects some broad and interesting lights upon the marvellous story of ancient Egypt; and her antiquities have also reflected some light upon the sacred text; and the remotest parts of Egyptian history win the regard and interest of the pious student of the Bible.

But the Greeks were hospitable and generous. They invited the world to come to their schools of art and philosophy; and wits and geniuses from distant lands were cordially welcomed to their lectures on philosophy and eloquence. Greece invented the most perfect language the world ever saw, and embodied in that language her rich and varied literature. I love the taste of the Greeks for all kinds of beauty. Even the pitcher, which brought water from the fountain, must be beautiful as well as convenient, or the taste of the cultivated Greek was offended. There are a great many particular histories of Greece, which constitute a delightful portion of reading, and which can be found in most libraries, and may be selected and perused as may suit the taste of the reader.

Grote's elaborate and voluminous history of Greece is universally admitted to be the best work on that subject. He takes time and room enough to be minute on his topic, and dwells upon it long enough to give the reader a clear conception of it and deeply interest his feelings. His splendid narrative stretches from the mist of ancient fable down to the extinction of Grecian glory; and the perusal of his work will not fail to make a permanent impression of the affairs, arts, and philosophy of Greece. Indeed, Grote's narrative will, I think, not be easily effaced from the memory.

He who would acquire a full and accurate knowledge of Grecian history, must give his days and nights to the reading of Grote, till he has completed the book; and then he will have a mass of knowledge which he will not soon forget.

Anacharsis' Travels is, I fear, too little read by our well-informed young men. It is an entertaining and fascinating book, and sets us down and makes us very much at home in the ancient Greek states, and helps us to enter into their sympathies and modes of life.

Rome constitutes a worthy and splendid subject of history, and it has been ably and fully treated. Ferguson's History of the Roman Republic is one of the best works on that subject. It is full of practical wisdom, and is rendered exceedingly entertaining by a great number of personal anecdotes and passages of private history, with which it is enlivened. Middleton's Life of Cicero assists one greatly to feel at home in ancient Rome. It is a work of great ability and elegance.

Arnold's History of Rome, so far as it goes, seems at the present time to be in the ascendant. It is a popular, pleasing, and profound work; and the story of that wonderful state has been taken up and pursued, from the point where Arnold abruptly left it, by his premature death, by another cultivator of Roman history, the celebrated Merivale, who has undertaken to fill the void of Roman history from the end of the second Punic war to that period in the empire when Gibbon begins his vast and splendid work.

The gradual rise of a small and obscure town to the empire of the world, is a fact which has no parallel. The fabric which the inhabitants of the little town of

Rome reared, was a most durable structure; and the fragments of it are not yet demolished.

Plutarch's Lives constitute a very entertaining portion of ancient history, and they shed brightness over many of its scenes. The reader will find on Plutarch's canvas a multitude of noble figures, in view of which his heart will warm and expand; and he will find, also, a vast deal of pleasing gossip about most of the originals of these pictures.

In regard to modern history, books are abundant, and are to be found everywhere; and the best of them are so well known that the student hardly needs any guide. Before leaving this subject, I will say a word of Robertson's History of Charles V., which contains a personal sketch that exerted a great and moulding influence on my youthful character. I read this book at the time when I was particularly susceptible to the influence of great examples; and I was delighted with some of the qualities of Ximenes, the minister of Charles V. I pitied the superstitions and painful penances of this extraordinary man; but his self-denial, his tenacity, and inflexibility of purpose, joined to the most indefatigable industry, interested me exceedingly, and awakened in me earnest determinations to go and do likewise. This determination had a beneficial influence on my conduct for a long time.

Early in life, I read with advantage Bacon's famous work on the Advancement of Learning. It is a sort of panorama of almost every department of knowledge. It gave me an expansion of mind which I had not experienced before. It opens up to the reader a vast range of subjects, and is very suggestive.

Bacon's Essays, is a little book which I read at the same time, and I would commend it earnestly to every young man. It is full of profound and brilliant thoughts, and contains an immense quantity of valuable matter in few words.

Our limits will not permit us to go over the rich and boundless fields of English literature. We will skip over the intermediate works, from Lord Bacon to Dr. Sam. Johnson. At the period of my life of which I am now treating, I became intimately and enthusiastically conversant with the writings of Johnson; indeed, I was educated in his school, and his works did more to invigorate my mind and direct the conduct of my understanding than any others in the language. Johnson's works are characterized by immense vigor of thought, precision of understanding, and clearness of expression. Let him treat what subject he may, the reader cannot fail to perceive that he is a man of great capacity. In some of his letters, subjects are discussed which had not been much examined in his day, and they are always illuminated with the most capacious views. His works should, of course, be read with discrimination. We are not obliged to imbibe his prejudices, or be affected by his passions, for they were very strong—of a personal, political, and religious kind. In his Lives of the Poets, he does great injustice, from his political and religious prejudices, to some of the mightiest masters of song. Many of their finest thoughts were too ethereal for his rude and giant grasp.

Boswell's Life of Johnson is the best biography in the language. There are rich gems of thought scattered up and down his letters and conversations. It is a book which, while it delights in the perusal, strengthens the understanding, and trains it to habits of acute and vigorous thought. No mind that rises to the ordinary level can read Johnson's works without decided improvement.

This will be the appropriate place to pay a tribute of gratitude and respect to the memory of a man to whom I am under great obligations; and who was, perhaps, the best friend God ever gave me. That friend was Henry D. Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, son of the illustrious Theodore Sedgwick. We were very nearly of the same age. We grew up in the same village, and were educated in the same schools and at the same college. Mr. Sedgwick was a generous and disinterested friend, and, when my sight began to fail, he was, like the Prince of Uz, "Eyes to the blind." He withdrew from his father's office, where he was studying law, to read to me night and day. We had very many images and feelings in common, and our community of tastes made our joint studies delightful and profitable.

Mr. Sedgwick was a man of genius and learning. He had large capacity and singular acuteness and flexibility of mind. Mr. Bleecker, an eminent lawyer of Albany, who several times represented his district in Congress, and was afterwards minister at the Hague, and who knew him well, remarked to me, that he thought Mr. Sedgwick to be the most sensible man he had ever seen in the United States.

In his legal practice, in the city of New York, he made a number of able and exhausting efforts at the bar. Soon after one of them, an inflammation of the brain supervened, which produced, for a short time, mental aberration. From this he recovered; but intense efforts in reading and writing were the immediate causes of his early death. There have been frequent discussions among the friends of this remarkable man in regard to his distinctive and predominating intellectual and moral qualities; but I have always considered that an acute discrimination was his chief intellectual attribute, and that benevolence was his grand moral quality. His untimely death eclipsed the gladness of a large circle of friends, who knew, respected, and loved him. I speak of him in this connection, because Johnson's works are associated with him in my mind. He read over to me repeatedly all the works of this famous author, for whom we had a mutual admiration.

The cant of modern pedantry undertakes to find fault with Johnson's writings, on account of their pompous and resounding periods. There may be some faults in his style, but whoever neglects to read his works, omits the most interesting and profitable department of English literature.

CHAPTER V.

MY PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

New Phase of Letters. — Studies in a Garret. — Political Aspirations. — Fourth of July Oration. — Interview with Aaron Burr. — His Character.

In the early part of the present century, a new phase of letters appeared. There had always been more or less reviewing in the world; but when the Edinburgh Review appeared, the art took an aquiline flight. I read this famous periodical from the beginning, with great pleasure and profit; and watched, with delight, the immense influence it acquired in human affairs, by dint of fair ability. There were no recesses in mathematics, metaphysics, or politics too recondite to elude its critical grasp. The London Quarterly appeared soon after the Edinburgh, and with equally high pretensions in regard to matters of taste and learning. These extraordinary reviews constituted an entertaining and profitable part of my reading; and it is cheering to perceive that, down to the present time, they are sustained with unflagging ability.

While I was going on with this ample career of reading, I was in the habit of retiring to a garret at our house, which was a large, convenient, and airy room, for the purpose of solitary meditation, where I was far from any causes of disturbance. I requested not to be called, unless some particular friend inquired for me. In this garret I placed a table loaded with books and stationery, to aid in exciting and fixing thought. Though I could not see at all, I made use of my pen in jotting down principal ideas, and I here employed the materials which my large reading furnished me, in prosecuting my studies and researches. These retired garret-sittings assisted me very much in mental discipline and improvement. When I turn my memory back upon them, they seem like so many luminous spots in my path.

About this time, I cherished some political aspirations, and determined to make myself a statesman, notwithstanding my blindness. Indeed, this had always been my ambition. I had from early life been an ardent patriot, and the image of my country rose before me, a venerable and glorious picture. I loved politics, and had always mixed myself up with them. I wrote for the papers when I was a boy, and my friends and relations were many of them in political life, and some of them occupied eminent official stations. One of my first cousins was Vice-President of the United States. My interest in politics was known to my political friends in Stockbridge, and the leaders in the dominant party offered me an election to the Legislature of Massachusetts the next spring. This prospect gratified me; but the religious bias which came over my feelings determined me to decline all political strifes and promotions.

In the spring of 1809, the towns constituting the southern half of the County of Berkshire, determined on a celebration of Independence at Barrington. At a preliminary meeting, I was appointed the orator for the occasion, and the appointment I accepted, contrary to the remonstrances of my brother, who begged of me to pursue the "noiseless tenor of my way." He was cautious and sometimes timid in his policy, but I was enterprising and sometimes adventurous. My success surpassed the expectations of myself and friends. My oration was published and passed through two editions. I won golden opinions and acquired a rank and consideration with the public which I had not before enjoyed. This was a great advantage to me in regard to my ulterior movements; for when, some time after, I formed a purpose to prepare for the ministry, my friends regarded the enterprise with confidence.

This affair of the oration did much to smooth my path. My address differed from the usual run of Fourth of July orations. It was not an empty declamation about the glory of our country, and the magnificence of our liberties, addressed to the vulgar passions of our countrymen; but was, I think, a classic performance.

In the summer of 1809, I met my cousin, Aaron Burr, at the house of our common uncle, Hon. Timothy Edwards, in Stockbridge. This was the first time he had visited our uncle, for whom he had a profound reverence, since his return from Europe.

Burr is a conspicuous character in American history; and, as I felt the most intense curiosity to make his acquaintance, and study his mind, I had several interviews with him during this visit of two or three days. His conversation was instructive and fascinating, and, joined to his bearing, conveyed to my mind the impression that he was made by the God of Nature, to put forth a commanding agency in human affairs. His language was clear as light. His conversation was sententious and condensed, and I never knew a man convey as much meaning in as few words. I heard him sketch the character of a number of our revolutionary patriots and heroes in a wonderfully graphic manner, and I thought him a great moral painter.

My uncle told me that, after Burr came home from his Canadian campaign, he described to him the character of Benedict Arnold. "Arnold," said Burr, "is a perfect madman in the excitements of battle, and is ready for any deeds of valor; but he has not a particle of moral courage. He is utterly unprincipled, and has no love of country or self-respect to guide him. He is not to be trusted anywhere but under the eye of a superior officer."

The day after Burr left our uncle's, I called at the house, to talk over the impressions of this unwonted visit. My aunt was a venerable and pious woman. "I want to tell you, cousin," said she, "the scene I passed through this morning. When Col. Burr's carriage had driven up to the door, I asked him to go with me into the north room, and I cannot tell you how anxious I felt, as I, an old woman, went through the hall with that great man, Col. Burr, to admonish him, and to lead him to repentance. After we were by ourselves, I said to him, 'Col. Burr, I have a thousand tender memories associated with you. I took care of you in your childhood, and I feel the deepest concern over your erring steps. You have committed a great many sins against God, and you killed that great and good man, Gen. Hamilton. I beseech you to repent, and fly to the blood and righteousness of the Redeemer for pardon. I cannot bear to think of your being lost, and I often pray most earnestly for your salvation.' The only reply he made to me," continued the excellent old lady, "was, 'Oh, aunt, don't feel so badly; we shall both meet in Heaven yet; meanwhile, may God bless you.' He then tenderly took my hand and left the house."

My cousin, Judge Ogden Edwards, told me a few months ago, that he was going to write a book about Col. Burr, and he was prepared for the task. His motto indicates the scope of the book:

> "The evil that men do, lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

It is to be made up of anecdotes, characteristic of Burr. These anecdotes will be stamped with perfect authenticity; for they are the results of personal observation, and nobody will question the verity of the statements of Judge Edwards. He does not propose to write a biography, but to give to the world a volume of incidents, passages, and conversations in the life of Burr. He was very intimate with the subject of his sketches till his death. "The world," said Edwards, "has seen enough of the dark side of Burr, and it is time that the sunny side, if there be any sunny side, was shown up." I called earnestly on my cousin to remember the precariousness of life, and the fact that the anecdotes, which he knows, will be buried with him unless he publishes them. I call on him to stand forth immediately with a volume of anecdotes, characteristic of Aaron Burr. This extraordinary man will always constitute a brilliant subject of American biography; and, without the aid of this promised book, the life of

Burr cannot be fully and impartially written. "Burr's character," said Mr. E., "appears before the country in a mutilated shape, and is painted black, without any shades or streaks of light. Burr, to my certain knowledge, was one of the most benevolent of human beings, and his life affords a mighty moral; for, with all his stupendous talents, he died in comparative penury, unhonored and unmourned, because there were deep stains upon his moral character."

But all the leading traits of Burr's mind were intellectual, and it is to be doubted whether soft sentiments, passion, or romance, had any very strong hold upon him. He was in no degree intemperate, and never abandoned himself to the excesses or pleasures of the table. His profligacy lay in another direction, and admits of no palliation or excuse. But it is possible that the eminence of Burr might have led to some exaggerations of his demeanor in private life. He was as ambitious as Cæsar, and perhaps equalled him in talents — and his vices were of a similar kind. But Cæsar had not the restraints of religion; the lights of Christianity had not then shone upon the world. But, around Burr's path, this light shone full and flowing, and had produced a fineness of moral complexion over the face of society, which Cæsar never saw, and took from the former all excuse for his profligacy.

There was in this extraordinary man a combination of intellectual qualities, to which we may apply the words of Cicero, in relation to Cæsar:

> "Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, littera, cura, cogitatio, diligentia."

Since writing the above, I have chanced — among my old papers — upon a letter from my uncle, Pierpont Edwards, to my mother, before her marriage. The letter was written ninety years ago, from Elizabethtown, N. J., when Edwards and Burr were boys at school. The letter is a curious relic:

> "Elizabethtown, Oct. 4th, 1763.
>
> "My Dear Sister Lucy, — * * * * I am reading Virgil, and Greek grammar. * * * I could have entered college, but my constitution would not bear it, being weak. * * * *
>
> "Aaron Burr is here, is hearty, goes to school, and learns bravely. * * * *
>
> "I am your loving brother,
> "Pierpont Edwards."

Burr's early development of mind excited the admiration of the boy Edwards, who, though a child himself, was uncle to Burr. It is interesting to contemplate two such boys at school. They had probably but feeble glimpses of the paths of glory they were afterwards to tread. They both reached the very first rank at the bar, displayed a great power of analysis, and, in eloquence, were unrivalled in their day.

While writing this, the following account of Burr's death appeared in a respectable periodical:

> "His physician, observing indications of approaching death, thought it his duty to inform him of the fact, and to assure him that whatever preparation he might wish to make for death should be made at once. In as gentle tones as he could command, he broached the subject, assuring him that within twenty-four hours, at farthest, he must be a dead man. Mr. Burr replied, 'I can't die, I won't die, I shan't die.' My father, and mother, and grandparents, and uncles, and aunts, were all pious and good people. They prayed for my conversion a thousand times; and if God be a hearer of prayer, he is not going to let me die until their prayers

are answered. It is impossible that the child of so many prayers will be lost.' The doctor replied, 'Mr. Burr, you are already dying.' He then went over pretty much the same expressions as given above, and sank into a stupor, and soon slept the sleep that knows no waking. Our informant received the impression that he had run the rounds of his iniquity, all the while indulging the hope that, like the celebrated Augustine, before he died he would be converted, in answer to the prayers of his pious parents and friends.''

I doubt exceedingly the correctness of the above account, and I should not here insert it, if I had not perceived that it is running the rounds of the religious and political papers, and rapidly gaining public credence, and becoming a matter of history.

The account also describes Mr. Burr as being restless and abusive to those about him. I consider this account to be substantially fabulous, as three cousins of mine, intelligent and pious persons, who were almost constantly with Burr in his last sickness, have given me a very different picture of the scene. They inform me that he was uniformly polite and delicate in his attentions to those around him, and even chivalrous in his politeness to a pious lady, who was his cousin, and read to him some portions of his grandfather's writings, with which he was tenderly affected, and for the reading of which he expressed his gratitude.

These friends, on whom I rely with implicit confidence, throw some soft and cheering lights around the last scenes of Burr's life, by the interesting accounts they gave me. After the death of Hamilton, it was the public tendency to pour popular obloquy on Burr, and it has happened to him, as to some other great men, to be loaded with obloquy after his death.

But there are indications that it will happen to his memory, as it has happened to others who have been overwhelmed with calumny, that the better parts of his life will be brought to light and appreciated by the public.

The account of Burr's last scenes given to me by my cousins, the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt has confirmed by a statement he has just published, to show that the popular account which is now afloat is false, and to spread the truth before the public. Dr. Van Pelt visited him two or three times a week, through the whole of his last sickness, as his spiritual adviser. He had faithful religious conversations with Burr, and always closed his visits with prayer, by the request of the sufferer, who uniformly expressed his gratitude, particularly for the prayers.

He describes Col. Burr as exceedingly polite, and, in regard to religion, always serious and reverent. He composed himself, with confiding seriousness, for the last event, which he looked upon with awe and resignation. Dr. Van Pelt's account is very cheering, and must set at rest the public mind on this interesting subject.

CHAPTER VI.

MY PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

My Religious Change. — Abandoned Law and went to Andover. — Letters to my Brother. — Character of Dr. Griffin. — Professor Stuart. — Dr. Woods. — Notice of Mills, the Pioneer of Foreign Missions.

I NOW come to a period of my life, laden with grave consequences to myself, and ultimately — though I had no thought of it at the time — with important consequences to many others. In my first draft of this sketch, I gave a long account of the antecedents and accompaniments of my religious change; but, on a re-perusal, I find that so lengthened an account is not in keeping with the aim of this volume, which is designed for the general reader, and not for a delineation of the spiritual exercises of my inner life. Omiting most of what I wrote on this subject, I shall only indicate an outline of the path by which the benign agency of God's good Spirit led me along.

In the year 1809, my attention was drawn decisively to the subject of religion. I had read Butler's Analogy, and it impressed me with more seriousness than any book I had ever read. His comprehensive views about the government of God roused me to the deepest consideration. He made me feel that it was madness and folly in a rational being to be carried along by the current of surrounding events, without knowing their bearing and their tendencies. He made me feel that I was unworthy the rank of a rational being, if I did not look above me and around me, and read the high significance of events that were within my observation. My serious and earnest thought led me to consider my relations with God. In these considerations I repaired to the Bible. I had not a shadow of doubt of its inspiration, and it was plainly the light to which I was to repair for guidance. I read over the four Evangelists with eagerness, time after time, for the purpose of discovering what was the leading drift of those wonderful compositions. I wanted to examine carefully the instructions of the Great Teacher from heaven. I discovered very quickly that there were certain great facts very tangibly revealed. One was our alienation from God; another was the doctrine of intervention, by Jesus Christ, for the salvation of men; and another was the offered agency of the Spirit.

I soon discovered, by personal experience, the dreadful fact, that I was altogether alienated from the Being who had made me. I had wandered away from my Maker; had disregarded his claims; and when I considered them closely, with self-application, I disliked them. The depths of sin in my soul, of which I had before no suspicion, were now made very apparent.

I had been an amiable and upright young man; my life had been characterized by probity and kindness, unstained by any vice; and I thought that, if I was ever converted to any higher grade of character, it would be a gradual and gentle transition, like the melting away of the stars into the magnificence of sunlight. But my case turned out, upon personal experience, to be very different. I found myself to be a miserable and inexcusable sinner. I wanted pardon, and I was afraid of being deceived in this interesting matter of my salvation. I had no doubt of the Bible; but I thought I had been trained up under a metaphysical, and perhaps sophistical, interpretation of the Word of God. I was afraid of mistaking the sacred text, and I laid hold of every critical author on the Greek text I could find. I examined Campbell's Translations of the Gospels and McKnight on the Epistles, that I might discover more simply the mind of the Spirit; for I was horribly afraid of adopting interpretations that were squared by some system. I used all the helps within my reach to place myself in the position of the speaker and the hearers in the New Testament — that I might take up their associations, and understand things as they understood them.

I did all I could to divest myself of old associations in reading the Bible, and tried to stand like a Jew in the audience to whom the Great Teacher spoke. I was afraid modern theories and traditionary ideas would prevent or obscure the light of the sacred teachings. I concealed my solicitudes, but I conversed with a few men whom I considered very able. Some of them were lawyers, and erudite in their profession; but they gave me very little information on the subjects most interesting to my heart. I was very much alone, and often retired into the solitary garret I have spoken of, where I supplicated God for light. I prayed for strength to cast myself upon the Redeemer; for I knew that his blood and righteousness were the only basis of salvation.

At church I heard our venerable and pious pastor preach a sermon on brokenness of heart, which greatly affected me; and I returned from church and communed with my own heart, and I thought with God. I resolved that I would go to Jesus, whatever might oppose. Very soon after this, I began to experience, in some degree, the joyful anticipations of Christian hope. A religious bias, I am sure, came over my feelings, and the world and its pursuits, warm and fascinating as they had been to me, lost very much of their attractions. Eternal things loomed up before me as palpable realities. They began to seem to me to be the things, the very things, and the only things, which came home to my business and bosom.

Not long after this change in my feelings, I began to think seriously of abandoning my political and legal aspirations, and devoting myself to the preaching of the gospel. I felt an inextinguishable desire to proclaim Christ and his salvation to a dying world. The depth and tenderness of my feelings on this subject I can hardly describe. I never met a little religious assembly without wishing to pour down upon them some of the sweet and rich lessons of the gospel; and I occasionally ventured to warn an erring friend of his danger, and point him to eternal mercy. This I found to be the most difficult and arduous duty which friendship and religion enjoin.

After a great deal of reflection and some consultation, I determined to quit my brother's law-office and repair to Andover. I found serious embarrassment in forming this determination. I have been through life stable in my purposes, and disinclined to change my settled plans. The prospects of the legal profession spread out before me cheering visions. I had associated with that profession high hopes of eminence and pleasure, and I thought I had a natural aptitude for legal pursuits.

In addition to these influences, which operated against my change of purpose, my brother remonstrated against the measure, and, among the arguments to repel me from the ministry, he referred to the secular condition of ministers. He stated, what is indeed too true, that they could not count upon a home of any permanence. If, like other men, they formed attachments to a particular house and home, and, by tender associations, clothed those domestic scenes with purple light, they must soon leave them and seek for other locations. He told me, that a minister might as well base his home upon wheels, for he would likely be often in motion; and then he spread out before me the penury of ministers in old age. "It is dreadful," said he, "to contemplate the condition of some aged ministers, who are destitute of the comforts of life."

But I thought I could be more useful to my fellow beings in the ministry than in any other walk of life; and though most of our measures undoubtedly are prompted by mixed motives, I am sure that my controlling motive in seeking the ministry was a desire to glorify God and bless my fellow men.

I left home on this enterprise, which, I dare say, was thought strange by some, early in January, 1810, and was accompanied in the stage by my particular friend, Col. H. Brown, who was going to the legislature as a representative from Stockbridge.

At Boston, where I spent two or three days, I heard Dr. Griffin preach; and as he was to be one of my instructors at Andover, I took a very special interest in his performances; but was somewhat disappointed with his preaching, and my experience was the reverse of that of the Queen of Sheba, and said to myself in church, "I have long heard a report of thee and thy doings, but" more than the whole "was told me, if my final judgment is to rest upon this specimen." The effort was rather a failure. I observed nothing which commanded my admiration, except occasionally a selection of tender and subduing words and images. But Dr. Griffin, like other impulsive men, was very unequal in his public efforts. I spent an evening with him at his house, and received from him a great deal of cheering information about the Theological Seminary. He overwhelmed me with his sympathy and kindness, and I was delighted with him as a man and a Christian.

At Boston I called on Dr. Kirkland, whose youth, and perhaps birth, transpired in Stockbridge. He was the great heresiarch who, at that time, was at the head of Boston Unitarianism; and was afterwards president of Harvard University. He knew my family well, and was exceedingly kind to me, and made me some valuable suggestions. I visited also, by the request and introduction of Judge Sedgwick, Dr. Channing, who was then pursuing a brilliant ministry in Boston. He was exceedingly affable and affectionate to me, and I afterwards visited him often.

I left Boston in the stage, alone, for Andover, and went with a heavy and anxious heart. I was going among strangers, in pursuit of an object, which I supposed would seem to many impracticable. When I look back upon that adventure, from the height where I now stand, entrenched with reputation, friends, large experience and a blessed home, I am filled with wonder, and am amazed at the resolution which actuated and sustained me. I permitted hope to dispose the lights through which I looked upon the future; and if my imagination had ventured to shape out my present position as a possible event, I should have said, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might these things be?"

I was received at the Theological Seminary with fraternal kindness. Dr. Woods examined and admitted me in an unhesitating and generous manner. After making the acquaintance of several students, I began to arrange my plans of study. I found the students all ready to read and write for me. Our library was magnificent, and I found that I should be very happy in my intellectual and moral enjoyment. I had arrangements with different students for the successive hours of the day, and I look back with gratitude upon those young men who joined me in my studies. They have since been among the most conspicuous men of the country; some of them have been distinguished ministers, several of them professors in colleges, and some of them are renowned missionaries. These men have repaired to primary stations in the church. With young Gallaudet — who has since figured as a philanthropist, and who went to France to acquire the art of teaching the deaf and dumb, that he might introduce it into his own country — I spent two hours every morning in reading critical writers upon the sacred text.

After dinner, Mr. Kellogg, who was subsequently professor of Greek literature at Williams College—a situation which I obtained for him—read to me two or three hours in some of the most learned works in our language. We read over together Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses, a book which, in my opinion, lies at the very summit of English literature. That famous bishop employs an immense mass of learning to demonstrate what I think an absurd theory. But let us think what we may of his theory, his learning and research are wonderful. He travels with a broad and brilliant torch through almost every nook and corner of antiquity, and brings to light subjects which I never expected to understand till the revealing splendors of the last day.

I found Andover to be a sanctuary of theological learning. It was then a place of hard study, and the average ability of the students transcended my expectation. I studied with intense application. I knew that I was subjecting myself to a great many privations by this cloistered kind of life. I was exiled from the world, and determined to make my situation as pleasant as I could, by studying at least fourteen hours a day. My literary seclusion was occasionally broken up by the visits of ministers from various parts of the country, and we sustained a wide and familiar intercourse with the literary world, by the reviews and new books with which we were well supplied.

My ideas of theological study were suddenly expanded and liberalized. I was hardly prepared for things as I found them: they were better than I anticipated. My residence at Andover was a very interesting and profitable portion of my life. I strengthened and even increased my habits of intense study, and a considerable proportion of the knowledge I have possessed through life I acquired in the Theological Seminary.

The part of my life, with its interesting accompaniments, which I spent in connection with the Andover institution, I design now to trace; and I shall draw up the narrative partly from memory, and in greater part from letters of my own which I have found among the papers of my friends. Some of these letters I shall publish entire, and some of them will only furnish me with facts which I shall intersperse with my present recollections.

I will here transcribe a few of my letters to my brother:

DIVINITY COLLEGE, Feb. 20, 1810.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, — My last letter was occupied with an account of my journey hither, and with matters personal to myself since my arrival. I have got my system of life shaped out. My health is excellent. I exercise a great deal by walking, and that is all the exercise I require, and I think I can bear very much hard study.

You request me to give you sketches of our professors, and a full description of everything here. You are, I perceive, very desirous of accurate and minute information of the religious movements in this part of the country. I do not wonder your interest is directed to this subject; for the eastern part of Massachusetts is destined to exert a mighty influence over the country. No matter how widely our country may spread, or how many seats of commerce may arise, the solid character and educated mind of the eastern part of Massachusetts must put forth a tremendous influence upon every part of the land. The educational establishments of our native State are her glory and her strength.

You tell me the good people in Western Massachusetts are made very sad by the reports which are circulated in regard to Dr. Griffin. That sadness is without any cause. The reports you refer to are totally destitute of foundation. Nobody who lives within the sphere of Dr. Griffin's life and actions has a shadow of belief in one of those stories. He is a holy man. I know him intimately, and love and reverence him. It is quite natural that the atmosphere should be loaded with calumnies about him. Park-street Church has been erected in Boston as a citadel of Orthodoxy, and Dr. Griffin is pastor of that church. It was expected that he would wield the club of Hercules, and it was necessary that the force of his blow should be weakened by slander.

We have a noble set of professors here; but, since you seem to take such especial interest in Dr. Griffin, I will give you some account of him first, and paint the other professors in subsequent letters. Our professor of sacred rhetoric, Dr. G., is a man of genius. Sometimes his eloquence comes down like a mountain cataract; sometimes his words are tender and subduing, and wing their way into your heart like a dissolving fluid. He is the most unequal man I ever met with. He would, at times, seem quite a driveller, if it were not for his fine velvet voice. Now he wades in clouds; then fascinates and delights us with celestial strains of eloquence.

He has warm social affections, and wins your love. His exercises in the seminary are unspeakably important. He is the best critic of a sermon I ever came in contact with, and is unrivalled as a teacher of elocution. Professor Stuart says that, in regard to the composition and delivery of a sermon, he is the best critic in the United States. He is impulsive, and this feature of character sometimes drives him into great extravagance: indeed, he is a compound of excellencies and defects, and perhaps, like other irregular objects, looks larger for not being in perfect symmetry. I will tell you more about him when I know him better.

We have a good many young men of talent here; and, as is to be expected in such a gathering, we have some who verge to extreme opinions, and some who have a good deal of cant. But, on the whole, we have a precious assemblage of young men. They will, I am sure, put forth a great influence in the world, and I am equally sure that it will be for good.

Remember me most affectionately to your dear wife, who has been to me a mother, and tell the dear children that I long to have the time come when I shall go home and take them to my bosom.

Sincerely, your brother,

T. Woodbridge.

DIVINITY COLLEGE, March 20, 1810.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—It really makes me a little sad to hear you speak of the brilliant and highly intelligent society which surrounds you. We poor wights in this Bastile of learning are excluded from those pleasures; yet I cannot but rejoice in your happiness. This mixture of emotions may exist in us without any conflict. To such metaphysicians as we are, it is perfectly easy to distinguish a thing in itself considered, and a thing considered in its relations. You press me for further information about men and things here. You want me to give you an account of our new Professor Stuart. I can, as yet, give you only the prominent manifestations of his character—the hidden elements will unfold themselves in time; but it is quite plain that he is a man of original and distinctive features of character. He is a kind of Luther among us, and seems to me to be making as bold innovations, in theological inquiries, as Luther did; and, I think, will astonish many of our divines as much as the great reformer astonished the divines of his age.

I attend in his department, from day to day, with the deepest interest, and have become enchanted with the study of the Scriptures in the original Greek and Hebrew. I am delighted with the simplicity of the Hebrew, and the freeness with which it pours out the sense of the text. Professor Stuart's department is devoted to the illustration of the sacred text, and that is the noblest and most profitable study a student can pursue. O, it is sweet and delightful to take our religious character from the fresh and pure communications of the spirit of inspiration. It is my controlling object, so far as study is concerned, to understand simply and truly the sacred text. I have had enough of metaphysical interpretations of the Bible; I want to see and hear prophets and apostles through the eyes and ears of those whom they addressed. I want to stand in the place of those persons, and listen reverently and with childlike submission to their oracles.

We study very hard here; and, if I don't come home somewhat illuminated, I must be the victim of a terrible incapacity. There are some significant religious movements in this part of the country. The lines of demarcation between the Orthodox and the Liberal are beginning to appear very definitely. There has been a great blending together hitherto; but churches are now being gathered *out* of churches, and sunderings are taking place among ministers. I hope these measures will be carried forward with a kind and liberal spirit, and without any aspersions or imputations of bad motives.

In my next letter I will tell you something about some of our students here, who may, I think, by their purposes and character, form a new era in the church. Samuel J. Mills, the son of Rev. Mr. Mills, of Torringford, the friend of our father, is here, and is my room-mate. If I read him aright, he is an extraordinary man.

Pray that the cloud of God's benediction may hang over this great and influential institution, and remember me most affectionately to your dear family. I shall write to the children in a day or two, and persuade those who are big enough to write to me, for I love a child's letter: they deal in home incidents and the very things an exile from home wants to know.

I expect in a few days to go to Newburyport, to spend a Sabbath with Dr. Spring, in compliance with his most pressing invitation. He has an unmeasured veneration for the memory of our illustrious grandsire.

Farewell, dear brother, and may God bless and preserve you.

Sincerely, your brother,

T. Woodbridge.

Divinity College, April 10, 1810.

My Dear Brother,—I will tell you something about my visit to Newburyport. We arrived at Dr. Spring's last Saturday afternoon, and were most genially received. You know the doctor, and I need not be very minute in my description. He has a great deal of heart as well as a clear head. I heard him preach all day last Sabbath. His method is clear, argumentative and metaphysical; but his manner in the pulpit is certainly very disagreeable. He is, however, a pleasing and delightful man in conversation. In the pulpit he has but little fluency, and his utterance is somewhat embarrassed.

His doctrines are thought to have an edge of severity about them, and to be delivered in a manner accordant with that character. The doctor had a great deal of talk about President Edwards, and has a wonderful veneration and liking for our old pastor, Doctor West. I told him many things about some of our students, who have a bold missionary spirit, quite in advance of the age. The doctor is very susceptible to such things, and he kindled with missionary fire. We shall soon, I think, have some prominent missionary movement, looking at the conversion of the world.

I spent Sabbath evening with William Bartlett, one of the munificent patrons of this seminary. He began life a shoemaker, and told me that his kit of tools was in his garret ready for use. After exercising his trade awhile, he made some commercial ventures, and was very lucky. This led him to plunge largely into commerce, and he rapidly became wealthy. The wheel of fortune threw him up suddenly from penury to riches. I should think, by his manner and conversation, that he had great simplicity and nobleness of heart. He requires every Andover student who comes to Newburyport to call on him. He received us hospitably, and constrained me and my companion to spend the night under his roof.

You wanted I should give you my views of Dr. Woods. I have seen a good deal of him since I have been here, and like exceedingly the structure of his mind. His intellect is clear and comprehensive: he is a bold inquirer after truth, and seems willing to follow its light wherever it leads. In his lectures with our class, I observe in him a hallowed and subduing candor. He is an acute, subtle, and safe theologian. His inquiries are cautious though broad. He conjures up every objection and gives it all the weight that belongs to it. Students like him ; but he is not particularly popular in this part of the country, which, I think, must be owing to the want of a display of generous social affections. I will tell you about Mills in my next.

Farewell, dearest brother, and may God bless you and yours.

Sincerely,

T. Woodbridge.

CHAPTER VII.

MY PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

Journey to Connecticut on Foot. — Sketch of Mills. — Creation of Board of Missions. — Fall Vacation. — Curiosity of the Clergy about Andover. — Letter from Professor Dewey. — Introduction to First Sermon. — Visit to Dr. Kirkland. — Letter to H. D. Sedgwick. — Character of Buckminster. — Interview with Chief Justice Parsons. — Letters from Cyrus Byington.

When the spring of 1810 occurred, I made a journey on foot, with a classmate, to New London county, Conn., to visit my sister Lester and other friends. The distance was about one hundred and ten miles. I concealed my design of travelling in this way from my friends in Stockbridge, to escape their remonstrances. We travelled from thirty to thirty-five miles a day, and the last day I walked with bleeding feet. After spending the vacation in the eastern part of Connecticut with affectionate friends and relatives, I returned to Andover in the same mode of travel, refreshed and invigorated. My dear brother heard of this expedition, and wrote me on the subject. I make the following extract from his letter:

> "What, my dear brother, could have possessed you to go to New London county on foot? I am sure you had money enough to travel in a vehicle; if you had not, you ought to have drawn upon me. Uncle Edwards says you performed this feat that you might tell the story of it when you get to be an old man. I send you fifteen dollars, to prevent any more pedestrian expeditions."

My motive was not the vanity suggested by my good uncle; but a design to train myself to hardships. I wanted to mould my constitution to hardihood, and acquire a power of endurance.

DIVINITY COLLEGE, July 1, 1810.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—You inquire of me how I feel now, in regard to my purpose to prepare for the ministry, and whether I do not regret the abandonment of the law? In answer to your inquiries, I will be very definitive. I have never regretted my change of purpose, difficult as it was for me to make that change. I have never vacillated for a moment, but have gone on with a steady and unfaltering step. My energies are all concentrated on one object, and that is joyfully to fulfil the ministry I hope to receive. I am laboring night and day, and trust, in humble dependence on God's help, to prepare myself to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In my last I promised to tell you something about Mills. I will redeem that promise now, and tell you a great many more interesting things. Mills is an extraordinary man, and I love him amazingly. His mother consecrated him in his childhood to the work of missions. He was early converted, and the Spirit of the Lord God of Elisha fell upon him while he was in the field at his plough. He wept over the heathen, and determined to give up his whole life to the glorious work of publishing Christ to those who were lying in darkness. I had no conception, when I first met him, of his being such a man, and very soon found him to be, while we were room-mates. He has an awkward figure and ungainly manners, and an unelastic and croaking sort of voice; but he has a great heart and great designs. His great thoughts in advance of the age are not like the dreams of a man who is in a fool's paradise; but they are judicious and wise. He was the founder of a little society at Williams College, who were in the habit of meeting behind a haystack to pray the work of missions into existence.

Sincerely, your brother,

T. WOODBRIDGE.

Happening to be near the men who moved the springs of great religious measures, and somewhat intimate with them, I had an opportunity to observe the origin and incipient progress of the most efficient missionary association which exists in the Protestant world. In the latter part of June, 1810, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was created by the General Association that met at Bradford. I was there and saw this Samson in its cradle : I say *Samson*, because, though small in its beginnings, this work of missions we regarded as a "true thing, and a true thing is apt to become a great thing."

Mr. Worcester, of Salem, and Dr. Spring, of Newburyport, met our professors at the house of Mr. Stuart, to talk with our young missionary men — Mills, Gordon Hall, Judson, and Richards. At the close of their interview, they advised these young men to go on Tuesday to Bradford, and take the advice of their fathers in the ministry. Professor Stuart, who talked with me freely and confidentially, told me that they were very much pleased with the humility, earnestness, and decision of the young men. They had thought over this subject, collected all the missionary information they could, and prayed over it a great while. I went to Bradford to the Association, and saw the Board formed.

The young men were advised not to abandon their purpose of giving their lives to missionary service, but to go on, earnestly seeking after their object, and directing their studies in such a manner as to get further light. Mills seemed to me to be the beginner of this enterprise; but very likely the spirit of God turned the minds of several others contemporaneously to this momentous project. All great enterprises begin silently, in the secret thoughts and private conversations of a few obscure persons; they prepare the minds of others by their conversations, and when conspicuous men get infected with their zeal, the scheme is brought out and the public gaze at it. The ostentatious actors in a great enterprise get the renown of it, but are very seldom the men who begin the work. Judson was a man of a high grade of talent, but was self-relying and self-confiding. I thought him precipitant, and a man who must be the leader wherever he was. But he was to be accompanied by wise men; and as I had no doubt of his piety and his devotion to his work, he would, I presumed, go straight. He seemed to me to have a slight dash of self-conceit.

After this missionary development among us, a missionary atmosphere seemed to envelope the seminary, and the Spirit of God, I think, was evidently operating upon the minds of many there, and turning them to the enlargement of the boundaries of Zion's King. I was so deeply impressed with the importance of the missionary enterprise referred to, that I made minutes of these things in my journal for subsequent reference.

The organization of the American Board struck a heavy blow in the cause of Foreign Missions, and the wind of the blow shook the moral elements of the country. Every weapon of irony and argument was directed against the new institution. Plausible and tender appeals were made to the sensibilities of the people, against the intrusion of Christianity into the primeval regions of Oriental idolatry. The East was represented as kindly overshadowed with a social and religious fabric, which had been intertwined with the system of life for many generations. But the public mind, to a considerable extent, was soon disabused of these misrepresentations. The clouds were dispersed and the light began to appear. These Oriental systems of idolatry were thoroughly investigated; and it was found that they had blighted and withered up the people who were victims of them, and sunk them to the lowest pitch of degradation and misery.

When these dark superstitions were opened up to the world, one could hardly avoid the belief that they were framed and shaped out in their main features, and in their details, by the instigations of the great adversary of mankind, and contrived by the great enemy of human happiness and virtue.

When the fall vacation arrived, I went to my home at Stockbridge, to drink once more the pleasures of domestic life, and visit again my native scenes. The memories and associations connected with every object around me, made me feel that I could see a hand there which others could not see, and hear a voice which others could not hear. I was received with enthusiasm. My friends all gathered around me to welcome my return. My brother's children, who loved me with tenderness, climbed over me and hung upon my knees. There was a desire in Stockbridge that I should preach at least one lecture; but, being an orderly man, I considered it irregular to preach before I was licensed.

When I was at home on this vacation, I endeavored to perform some kind labor in an unostentatious walk of benevolence. I knew there was a drudgery in benevolence, quite as essential as its more splendid manifestations. I went forth to seek out the sick, the distant, the poor, and the neglected. I wanted to realize that there was a useful and humble toil in the work of

Christian love, and that its labors were not confined to pulpit and platform speaking. I was received in my new character, by the families I visited, with affectionate kindness; and I learned, I believe, more than those I undertook to instruct. These humble efforts were very refreshing, and they gave me a decided inclination for this kind of work, which I ceased to look upon as drudgery, and it became in my esteem an exalted form of kindness.

There was an intense curiosity felt by ministers, and other religious people, to get a sort of inside view of Andover, and I was interrogated very minutely in regard to our whole system of study, opinion, and life. Some yet stood in doubt in regard to the influences of that institution, which had already become a commanding object of attention. They were afraid that although its beginnings were good, its progress and end might not prove salutary to the interests of religion, and that the institution might finally be perverted from its original design, and be turned into an effective engine of heresy.

The eminent Dr. Hyde, of Lee, felt a deep interest in the matter, and inquired of me minutely about it. I here insert an extract of a letter from Professor Dewey, at Williams College, which I received soon after my return to the seminary, which will show the views entertained about Andover in our seats of learning:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, December 9, 1810.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — I expected an answer to my letter before this time, but, as I do not stand upon punctilios on all occasions, I will write again. Indeed, situated as you are in the seat of sacred learning, which is infinitely important — twisted and twirled about by metaphysicians, or overwhelmed by a flood of arguments *pro* and *con*—cut up and pulled to pieces by critics, or pursuing your object through thickets of ages before darkness was succeeded by the light of day—beholding and listening to streams and torrents of eloquence, or cutting channels through which it may flow—haunted, perhaps, by the bewitching muses, or compelled to taste of waters fresh, but not from the famed fountains at which the ancients drank, but "which flowed fast by the oracle of God"—thus situated, if such be your delightful situation, I must think myself fortunate if two of my letters be repaid by one of yours.

I have no news to tell you; for news we cannot have, unless we make it ourselves. We dwell here in a corner, detached from the rest of the world, and surrounded by a belt of everlasting mountains; and the most charitable apology for us is, that, like Hudibras, though we have

"Much wit
We are shy of showing it."

With much esteem, your friend,
C. Dewey.

Our second year was mainly occupied in the department of systematic theology, under the instruction of Dr. Woods. This was to me a very interesting and profitable course of study. Our professor explored the ground far and wide, and dug deep for every gem of truth within his field. We also had frequent exercises in Dr. Griffin's department. I wrote my first sermon that winter, committed it to memory, and recited it, as our custom was to read to the professor in the presence of the class. The criticisms of the professor and students were absolutely unsparing; and my sermon, on which I had bestowed a good deal of thought and labor, was not raised greatly in my esteem by the ordeal of criticism it had passed through. We were required, in the first place, to read our introduction and our plan. The reading was then arrested for criticism.

I do not intend to encumber this volume with any of my sermons; but I will venture here to insert the introduction and plan of my first sermon, which was on a difficult text, and one that required maturity of thought beyond my age. I soon made better selections of subjects. My first text was,

"Love not the world."

It is an old remark, and one which has grown out of unvarying experience, that the views of the understanding take their coloring from the feelings of the heart. This is particularly observable in respect to those practical views which we every day form of the precepts of the Bible. As we cannot quietly endure those precepts in all their length and breadth, reaching to thought, word, and deed, so, in forming our estimates of them, we fritter away much of their comprehensive import, that we ourselves may escape their reach. Thus, when, in the Scriptures, we hear the murderer condemned, overlooking the scarcely discernible causes of murder, which perhaps are tainting our own hearts, we figure to ourselves the midnight assassin and the bloody corse, and forget that he who hateth his brother is, in the sight of God, a murderer. In like manner, when we hear the covetous man condemned, we imagine some solitary miser, who rises up early and goes late to rest, eats the bread of carefulness, and says to his possessions, "Ye are my gods," forgetting that he who indulges a covetous eye is himself a worshipper of Mammon. So, when we hear the woes of Heaven denounced against the idolater, we fancy some poor, deluded Pagan, bowing down and muttering his orisons to images of wood and stone, and overlook the solemn truth that he who indulges his appetite to excess is himself an idolater. So, in regard to the sin forbidden in our text, we take some excessive form of it, some leviathan of the tribe — the man, for instance, who openly grasps at the world as his portion, who sets up his soul to sale and traffic in damnation; but we forget that, if our affections are not supremely placed on things above, they are on things upon the earth; and we contradict the grand design of the Scriptures, which is, to lift our affections from earth to heaven; and we directly transgress the precept of our text, "Love not the world."

In prosecuting this subject, I design, first, to describe the love of the world, and, secondly, to show some reasons why it should be abandoned.

Dr. Griffin mixed up with his criticisms some warm and extravagant commendations; but I was so dissatisfied with my sermon, that I instantly burned it up, saving the introduction, and wrote another, and a better one, on the same subject. If it was not, to use the figure of a distinguished divine, "a great basket of dandelions," the style was too florid, and I simplified it very much in the second edition.

In the course of that winter, I received a polite and affectionate note from Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard University, inviting me to come and spend the college vacation at his house. This note I showed to Dr. Woods, who was exceedingly gratified, and advised me by all means to go. I met Dr. Kirkland, by an arrangement concerted between us, in Boston. He called for me in his carriage, and took me to his house, which was a noble establishment. He was a bachelor, and gave me very much of his time, and assigned me a convenient room, with a fire in it, and a servant to attend me. He read to me in his study considerable portions of every day, and made two or three literary dinners, to which he invited the professors of the university, and some eminent men from Boston. Dr. K. was exceedingly courteous, kind, and interesting, and my visit was profitable and pleasing. After remaining about a week, I returned to the seminary, and entered upon my studies, with refreshed spirits and renewed resolutions. I left Dr. Kirkland, with a high idea of his candor, learning, and amiableness of temper.

Dr. Woods was curious to hear an account of my visit; and, after I had "rendered it him," he said, "Dr. Kirkland is a man of most excellent abilities. He was a tutor when I was in college, and taught me logic and metaphysics. On a certain public occasion, when I happened to meet him, he alluded to my theological opinions, and said he was surprised that I had gone astray so far. I said, 'If I have erred, Dr. Kirkland, it is you who made me err, for I learned the art of reasoning from you.'"

I cherish the most sincere respect for the memory of President Kirkland.

DIVINITY COLLEGE, Feb. 20, 1811.

H. D. SEDGWICK, ESQ.:

My very dear friend, — I have just returned from Boston, where I spent a few days, and mingled a good deal with society. I know your admiration of Boston, and I feel a warm sympathy with you on this subject. Boston is the noblest place in our land. It has a dignified and impressive history, and is full of startling and grand associations. A succession of great and good men have lived, flourished, and died there. There was Sam. Adams, John Hancock, and John Adams; there, too, was the great James Otis, whose history was so touching. His eloquent voice shook old Massachusetts to the centre, and daunted the British officers so, that, in a personal onset on him, they struck him with their swords over his head, and brought on mental aberration. This great spirit died at a house within sight of my window. He was standing at a door in a thunder-storm, when a flash of lightning struck him, and terminated his glorious life.

I have always heard of "the solid men of Boston," but the half was not told me. The men of Boston are an amazingly staid and substantial race. There is among them great energy, but, like real energy everywhere, it is not clamorous. They make but little noise in transacting their business. They present the noblest form of Yankeeism. They have, in full measure, the Yankee self-reliance; and a young man, starting off to seek his fortunes, has not a doubt of his success. They are more refined than Yankees in general, in one particular — they have not all of them a question at the end of their tongue. The society of our metropolis is, I suspect, considerably in advance of society anywhere else in our country; it is more enlightened, refined, and classic.

Boston puts forth a mighty influence over New England, and through New England must have a moulding influence over the whole land.

Last Sunday I went to Brattle-street Church and heard the popular and admired Buckminster. He is running a most brilliant career in Boston. I was somewhat fascinated with his preaching. He is a man of genius and exquisite cultivation. He is very learned, and promises, if God spares him, to be one of the most distinguished literary, if not theological, lights among us. He has a fine ethereal eloquence, which is marked with great simplicity. His sermon turned upon topics of a controversial nature, and he treated those topics with a noble and subduing candor. I have heard from some of his friends, and it makes me sad to hear it, that Buckminster has had a few epileptic fits, which threaten to undermine his intellect, and perhaps terminate his life. I should rejoice to have such a delightful man live. His name is conspicuously mixed up with all our literary enterprises. He is independent and honest in his character, and is a most devoted friend of all kinds of improvement. May God spare him and make him a burning and a shining light.

Our institution is very flourishing, and I am satisfied and profited by my connection with so efficient and useful a seminary.

I am, with continued regard and deep affection, your friend,

T. Woodbridge.

While I was connected with the seminary at Andover, in my various excursions, I became acquainted with most of the remarkable men in the eastern part of Massachusetts. In one of my visits at Boston, walking with my friend Sedgwick one day, we chanced on Theophilus Parsons, the Chief Justice of the Commonwealth. He was regarded as the ablest and most learned lawyer in the State. As we met upon the sidewalk, Mr. Sedgwick introduced me to Judge Parsons, who, after a few minutes' conversation, invited us to call at his house and spend the evening. We gladly availed ourselves of so good an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this extraordinary man. He received us very courteously, and illuminated the evening with the most delightful and profitable talk. He had a giant mind, which seemed to be equally acute, comprehensive, and pliant. He ranged over a great variety of subjects, gave his views of some of the most profound writers, and had his little elegant critiques upon the last publications.

He made many sagacious suggestions in regard to the conduct of the understanding in the acquisition of knowledge. "Now," said he, "young gentlemen, I want to have you read carefully, if you have not already done it, the great works of the master-builders of the temple of science. Be very familiar with the works of Lord Bacon. They have an expanding effect upon a young man's mind, and make him think. I hope you will give some of your days and nights to Milton's works. They will make you familiar with the fountains of the purest and the noblest English, and supply you with words and phrases full of magical association.

"Barrow's sermons will aid you in the free use of language, and in the art of expanding any subject you have on hand, which you may wish to spread out. You, I dare say, write a great deal, but I would recommend to you to talk as well as write. This will make you ready in the use of your knowledge. I hope you will acquire the art of producing yourselves; learn the talent of displaying your treasures. If you have ever so much knowledge and do not talk it out, it will do nobody any good but yourselves. No man has a right to hide his talents; he must lay them on the altar of benevolence. If you have light, arise and shine. Be ready to converse with every intelligent man you meet. Such conversation will refine your ideas and make them definite, and teach you the extent and availability of your knowledge. A rapid interchange of ideas with a sensible man will banish fog from your minds."

I recollect with pleasure my interview with this great man.

I find on my files a number of letters from Cyrus Byington, the renowned missionary, who has for many years been at the head of the Choctaw Mission. I will here make extracts from a few of them, which will not fail to interest the public, as Mr. B. is an endeared and venerated missionary. This letter was written previously to his conversion; but it illustrates his simplicity of feeling and warmth of heart, qualities which he has displayed throughout all his missionary transactions and reports. Mr. Byington was at that time a student at law in my brother's office, and had read a vast deal for me. He was a rapid and untiring reader, and we must have gone over many hundred volumes in company:

STOCKBRIDGE, September 13, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter to your brother, written under the tenderest affection for your delightful home, reached us on

Friday last. The details of your journey were very interesting to us all; for we had watched each passing day while we supposed you was directing every step to Andover, and even congratulated one another with the pleasantness of the weather with which you was favored. But every turn of your carriage-wheel rolled you an additional distance from all your friends here, and that made us sad. You very kindly promised us a quick succession of letters from Andover, which promise I most earnestly hope you will perform. I am flattering myself that I may receive many a kind sentence from your pen. I am determined to write you often. It is a duty I owe from as strong an obligation as the enjoyment of social happiness and the improvement of the head and heart can lay a person under; for whenever I turn back my thoughts, and reflect upon the various means by which, under the kind providence of Heaven, I have obtained my present situation, and the enjoyment of so many privileges as have fallen to my peculiarly favored lot, I recognize your hand in every stage; and your goodness to me awakens in my bosom the warmest emotions of gratitude and affection. Since you went away, I have been reading Dr. Edwards' three sermons on the Atonement. They unfold the subject to my view more than any discussion I have ever read. They throw a light on that great theological topic, like the effulgence of the sun. I never before understood the necessity of the grace of God discovering itself to us through such a medium as the obedience and sufferings of the Son of God. It afforded me both pleasure and instruction.

I have but just begun the course of reading, and I hope improvement, which, by your advice, I marked out when you was here. The elevation of spirit and feeling which I received during your visit here, still remains. I now feel warmed with the hope and prospect that I may lay up some useful knowledge. This is the only knowledge I wish, and my only object. With what shame and confusion of spirit should I render an account to my great Judge, if I were to spend my time and the best years of my life in empty and frivolous pursuits?

I still cherish a recollection of the pleasures I enjoyed in reading with you Anacharsis' Travels. The very style of the book throws a powerful charm over every scene described or alluded to, which scenes are as solemn and affecting as the birth-place of learning, philosophy and the fine arts, by their associations, can make them.

On such scenes we always turn back an eye half dimmed with tears. Excuse this flow of feeling. I would not have troubled you with it, but I felt a deep interest in all those subjects, and I could not on this occasion restrain the ardor of my feelings, nor on any other occasion would I wish to. I hope you will bring along with you, next spring, other fresh books, which we may read during your stay with us.

I rejoice greatly in the pleasant state of feeling which you describe. I suspect your profession contributes, as much as your place in the seminary, to produce a serenity and calmness of soul. It is a profession that has more rich and permanent resources of happiness than any other in which mortal man can engage. It aims at immense good, and nothing but good. I could forever congratulate you upon this subject, but it would be unnecessary.

The good news I have heard of your preaching warms my soul with delight. It cannot fail to be a theme of sweet contemplation to you and to your friends, who hear such goodly reports about you, and a powerful incentive to continue in the same righteous and acceptable work.

I am forever, your most devoted friend,

CYRUS BYINGTON.

The next letter from Mr. Byington from which I will quote, dated some time after the above, gives an account of the conversion of this interesting man. The part relating to that subject I will here extract:

STOCKBRIDGE, February 5, 1813.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, — I have almost despaired of ever hearing from you again in the shape of a letter. I have often called at the post-office, and waited a long and dreary while for some few words from your kind pen. It has, my dear friend, cost me no slight effort to remain so long silent. It has been a time with me when I needed, and when I should rejoice to have had ample and frequent conversations with you.

In my last letter, I gave you a very hasty and imperfect view of the condition of my soul. I wish I could pour out into your bosom more of the feelings and affections that now sway my conduct; for I could listen to counsel and directions with more spiritual advantage than ever before. But in this letter I cannot fully divulge the secrets of my bosom. I cannot open to you my moral constitution in all its extent and variety; not, however, because I have not a disposition, nor because of a fear of failing to give you a tolerable history of them, but because my paper must necessarily be devoted in part to other subjects. Suffice it, however, to say that I have been blessed, through the manifold riches of God's mercy, with delightful and joyous views of his character and his righteousness, and have, as I trust, seen the horrible wickedness and deceitfulness of my own heart, for which let us bless his holy name forevermore. And I do also humbly hope that I have found access to him through the glorious name of the Redeemer. But I cannot say my salvation is sure. I find vast benefit from spreading my case out before some experienced Christian; but I have not been able to open myself so entirely to their view as I could to you. I have determined to speak and think doubtfully of myself till I can see you, who have always had so much intercourse with me that you would easily detect a deception in my opinion of myself, should I be the unhappy victim of a mistake in so great a matter.

I anxiously await your return, and hope you will not turn your face in a different direction. I hope you will come with a trunk full of manuscripts and sermons, so that you will be able to preach as often and as many times as the people here will demand, and you may rely upon being hard pressed on this subject.

This town has been visited in a most striking manner by the grace of God. It has been visited by no less a being than He who "humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven."

You have no doubt received as particular information about the mercies that have descended upon us, as could be given you while absent from us. But I am very apprehensive that the Holy Spirit is gradually withdrawing from this community. He may return with blessings, compared with which those we have received are like the few stars which we can see twinkling at twilight, compared with the immense constellations that deck the vaulted sky at midnight's solemn hour.

I hope no disciple of our Saviour, in whose ear the voice of God's mercy to this town has sounded, will cease to implore the continuance of it. These mercies are, no doubt, dispensed in answer to the prayers which have been offered up by hearts that have ceased to beat, and by those Christians who now breathe the air of heaven. We have the greatest encouragement to seek the favor and blessing of our Heavenly Father. These ascend in answer to prayer.

My dear friend, I pray you never to fail in this duty; and remember me, who am but a child, and exposed to the wiles and intrigues of the Adversary, and who has not seen half the wickedness that pollutes his heart. I know you will pray for me, and bend your steps hither as quickly as Providence shall open the way.

Adieu, my dearest friend.

CYRUS BYINGTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY STAGES OF MY PROFESSION.

Licensed to Preach. — Preaching in Boston. — Letters from Amos Lawrence. — Letter from Rev. Mr. Durfee. — Return to Andover. — Course of Reading. — Barrow's Sermons. — Letter from Cyrus Byington.

In August, 1811, I was licensed to preach the gospel by the Andover Association. I had been in the Seminary only about a year and a half, and this measure seemed to me premature. I consented to it in compliance with the earnest solicitations of Professor Stuart. He told me that I ought to put on the panoply of a preacher without delay, that calls were thickening upon the Seminary for preaching, and that there were but very few resident preachers. He said that I should improve faster by preaching often, and that I might stay in the institution as long as I pleased. His pressure was so earnest that I yielded to it, and was introduced by him to the Association at their stated meeting. This body of ministers was a heterogeneous assemblage in regard to matters of faith. It was composed of the Orthodox and the Liberal. Its faith ranged from Calvinism down through Arminianism to the extremest Unitarianism.

After I had read my trial sermon, which I did from memory, two or three venerable ministers proposed to proceed to examine me in regard to my acquaintance with experimental religion, and my views in seeking the ministry. Several voices objected, and said, "What! will you make a man tell how good he is?" It was finally ruled that a brief examination should be given. My examination was sustained at once, and I had a license put into my hands. There were some eminent men in that Association; men sound in the faith, and faithful and devoted ministers.

In a letter to Mrs. Lester, of July 13, 1811, I find the following paragraph in reference to the license in prospect:

> I expect to be licensed in three or four weeks. I look forward with awe to the undertaking. I want to feel a more simple and unqualified reliance on Christ. A preacher of his religion, above all men, ought to be deeply imbued with its spirit. May his strength be made perfect in my weakness, and may his Spirit inscribe upon my heart this glorious promise, "Surely I will go with you."

The Sabbath after my license, I preached my first sermon in Beverly. My congregation was immense, and I felt very anxious for success. In this first effort, I fear I was too much swayed by anxiety for personal success, and not simply concerned for the spiritual effect of my preaching. But I soon surmounted this feeling of anxiety; and a little practice put me on a level in regard to my feelings with other ministers. In the succeeding week, I received two letters from Boston, requesting me to preach there on the following Sabbath. One was from Dr. Channing, who was at that time considered the master-spirit of the city. The other was from Mr. Huntington, pastor of the Old South.

I preached in the morning for Dr. Channing, and was received with great acceptance; and some wondered whence I came. When my friend, Mr. Sedgwick, mentioned to several inquirers that I was from Andover, it was flatly denied. They had never seen or heard a preacher from Andover before. They had a prejudice against that institution, on account of its orthodoxy, and supposed it must be barbarous in style and manner. No such preacher, said they, ever came out of Andover.

From the first loss of my sight, I had bestowed some pains upon my attitudes and movements, that I might avoid any awkwardness which might spring from blindness. I gave attention to the disposition of my limbs, and hands especially, that I might be as graceful in my attitudes and gestures as possible. I have often preached in congregations, particularly in cities, where I happened to be a stranger, without the least suspicion of my blindness. After preaching three sermons in the city of Hartford one Sabbath day, I went into a barber's shop on Monday morning, when a gentleman of dignified and refined bearing approached me, and told me that he had the pleasure of hearing me preach three sermons yesterday, and that some persons told him I could not see; but he did not believe their assertions; and asked me whether I would be kind enough to tell him whether my sight was affected. I stated the fact, and he expressed great amazement, and told me he should not have believed it but upon my own declaration. He then announced himself to me as James Hillhouse, of New Haven. He was at that time Senator in the Congress of the United States.

To return to Boston. After preaching in the morning for Dr. Channing, I preached in the afternoon at the Old South. These two sermons resulted, immediately and ultimately, in considerable pecuniary or material benefit to me. Hon. Amos Lawrence, the good merchant, heard from some of Dr. Channing's congregation that I was going to preach in the Old South in the afternoon, and attended. He remembered through life that sermon; and, many years after, he wrote to me, referring to the subject.

I will here make a few extracts from the letters of Mr. Lawrence, which are quite characteristic of that extraordinary man:

BOSTON, January 9, 1848.

REVEREND AND MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—More than thirty years ago, I remember attending service in the Old South, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Joshua Huntington, and of hearing and seeing you. Your sermon was full of unction and life, as were all the services; and, from that time, I have never lost sight of you entirely. My friend, President Hopkins, a few years since, gave me a most particular account of you. I send you, enclosed, fifty dollars, and wish you to feel under no obligation to me; for I am the obliged party. When you come to Boston, I shall be pleased to see you once more. I believe I have never seen you except when you preached in the Old South.

I do not go from home so far as to make it probable I shall ever see you, unless it is at my own house. I now have only time to assure you of my continued respectful regards.

AMOS LAWRENCE.

BOSTON, February 20, 1848.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Your deeply interesting letter reached me in due time. I have recently been called back to life from temporary suspension; and I have often asked myself, "For what purpose am I recalled?" I can only assure you, that I feel truly thankful to have been able to minister in any way to your comfort and your usefulness. More than thirty years ago, I remember attending your service at Old South, where I heard you preach. Since then, I have only now and then had you brought back, until our friend, President Hopkins, told me of your relations to the college, his own early experience, and your labors and teachings, and the quiet way you are in heavenward. We have had a visit from him the last week. This seems a foretaste of that pure pleasure we hope and pray for, when called from this world, if, through mercy, we are admitted to the society of the faithful who have passed on. You will, doubtless, hear from our friend Hopkins soon, if you have not already; and the odds and ends and items in the bundle, you and Mrs. Woodbridge will oblige us by applying in the way most agreeable to yourselves. I am good at castle-building, and venture the hope that I may see Mrs. Woodbridge and yourself in Boston in the present year. I am a minute man, as you are aware. I live fast, as my minutes are prolonged. No man has more blessings to be thankful for to our merciful Father than I have. May we meet in Heaven, if we do not on earth.

Respectfully yours,

Amos Lawrence.

Boston, January 14, 1851.

Reverend and Dear Sir, — Your letter of last week reached me on Saturday, and was indeed to me a sunbeam. I sent a parcel to you on Saturday, by railroad, and I trust you will have received it before this reaches you. The bundle is made up of such things as I deemed to be useful in your family; and I shall be more than paid if they add one tint to the purple light that opens upon your further hopes of visiting us the coming season. For many months I was unable to stand up and walk, but am now somewhat in the condition of the poor cripple at the gate of the temple, when his "feet and ancle bones received strength, and he stood up and walked; and he entered into the temple walking, and leaping, and praising God." I feel that the prayers of friends have been answered by my renewed powers to do more work. How, then, can I enjoy life better than by distributing the good things entrusted to me among those who are comforted by receiving them. So, my friends, you need not feel that you are any more obliged than I am.

The enclosed bank-bill may serve to fit up the parcel for use; at any rate, it will not be out of place in your pocket

I wrote to our friend Hopkins, a few days since, giving him a picture of the closing of the old, and the opening of the new year, and hope soon to receive his answer. I trust I may see you again in this world, which has to me so many connecting links between the first and only time I ever saw you, thirty-five years or more ago, in the pulpit of the Old South, and the present time.

I have everything that a man here can have to make life pleasant, and should rejoice to introduce you to the dear ones around me — two sons, two brothers, eleven grandchildren, and charming daughters-in-law.

I must close my letter, as my man is waiting to take it to the Post-office. So farewell, with affectionate regards to your own dear ones, in which wife joins.

Amos Lawrence.

The following letter, though of an earlier date than the above, may as well be inserted here as elsewhere:

Boston, December 4, 1812.

Reverend and Very Dear Sir, — I have just tied up a bundle of odds and ends, which I shall send by express. They are of my own spinning, and may amuse you from this circumstance. The articles for ladies' use, I am quite sure Mrs. Woodbridge will oblige me by using in any way most agreeable to herself. The sermon, by my friend Lothrop, on the death of my brother William, may have an interest for you both. The changes of the few days preceding his death are constant preachers to me. I am left here, unexpectedly, to do something more, while my brother, who lived next door, is taken. My brother-in-law, Jeremiah Mason, who lived the fourth door from me, was taken away the same day, and the Sabbath-day before was as well as usual, and rode and drove his own horse ten miles on Monday: — never was sick since he was a child, before this last sickness, so as to be confined to his bed a single day, and never had a funeral from his house for fifty years, although he had buried two sons, who died away from their father's house. Here I am, and for what, unless to help such good people as yourselves?

My best love to all the dear ones at the manse.

Faithfully yours,

Amos Lawrence.

The death of Mr. Lawrence, my most efficient friend, was announced to me while I was dictating a letter to him. He was a most extraordinary man. He had a high capacity for business, great energy; and his path, which was long, was radiant with beneficence. Of his kind feelings towards me I was entirely ignorant; indeed, I was not aware of the fact that I was known to him at all, till his friendship manifested itself in a letter I most unexpectedly received from him, more than thirty years after he heard me preach. His noble friendship glowed upon me, for the four or five last years of his life, with the most intense affection; and the rich well of his benevolence gushed up in a bright wave, and scattered verdure and fertility around me.

Perhaps I may as well, in this connection as any other, make a few extracts from a letter from the Rev. Mr. Durfee, a minister of Dedham, particularly as this letter contains a number of references to Mr. Lawrence. The reader may be amused to see the earnestness of this antiquarian in quest of autographs and old papers. Antiquarians seem to be multiplying in our country; and they have an instinct in regard to places where they may push their inquiries. It has been somewhat widely known that I have a good many antique papers and autographs; and these curious, though generally amiable, men pounce upon me like so many vultures. It is really a difficult task to retain possession of old papers.

South Dedham, February 10, 1850.

Rev. Dr. Woodbridge:

My Very Dear Sir, — I called the other day on our mutual friend, Hon. Amos Lawrence, who showed me a letter he had recived from my early and valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, of Spencertown. You cannot imagine with what lively interest and delight Mrs. Durfee and myself read this letter.

In your letter, in answer to what Mr. Lawrence says of himself as a "minute man," you strikingly add, "you pray that he may long be in that situation before the Great Captain shall call for him." Will you excuse me if I make a quotation from my daughter's letter to Mr. Lawrence, in which she attempted to expand this idea a little. My daughter says:

"I have often heard my father say that you considered yourself a minute man. Sir, we all know that you had long since enlisted under the banner of the Captain of Salvation; and we all join heartily in the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, that it may be long before you are called from your present post of duty and usefulness to that higher service in heaven, for which you are so evidently being prepared by a wise course of discipline on earth."

I have a somewhat extensive collection of autographs, and I want exceedingly you should aid me in this matter. Concerning Professor Olds, I want to obtain some statistical information. When and where was he born? I beg to know if you will not give me one of his letters, to preserve as an autograph. I have never been able to obtain one. When you write me respecting your intended visit, will you enclose one in your letter? I shall value it highly.

Should we be permitted to see each other this spring, you must be prepared to let patience have her perfect work; for I can assure you, my dear sir, I shall want to tax you largely for information respecting the early graduates of our college.

I shall hope to make a valuable addition to my present stock of knowledge respecting them. I beg to inquire whether you have not in your possession some of the early catalogues of Williams College? Do give your old pamphlets a thorough overhauling. Every old catalogue, or pamphlet, that you have to spare will be valued.

I am sure, my dear sir, that you could make a larger addition to my collection of autographs than any other man. Will you not see what you can do for me in this respect? My collection I intend shall be ultimately deposited in the college library. For this reason, I can ask you with the greater freedom to aid me, presuming that you feel not a little indebted to the college for an honorary degree of D. D., such as but few can ever expect to receive. For myself, I should just about as soon think of being President of the United States as to obtain so high a degree from a college which is so exceedingly chary in the bestowal of its literary honors. But, in your case, I rejoice it was conferred on one who, by the unanimous voice of the community, ought to receive it.

I suppose I must not entertain the idea for a moment that, when you come to Boston, you will pass a Sabbath with me. I should be delighted to have you do so; but, if that is out of the question, I will be thankful for a visit, which Mrs. Durfee and myself cannot consent to have less than two nights. You will wish to hear particulars respecting the life and sickness and death of her father, Mr. Pierce. I shall want to have you examine some of my antiquarian treasures.

I have an autobiography of Mr. Lawrence, covering six pages, finely written.

And now, dear sir, last, though not least, let me speak of your kind letter. It would be utterly impossible for me to describe the pleasure which your letter afforded me and my dear wife and daughter.

From the buoyancy of feeling, and the fresh and glowing style in which it is written, I should not suppose you were a year older than when we were in the habit of meeting semi-annually in our presbytery. I rejoice that it is so well with you. I rejoice that you are living under the smiles and blessings of God's good providence. I think I can say with the apostle, "I thank my God, on every remembrance of you." I beg a kind remembrance to Mrs. Woodbridge, in which Mrs. Durfee most heartily joins me. Mrs. Durfee is anticipating, with lively interest, the opportunity to renew her former acquaintance with you, and it will afford our daughter the highest pleasure to make your acquaintance.

With much regard, I am very sincerely yours,

CALVIN DURFEE.

To return, after this long digression, to my first visit at Boston as a preacher:

Monday morning, Hon. Jonathan Phillips called on me from his father, Lieutenant-Governor Phillips, and handed me thirty dollars. It was a drenching morning, and the rain poured down in torrents; but, notwithstanding the rain, I heard some one knocking at my door, which I opened, and found the Rev. Dr. Channing, who remained an hour or two with me, in the most interesting conversation; and on leaving, put thirty dollars into my hands, from a member of his congregation, who wished his name concealed, as a small token of his high appreciation of my most edifying preaching.

I continued to preach in the large towns along the coast, till the summer session was ended, when I again repaired to my home. I now felt desirous of a breathing spell, and concluded to remain at Stockbridge during the winter, where I had great facilities for study. I preached several times in my native town, and had frequent applications, from neighboring ministers, to come and preach in their pulpits. I responded to as many of these applications as I conveniently and consistently could. During this winter, I composed and wrote, by the hand of Mr. Byington, a considerable number of sermons, which helped me on very much in the business of preaching.

In the spring, I returned to Andover Seminary, a place which was endeared to me by a thousand obligations, and a thousand hallowed memories; and I addressed myself to study with augmented resolution and success. This was the most profitable period of my preparation for the ministry. I read with diligence the critical writers upon the text of the Old and the New Testaments. I drank deeper than before from the fountains of Greek and Hebrew literature.

Besides these careful studies of the original text, I read, somewhat extensively, the old divines. I read the works of Hooker, who has obtained the soubriquet of the Judicious. I read also some of the divines of the Elizabethan age. Charnock, Howe, and Bates, divines of a later period, I examined with great care and edification. It is common with writers of popular literature, to speak of this whole class of books as being tedious; but I found them exceedingly interesting and profitable. Howe's works were pre-eminently so, and I commend them with great earnestness to the careful study of all young ministers. I dipped also pretty deeply into the works of John Owen, that conspicuous light of the Protestant Church; but I cannot say that I found them as useful to me as the works of some other divines of that period. Owen was undoubtedly a great and holy man, and some of his expositions upon the Epistle to the Hebrews are unrivalled for depth and acuteness. One difficulty with Owen is, that, upon a verse which he should only explain, he sometimes spreads himself out into an acute development of a system of divinity.

I read Barrow's Sermons, at this time, with high gratification and advantage. He is an evangelical Arminian in matters of doctrine; but he does not keep a tenacious hold of his theory, and often abandons himself to a free and scriptural development of a great evangelical topic. "Barrow's Sermons," says Lord Chatham, "are a mine of nervous thought and eloquent expressions." Charles II., who said a great many smart and good things, if he did a great many foolish and bad things, after hearing Barrow preach, said: "This great man is an unfair preacher. When he takes up a subject, he exhausts it. He does not leave a gleaning behind him for any other man."

There is in Barrow's Sermons vast expansion, and sometimes diffuseness.

I have often thought that he would have been as much astonished at the conciseness of David Hume, in his Essays, as Hume ought to have been at the magnificence of the moral imagination of Barrow. I would recommend Barrow's Sermons to the perusal, night and day, of any man who aspires to eloquence. Daniel Webster, I perceive, made him his favorite author, and devoted many hours every year to his sermons. I was once inquired of, by one of our distinguished ambassadors to a foreign court, what sermons I thought on the whole, were the best in our language. I replied to him, that, in my judgment, Barrow's Sermons were the best compositions in that department. "The chief part of the glory of a nation," says Johnson, "consists in the fame of her authors, and the riches," continues he, "of our language are chiefly to be found in the works of our divines."

During the summer under review, I went over a great deal of Church History. The pedantry of some theologians, prompts them to speak contemptuously of what they call the barrenness of our language in Church History. We have not, it is true, any comprehensive work of Church History, embracing every period and every department of God's kingdom; but we have a great many particular histories, written with ability and research; and it would be difficult to show any important field of Ecclesiastical History which has not been well labored in the English tongue. It is not, I think, to be regretted that the whole body of Church History cannot be found in any one work.

It would make too large a book, and we should want the views of other authors on many of the subjects discussed.

In my judgment, our ministers do not sufficiently study Church History. It is of vast advantage in many respects. It helps us to guide our conduct on a thousand occasions; it shows us that most things which we call new, and innovations in the Church, are only modern forms of old matters; and it helps us to test the reasonableness of many proceedings and many opinions, which transpire in Ecclesiastical movements.

Every minister should study Church History, not only extensively, but minutely, and with a philosophic spirit, that he might draw out conclusions applicable to exigencies and occasions, which are continually transpiring.

During this summer, also, I extended my acquaintance very much. I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of most of the eminent men, in all the walks of life, in Eastern Massachusetts. I was particularly interested with Dr. Worcester, with whom I had a somewhat intimate intercourse. He was the master-spirit in the religious movements of that period. He placed his hand upon the great wheel of missionary movements, and had a large agency in running the line of demarcation between the Liberal and Orthodox men in matters of religion. I preached for Dr. Worcester at the Tabernacle, in Salem, twice during this summer. He was an exceedingly courteous and kind-hearted man, with a vein of shrewd and dry wit, which occasionally revealed itself without apparentlybeing noticed by him.

In addition to many interesting personal acquaintances I made, I gained a somewhat minute knowledge of the people, in the agricultural portions of the eastern part of the State, and the contiguous portions of New Hampshire. I found a somewhat different community from any I had met with before. They were at that time a solid, staid, and grave people. They had more of the Puritan manner than was to be found in other parts of the country; and there was about society there, in the language of Plutarch, "the bloom of antiquity."

They were devoid of the vivacity, elasticity, and breadth of movement which characterized the people of the western border of New England and in the State of New York. These remarks apply to the agricultural districts of Eastern Massachusetts; but their seaports glow with the ardor of commercial enterprise, and the water-powers along their streams bustle and resound with the stir of manufacturing industry.

After a short vacation at home, I returned to the institution and spent the winter. During the winter, I often preached at Boston; and, to my surprise, I received an application from the Committee of the Brattle-street Church, to come and preach their preparatory lecture. Dr. Woods was delighted with my invitation, and advised me by all means to go. I preached the lecture, and was then requested to supply the pulpit Sabbath afternoon. President Kirkland was to administer the sacrament in the morning. The congregation of Brattle-street is a very enlightened one. It was at that time, and perhaps is yet, the most learned congregation on this continent. I felt a little solicitude at taking so conspicuous and responsible a place. But

I was received very kindly; had a number of invitations to dine with different families of the congregation; was generously paid, and returned, after a visit of three or four days, to the Theological Seminary.

I was called to Boston to visit my neighbor and excellent friend, Judge Sedgwick, who was then the subject of his last sickness. He was holding the Supreme Court there, and expired after a short and distressing illness. I attended his funeral, and mingled my sympathies with his suffering family, for whom I felt the tenderest regard and respect.

No remarkable incidents marked my residence in the Seminary that winter. I read and wrote with unintermitted industry.

I will here make extracts from a few of the letters which I received. My first shall be from a letter from my friend, Mr. Byington, whose renown as a missionary has greatly interested the public in his character and history. It will show the intense ardor of this young man (who was at that time a legal student) in every kind of improvement. The depth and warmth of his feelings are very obvious in his letters, and his amazing industry is plainly indicated. Indeed, I think Mr. Byington was as great a glutton of books as I ever knew. He was an indefatigable reader, and read to advantage.

STOCKBRIDGE, January 5, 1814.

MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTED FRIEND, — I am sitting in the same room which, two winters since, was a scene which you and I consecrated to study. Everything about me recalls those days. The little fire on the hearth, with the same andirons you used; the old paper window-curtains, and your slippers in the corner of the room, together crowd into my mind such a throng of recollections so closely identified with you, that I am almost cheated into a belief that this little back room is now blessed with your presence, and dignified as the scene of your labors. But ah, it was in days that have long since stolen their way behind the hills that my winter evenings were so peculiarly happy; and I wish to Heaven you might return, or rather, that you should never be absent.

Too well are you aware of every feeling of my heart, to make it in the least necessary for me to tell you how much I dream of your coming home at no distant period, when we may again meet and embrace each other, and fill up our days and hours in some studies that will improve the mind, and make me a useful member of society, and when we can cultivate a mutual friendship, and soften the rough ways of life by every assiduity of kindness and love. This is a hope which I press to my bosom, and cherish with an ardor that enables me to surmount any difficulties that may now lie in my course. When I read your last kind letter, I could not help smiling at the threat you fulmined against me for not writing. I fancy that it must have required the utmost exertion in you to work up your feelings and aspect into such a condition as your letter indicates, particularly as such an attitude of mind and face, from a great want of habit, would make you look and act so confounded odd, and so much out of your common course, that you would furnish no small merriment to bystanders.

I could tell you my reasons (but they are too long to relate) which would satisfy you as to my conduct, were you to hear them. I would rather have my character suffer from ungrounded suspicion than to be deprived of my paper, when I am at liberty to write, by stuffing it full of awkward apologies.

The courts are now over, and business has again declined into its old and regular channels. You ask about a hundred things, and I wish I had a hundred tongues and brazen lungs that I could tell you everything, and be (pardon my pedantry) in some humble degree, what Atticus was to Cicero. I spend most of my time at the office in reading, and must lay up all the information I can at this period of life. No time of life is so well fitted to lay up facts as that which is now passing with me. I am reading biography, history, essays, and shall soon be reading Edwards on the Will, and Campbell's Rhetoric. These I must read; and I here add, that if life and health are spared, I will establish a character for knowledge and virtue.

Whatever I read, I read with practical views. And here, again, how happy should I be were you here to direct me. If I read for two years, four hours in each day, the studies of my profession, I shall be able, I hope, to hold up my head among the backwoodsmen of Ohio. As to Quincy's impertinence in writing to you about my speech, when he knew I forgot two entire pages of it, I am determined to say nothing. You ought to have had the chastising of me at that time. But the affair has gone by, and stale recollections are the objects of your abhorrence. Pray excuse me for not giving a delineation of my own terrible feelings on the occasion.

I beg you to lay up a mass of books to bring home; I feel like reading without any limitation. By the way, I am not troubled with the the blues; exercise and continual effort are too powerful for them. There is nothing like occupation. Give me that when I am in health, and let it be of a kind which is improving, and I am more happy than in any other situation. The Life of Brainerd has infused such a strong idea of continued action, and what perseverance can accomplish, that I hope I shall not soon be idle or unemployed for a moment. I have just finished this book, and it has been the means of strengthening in me every high resolution and every virtuous purpose. I will say of the Life of Brainerd, as Johnson says of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, "it is one of the very few books that are not too long."

I love to commit my course of study to your supervision and direction. I have read, since you have left me, Littleton's History of England, a very pleasing and instructive work. I am now reading Coke, one of the master-builders in the temple of law. But the less I say on this subject to others, the more kindness shall I gain, as Coke and the law do not surpass every other subject in point of general interest.

With the utmost affection. Adieu.

Cyrus Byington.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY STAGES OF MY PROFESSION.

Letter from Professor Dewey. — Letter from Charles Sedgwick. — Letter to my Sister. — Death of Washington. — Declaration of War. — Extract from Professor Kellogg's Letter. — A War Scene. — Reminiscence of Webster. — British Officers.

(FROM PROFESSOR DEWEY.)

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, January 3, 1814.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND, — I am glad to hear of the prosperity of your institution, of its increasing numbers and augmenting influence. You have, collected there, such an amount of talent, learning, and virtue, that you cannot fail to put forth great power over the country. I pray for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon it, and make it an organ of hallowed and delightful influence to the land.

I have been reading Worcester's Bible News. He removes no difficulty. His views offend against good taste, good sense, and the Scriptures. I am yet a staunch Trinitarian. Every attack made upon the "doctrine according to godliness," deepens my conviction of its truth and preciousness. I have also been reading a manuscript of Mr. Kinne's, on the Sonship of Christ. This is an excellent thing, in my opinion, and I rejoice that it will soon be published. It removes the great difficulty. He contends that the Son of God is the Word, the second person of the Trinity, united to the man Jesus. The Word is not Son, and Jesus is not Son, but this complex person is the Son of God, for the reason given by the angel, Luke, i 35: "And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

Please to consider this carefully, though I dare say you have already thought on the subject; but such subjects are worth looking at deeply and long. Properly speaking, or speaking in the highest sense, it would then be wrong to say, The eternal Son of God, for the Son is no more eternal than man is. There is no eternal affiliation or generation, and such like contradictions in terms. Mr. K. has abundant Scriptural proofs. He is a man of great ability and learning, but little known to fame; for he is not a popular preacher, and never affected any splendor to win himself a name.

With great esteem and cordial friendship, yours,

C. DEWEY.

Extracts of a letter from my friend, Charles Sedgwick:

NEW YORK, March 25, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Do you need to be reminded that your letter has been too long unanswered? The truth is, I have never been in a sufficiently felicitous mood to discharge the high obligation your kind favor imposed. Time and chance happen to all men; but I have never, since the receipt of your letter, had any indications that I should be able by writing to add much in any way to your enjoyment. My observations could probably add nothing to your stock of important facts, and it would be vain for me to attempt to entertain you by investing with new forms any of those subjects which must be taken from the sources of your own knowledge.

We have just heard the wonderful news from Europe. Such events are so far beyond our experience, and almost beyond our conception, that our senses were at first confounded. The confused and intemperate exhilaration which was at first produced, however, very soon subsided into the calmer and more natural emotions of praise and adoration to Him who has thus vindicated His ways. The unexampled history of the world, for the last few years, has been calculated to produce in the minds of all those who were not established in the faith which cannot be shaken, something very like scepticism, in regard to the great and magnificent doctrine of Providence; something, also, like a conviction that the world and all it contains was abandoned to the dominion of the Evil One himself. It has really seemed to me (but I dare say I have thought wrong) that the honor of God's providence required the prostration of the tyrant of the earth. The moral and physical elements of the world have been combined in the work of desolation. A ruthless conqueror has been permitted hitherto to trample on the necks of the innocent and the guilty indiscriminately, and pour out, in one common stream, the blood of the just and the unjust.

This prevalence of evil in the arrangements of Providence has given scope for scepticism to triumph. But the delusions of the superficial have vanished; the spirit of the infidel is confounded; the oppressor's rod is broken. "He who ruleth in the heavens" has manifested his righteous judgments. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." The Arch-Enemy of all that is good is humbled to the dust.

The letter that I am now writing is the last thing that I do in this city. I leave it this afternoon. I cannot go without renewing the profession, and the pledge of my affection. Mr. Watson and my sister beg me to assure you that it will give them great satisfaction to see you at their house. They consider it as much a matter of course as your visit itself, that you should spend all your time with them.

I left your letter with my sister some time ago, and she took the liberty of showing it to her illustrious pastor, Dr. Mason. I will not repeat the remarks he made; but he concluded them by requesting her to ask me, in my next letter, to present to you his most affectionate and respectful remembrance. I will not say how far his vision might have been rendered clear to the perception of moral and intellectual beauties by the compliment which he himself received; but this is certain, that he spoke in a most enthusiastic strain of commendation, which great men seldom give themselves the trouble to do.

My sister Catherine told me last night to present her salutations to you, in a style worthy of herself, but which I do not sufficiently recollect. It is enough that it was conformable to your character and her heart.

I hope I shall soon hear from you when I reach Stockbridge.

I went last Sunday to hear your friend, Mr. Spring, for the first time. He has more solemnity than any preacher I have heard in the city; more of that unction which flows from a love of the truth and a conviction of its importance. He seems more desirous to make what he says tell upon the minds of his audience, apparently regardless of his own consideration, than any other man I have seen. I was pleased with his indications of character; but his sermon was, to my perceptions, an unfortunate one—endeavoring to establish, by argument, such a connection between Adam's sin and my transgressions, as to fasten some of the blame of our first father's offence upon me; as I hold it a moral and metaphysical impossibility that I was in any way guilty of Adam's sin. This is a short but true account of his discourse, as I understood it.

I must close, by begging you to accept this letter rather for the sentiments which occasioned it than for those it contains.

Farewell, my friend. God bless you. Yours sincerely,

CHARLES SEDGWICK.

In the spring, I had an application to go to Gloucester Harbor Society to preach. I preached there a few Sabbaths; and, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of a Female Benevolent Society, I preached a Charity sermon, which the Society insisted on printing. I gave them a copy, and it was published at Boston. A few copies were sent to my native village. This made a demand for a large quantity, and a second edition was published.

After returning to Stockbridge, in the course of the spring, I received an application to supply the pulpit in Gloucester for six months; but a web of engagements was fastened upon me, and I was compelled to decline their request, pleasing as it would have been to me to have spent some time amid that ocean scenery.

DIVINITY COLLEGE, June 25, 1814.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER LESTER,—I thank you for your kind letter, and will not permit it to remain unanswered. My visit at your house, on my way to Andover, was delightful; and I was greatly affected by the deep interest your congregation took in my preaching. I remember your interesting religious society with great affection, and will thank you to assure them of my interest in their prosperity. Remember me also, respectfully and affectionately, to your pastor, whose health seemed to me quite slender. I hope your congregation will not overwork him, but endeavor to cheer and sustain him. It promotes the usefulness of a minister to manifest frequent and affectionate tokens of regard for him. An elder in a Dutch church, in Columbia county, remarked to me about his pastor, "We want our minister," said he, "to have a good grace and a good face; we want him pious, and we want him happy in the confidence and affection of his people."

I thank you, too, for the interest you take in my well being and well doing. I am as well situated here, for moral and intellectual enjoyment and improvement, as I could be anywhere in the world. I board in the steward's hall, where our living is abominable — it is coarse and unpalatable. Brother Gallaudet remarked to me a few days ago, as we were walking in from dinner, "Well, Brother Woodbridge, our living is contrary to the Bible. We give our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not." We live so, purely from the most amiable motives. On account of the high price of provisions, we adopted some sumptuary rules, and unanimously consented to some severe privations, to reduce the expense of board, and thus prevent the turning away of some poor scholars who are on the charity foundation. The faculty would have been obliged to send away several, on account of the inadequacy of the funds, if we had not cut down our living. So I bear these privations well; but our privileges are immense.

We have learned and pious professors; and we have, at the present time, an excellent assemblage of students. We have sometimes had students here who had some undesirable excrescences, and run into extremes in regard to matters of doctrine and practice; but we have here now a judicious and reasonable set of men. There is a decidedly pious element enveloping us in this institution. The missionary spirit is also active among us. We have a number of precious young men, directing their attention and preparation to the propagation of the gospel among the heathen. We have great facilities for ascertaining the moral condition of every region, and almost every spot on the earth. You are always earnestly concerned in religious things, and it gives me pleasure, from time to time, to send you an account of these matters in this portion of the country.

Religion is a subject that occupies a large space in public attention, and the religious elements of this region are in a state of high effervescence. This is caused by the controversies which are agitated in regard to the division of the churches into Orthodox and Liberal, and by the great dispute which is going on about church confessions.

The churches have, for a long time, been heterogeneous bodies — made up of Calvinists, Arminians, Arians, and Socinians. Wood, hay, and stubble have entered into their composition. There are, among the Liberal ministers and membership of the churches, a great many exceedingly amiable, talented, upright, and liberal men. The line of demarcation which is now being run through the churches is gathering new organizations out of old ones; and such sunderings as these, you may well suppose, must produce high exasperation. But I hope these divisions will be conducted with as much kindness as possible. Let us all abstain from aspersions of one another.

You wonder how the churches in Boston and its vicinity, that anciently shone out in all the splendor of evangelic truth, should have declined so far into latitudinarian views. But, my dear sister, the change has happened very gradually. It began in omission. It was the work entirely of the ministers. They omitted to bring out before their congregations evangelical doctrines, and the congregations gradually sunk down into an ignorance of these doctrines. They had not heard them for a long time, and had but dim perceptions of their being in the Bible; and when some minister of sturdy honesty brought out these doctrines plainly, the people began to be startled. They did not believe them, because they had not heard them from their amiable and loved pastors. Omission will, in time, work the silent effect of negation. The teachers did not directly attack what we call the doctrines of grace, but passed them by in silence.

Dr. Kirkland, our eminent townsman, said to me a while ago, "Why, if our preaching, imperfect as you consider it, should be obeyed by the people, society would present a beautiful spectacle of all the amiable and social virtues: it would be a sort of 'heaven upon earth.'" But I ventured to reply to the learned heresiarch, that I had no doubt that if the people were obedient to their teachers, we should see the probities and virtues of social life flourishing in all their greenness on every side. "But," said I, "we consider the grand drift of the gospel to be the reconciliation of men unto God. The sin of the community is not so much outrageous wickedness as ungodliness. Men, with all their probities, are without God in the world; and we are aiming, with our Orthodoxy, to bring them back to their allegiance to Heaven."

Remember me most affectionately to your dear husband, and tell him that I lament as much as he does the confused sound of war which sweeps over the land. But let us not forget to see green spots, which are sprinkled here and there among us. Notwithstanding the pressure of war, there is a great deal of kindness and private charity among the people all over New England; and there is no remission in the efforts of good people to spread the gospel. It is affecting and cheering to see the sacrifices good men are making to bless their fellow beings.

Kiss your dear children for me, and tell them that I expect to see them next fall.

Sincerely and affectionately, your brother,

T. Woodbridge.

I have witnessed, in the course of my life, the announcement of two events "which made both the ears of every man who heard them to tingle," and stirred the deepest fountains of national feeling — the death of Washington, and the declaration of war against Great Britain. These two events were both of an exceedingly exciting nature; but their impression upon the national mind was very different.

The death of Washington, and its first effects, I well remember. That event imparted the most profound melancholy to the mind of every thinking man. The scenes which transpired on that occasion in our New England villages were affecting and honorable to the intelligence and heart of the people. We all had a sense of weakness come over us. While Washington lived, whether in office or out of office, the country felt that the vessel of state would move on safely; and, if it deviated, his strong hand would put it in the right direction. The country had leaned upon his great arm, and, when that great arm was withdrawn by death, the feeling of good citizens everywhere was, "We must be better citizens. We have depended on the great and good Washington; and now, under God, we must depend on ourselves." I heard men, with tears in their eyes, say to those around them, "Neighbors, we must be better citizens. We must love one another, and love our country better; for Washington is dead, and he was the strength and bulwark of the land."

The declaration of war was made June 18, 1812. This event excited party spirit to its utmost pitch. The country was not full of the resources of prosperity. It had been considerably exhausted by the restrictive measures of the government, to induce Great Britain to yield to our terms. These restrictive measures had, in some degree, sent out of the country its precious metals; and non-intercourse and embargoes had made the accommodations and comforts of life somewhat scarce and dear. The declaration of war penetrated all the relations of life, social and religious, and put forth a disturbing influence into every department of society. The Governor of Massachusetts issued a proclamation, setting apart a day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer, in reference to this war. This measure gratified those who considered the war impolitic and immoral, but excited the deepest displeasure in those who had advocated and hurried on the conflict. Some ministers were afraid to read the proclamation to their congregations, and in some congregations it was deemed inexpedient to observe the day. In such places, however, there were pious families and individuals who betook themselves to the secret place of prayer, and in timidity gathered around their family altars, and spent the day in devotional exercises.

Signals of war were to be seen everywhere. Our once peaceful villages resounded with the beat of the drum, and bristled with bayonets. Troops and sailors were transported, in haste, upon all our great public highways.

At Andover, we contemplated the scene with patriotic and pious solicitude. There was very much earnest praying, that God would lift up his hand from our afflicted country, and turn away his judgments. In a temporary absence from the Seminary, I received a letter from my friend, Mr. Kellogg, afterwards the professor, from which I make an extract:

> "The noise of war is heard; its meteors glare in the distance. We hear the sound of firing every day along the coast, and we feel that God's judgments are abroad in our country. The pious should everywhere humble themselves under the mighty hand of the Ruler of nations. The minds of the people seem to be absorbed in politics and the events of war. It seems to me that good men everywhere should endeavor to give a better direction to the public feeling. While we inculcate love of country on our fellow-citizens, and rejoice with moderation over all our successes, let us rend our hearts in penitence before God, and supplicate the throne of Eternal love to spare this afflicted land. It is a fearful consideration that, in this time of the world, when in every nation we see frequent specimens of portentous wickedness, and few are engaged in propagating the Christian faith to benighted lands, we should be engaged in bloody hostility with that great nation which is the bulwark of the Protestant religion.
>
> "May God speedily bless our land with peace."

The following extract of a letter from an Andover friend, who was preaching at Bloomfield, N. Y., dated February 5, 1814, depicts a home scene in the war:

"We have had serious times here this winter; and it seems to me that you cannot, in the peaceful and hallowed shades of Andover, possibly conceive of the horrors and calamities of this war. You have doubtless heard, before this time, the particulars of the battle at Black Rock. The flower of our young men in Bloomfield were in the engagement. Some of them have returned to their friends; several were killed, and others fell into the hands of the enemy. I can hardly convey to you an idea of the anxiety that was felt here, when we first heard of the battle. It was supposed that nearly all were killed. Dejection sat on every countenance. To behold mothers crying and wringing their hands, for the sons whom they saw, in imagination, mangled by the tomahawk and scalping-knife, was a moving spectacle,—as also the joy with which some welcomed their returned friends. We still see dejection settled on the countenances of the parent, the widow, and the fatherless, for a son, a husband, and a father, they never will again embrace this side the grave. I now begin faintly to realize the miseries of war. That the time may soon come when the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning-hook, should be the prayer of all the friends of humanity and of the Redeemer's kingdom."

In the fall of 1812, I was sent by the professors to preach in a particular town in Rockingham county, New Hampshire. The people there were very much excited about a great political meeting which had been held the previous Thursday in the church edifice where I preached. They told me that Esquire Webster, of Portsmouth, was up at the meeting; that he drew up the able resolutions adopted at that meeting, and just published, and that the 'squire made the greatest and most eloquent speech they ever listened to.

This was the first time I ever heard of Daniel Webster, the illustrious statesman. But his great thoughts and deeds and words, instinct with wisdom, have been largely mixed up with the texture of my reading and hearing from that time to the present. That sun was just then rising over the country, but it soon appeared in its full-orbed glory, and poured a flood of light and magnificence over the land, till it sank behind the cloud of death.

The death of Webster, in October, 1852, produced an astounding and appalling effect upon the public mind, similar to that produced by the death of Washington. We all felt proud to be his countrymen, and felt a little diminished in size when that tower of the republic fell.

I made Stockbridge my headquarters during the winter of 1814–15, and was agreeably and profitably employed. I fitted up a study in a room of my brother's office, where I had my library and my other literary facilities. My readers and writers, during this winter, were a singular class of men for such employments, and a class, I fancy, not very often engaged in such vocations. There were stationed at Stockbridge between twenty and thirty British officers, on their parole of honor, who had been captured in the different scenes of the war. They were, generally, well educated and gentlemanly men. Some of them were highly literary. They soon made acquaintance with me, and offered to me their services in reading and writing. I commonly had a British officer in my study through the winter, reading theology or reviews, or writing sermons. Their occupations in this way must have furnished them with some amusing reminiscences and curious stories, to relate to their friends in Europe after their return.

I have several sermons, written from my dictation, by intrepid heroes, who had figured under Wellington in fighting the French in Spain. Whenever I preached, these military friends were sure always to be present. On hearing that I had thoughts of visiting England in the spring, for the benefit of my eyes, they called on me, without any solicitation on my part, and gave me highly commendatory letters of introduction to their friends in England. Many of these friends occupied a very high social position in Great Britain. They spoke, in their letters to their friends, with the warmest gratitude of my attentions to them in their captivity, and of the cheering influence which my society imparted while they were in that position. These letters, I have no doubt, would have been of great advantage to me if I had gone to England as I contemplated.

After the peace was proclaimed, and these military friends had made their arrangements to depart for Canada, where their regiments were stationed, they requested their commander-in-chief to call on me in their behalf. The colonel wished to know of me whether I had been satisfied with the conduct of the British officers during their stay in Stockbridge. I told him I thought it would be of little consequence to them, as they were men of high military standing, whether I was satisfied with their conduct or not. He said it was their custom, whenever they left a place, to call on a clergyman, to know whether their conduct had met his approbation. He then placed in my hands, in behalf of the officers, a watch, which they desired me to keep as a token of remembrance; and, after filling my hand with dollars, which he requested me to give to some poor widow in Stockbridge, he bade me an affectionate farewell, in the name of the officers, and said it was their unanimous wish that I would have the kindness to remember them in my prayers. I requested him to bear my grateful respects to the gentlemen whom he represented, and tell them that, in my judgment, the conduct of the British officers had been highly creditable to them as gentlemen and men of principle, and reflected great honor on the service to which they were attached. The colonel then said to me, "We shall be very grateful to you if, when we are away, any complaint should arise in regard to our conduct, you would have the goodness to make any explanations of which the case is susceptible." And then, with many tears, praying for the benediction of God to rest upon me, took an affectionate farewell.

I have given an account of the first impression produced by the declaration of war. Tidings of peace came to us on the 12th of February, 1815, and were received with the most enthusiastic gladness. Our village was illuminated; and joy beamed in every face, and expressed itself in the glad accents of every voice.

The citizens of Stockbridge gave a public dinner to the British officers, who had demeaned themselves so acceptably during their residence of six months among us; and they, in their turn, gave a public dinner to the citizens of Stockbridge.

Such is one of the veils of mercy which the providence of God sometimes draws over the scenes of war in a Christian country.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY STAGES OF MY PROFESSION.

Primitive Christianity, in a Letter to my Brother. — Extracts from Letters to my Brother and Sister. — Sketch of Dr. Mason's Preaching at Stockbridge.

DIVINITY COLLEGE, February 2, 1814.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, — You wish me to keep you minutely apprised of the progress of my studies, and I take great pleasure in responding to all your requests. I have been employed, with more than common diligence, in some researches into primitive Christianity, and the condition and progress of things during the first three centuries of our era. Two or three of the best scholars have been associated with me in these very interesting investigations. I have read over all our popular church histories relating to these times; but I had an inadequate conception of them. They are full of interest to the student, who loves to study the great epochs in human affairs, when the history of the world becomes entirely changed, when old systems are broken up, and new forms of civilization appear.

I have been reading a good many Latin writers of the period referred to, and have dipped a little into the Greek fathers. The literature of that period is really quite interesting, and some of it is elegant and compact. In all the Pagan writers, I find a tinge of sadness, which was to be expected — as the crumbling and fall of an ancient, social, and religious system would naturally impart sadness to the men who, with their fathers, grew up under it. I have been reading, as far as I could find them, the writings of the men who engaged in the controversy between the old and new belief. I have also been reading over again Gibbon on those times; and have been shocked and offended with the Infidel sneers which he interweaves with his narration, and the weapon of sober irony which he wields against the fathers of the church. These things must offend candid readers, who love truth more than wit.

In reading Gibbon's sneers, the remark of the great Hooker, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, has often occurred to me. "There is," says Hooker, "a time coming, when one word, spoken in love and charity, will be infinitely better for us than ten thousand words spoken with disdainful sharpness of wit."

I will here give a few of the results of my researches. In the first place, I find in those early ages the beginnings of almost everything, good or bad, which has since been developed on a larger scale in the history of the church; and have been more impressed than ever with the remark the Wise Man published to the world long ago, that "There is nothing new under the sun." The fall of Paganism and the substitution of Christianity constitute the most splendid revolution recorded in history. When the ancient, social, and religious system of the civilized world was assailed by the rude vigor of Paul of Tarsus, Irenæus, and Justin Martyr, it showed to the superficial observer no marks of decay. It was sustained by all governments and approved by all nations. And yet, to a close and inside observer, it had the marks of a system that was wearing out, and there could be deciphered on its walls this sentence, "It is waxed old, and ready to vanish away."

The first preachers of Christianity were brave and undaunted men. They denounced the whole social and religious fabric of the Roman empire, upheld as it was by the Cæsars, at the head of countless Roman legions. The struggle of the first propagators and defenders of Christianity was a struggle for life or death. The burden of the controversy was not in books and written apologies, but in the market-places, in the streets, and at the gate of the temple. It required no common courage to tell the *flamen*, at the temple of Jupiter, that his god was only a block of marble; that his priests were imposters, and his worshippers dupes; that Jove, with his eagle and thunderbolt, was a contemptible idol, and utterly powerless.

It is affecting to trace the active elements of Christianity amid the multitudes of the empire. When Trajan inquired where these Christians were, he found, by the letters of the pro-consuls, and the reports of the police, that they were everywhere — in the household even of Cæsar, in the forum, and in the camp. I admire the boldness of the first apologists of our faith. They spoke "as men having authority." They were not particular to use the terminology of the philosophers, but went straight on to their work, using direct and plain language. They condemned the whole system around them. It was idolatry; it was the worship of demons; and all the immoralties connected with it were leading men down to destruction. They denounced all the gods of the nations, and proclaimed one supreme, invisible Deity. The Cæsars all claimed to be gods, and demanded incense while they lived; and, when they were dead, they must have temples and altars. But the preachers told the people of a Great Being, who, though he had been crucified, had ascended to heaven and wielded all power, and would one day bring the Cæsars and their subjects to his tribunal.

They condemned the literature of the Heathens as impure, and all their elegant arts as employed only to garnish the abominations of idolatry. They refused to join in the processions or cast incense on the altars of the gods. We may suppose the reflecting Heathen to have thought somewhat in this manner:

"What strange and perverse people are these Galileans! They have brought from an obscure province of the empire an exclusive religion that undertakes to sweep away all other religions from the earth, and demands of us implicit obedience to the laws of the man of Nazareth, whom one of our pro-consuls put to death. Our social and religious system was loved and honored by our fathers, who were honest and brave men, and marched, under its auspices, to universal empire."

But I find that the writers who attack Christianity, though they sometimes show considerable skill, do not write like men who have a deep consciousness of the goodness of their cause. The Christians, though they soon divided into sects, were united in certain great primary and fundamental principles, and marched in a compact body to the overthrow of Paganism. It is wonderful to see with what rapidity this fabric of ancient superstition, which had stood for a thousand years, sunk under the heavy blows which were dealt out by the early Christians. But the Lord was with them, and a great many auxiliary tendencies, in the providence of God, coincided to accelerate their triumph. A few of the defences of Christianity are elegant and pleasing performances, and I was glad to find them amid the mass of patristic literature.

The course of my education taught me to regard the Roman emperors as a succession of ferocious and bloody persecutors. The name of Roman emperor was equivalent, in signification, to a sanguinary monster of cruelty. But this, I now perceive, was a mistake. The Roman emperors were, comparatively, a tolerant set of rulers, and will compare advantageously with many sovereigns who have borne the Christian name. Their lives whiten into virtue, when brought into comparison with a great number of bloated sinners, who have been called Christian kings and emperors, "dressed up in a little brief authority." They stand on the vantage ground when compared with Henry VIII., of England, Francis I., of France, and Philip II., of Spain.* These men lived among the influences of Christian light; and we cannot plead for them the darkness of Heathenism to excuse their sins. But do not understand me to extenuate the outrageous persecutions of the Roman empire. I am far from saying one word to excuse or even palliate persecution. I hate it in all its forms, even when it assumes the milder forms of wit and ridicule; but most especially do I abhor it when it resorts to the prison, the chain, and the fire. O, the insufferable guilt and madness of persecution! It is to my mind the brightest feature of the present era, that religious persecutions are subsiding or becoming powerless. There is a conviction coming into the minds of men, in all enlightened countries, that no earthly power shall interpose between a man's conscience and his Maker. This is one of the most cheering auguries of coming peace and happiness to mankind. It is the saffron penciling on the rim of the eastern horizon, that indicates the rising of the Sun of Righteousness over the earth.

You must pardon this long and, I fear, uninteresting letter; but the subject has deeply interested my feelings.

Faithfully yours,

T. Woodbridge.

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*I am particularly impressed with the example of Philip II., which I now add to the other examples, while copying this letter for the press, having just risen from Prescott's masterly narration of the cold-hearted, savage, and relentless persecutions of that monarch, which, in the judgment of this great historian, sprang from the maddening influence of bigotry, urged to the utmost fanaticism by a perverted conscience.

ANDOVER, March 3, 1814.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, — I have been engaged in some studies of late with a talented and learned classmate, some account of which, I am sure, will interest you. I have been investigating the scenes in the life of Christ which are recorded by the Evangelists. I have long designed to make these scenes more familiar to my mind. I wanted to invest them with reality, and impart to them home touches. Though my faith has always grasped the truth of these scenes, they have seemed to my imagination like splendid idealities. I have tried to be at home among the Jews, and mix myself up with the spectators of the domestic and public life of Christ. I read everything that could help me to understand the ideas, manners, customs, and habitudes of thought and feeling of the Hebrew race, that I might enter into their sympathies, and see and hear Christ with the eyes and ears of a native of Judea.

We used the Greek text as our guide, and availed ourselves of any translations that could help us. In the present state of my biblical knowledge, I consider Campbell's translation of the four Gospels, on the whole, the best in our language.

In scrutinizing the Jewish mind and character, I have been considerably struck with their shrewdness of understanding. They seem to me to have been the Yankees of antiquity. I like the ancient Jews, in some respects, better than before these investigations. They seem to me to have been imbued more with home-bred feelings, and the sacredness of the family relation, than any other people of antiquity. These peculiarities I ascribe to the fact that they enjoyed a revelation from Heaven, while the mist of idolatry darkened all other nations. I think we shall find by observation that a community becomes shrewd and intelligent, and improved in domestic character, a good deal in proportion to their familiarity with the Bible. The facts and truths of God's revelation have an expanding, stimulating, and meliorating effect on the mind. "The entrance of thy Word giveth light."

In our studies into the scenes of Christ's life, we ventured to invent conversations that might have transpired among the persons who surrounded the Saviour, and between them and the Master himself. Some such conversations probably occurred, and others are only conjectural, which we designed to have in keeping with the persons concerned. We have had great delight in these studies.

The domestic scenes in the life of Jesus, and many of his countrymen, we spread out in a manner that made us feel very much at home in Judea eighteen hundred years ago.

We knew that the ground was sacred; but we trode with reverent steps, and were fascinated as well as awed with our position. Subjects of this kind ought to be talked over with our children and young persons, to make them familiar with the most touching and momentous parts of the Bible. The incidents in the life of Christ are stupendous, and his instructions original and infinitely superior to anything the world had ever heard before. I want this part of God's revelation to be as familiar to me as household words, that it may dwell in my memory, and enlighten and warm the depths of my heart every day.

We cannot be grateful enough for the possession of the four Gospels.

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Sincerely, your brother,

T. Woodbridge.

Below I make a few extracts from letters to my sister, Mrs. Lester.

Stockbridge, May 21, 1812.

* * * * It will be interesting to you, I presume, to hear of another golden shower that has descended upon Divinity College. That excellent old gentleman, Mr. Abbott, who several years ago gave $20,000 to found the professorship of divinity, died last week, and bequeathed all his fortune, except $24,000, to this institution; and it is understood that his property turns out to amount to as much as $100,000. This bequest, in addition to his former donation, makes him the greatest benefactor of the Seminary. The gold and the silver are the Lord's, and he seems at present to be employing them for the benefit and extension of his church.

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Andover, February 13, 1813.

My Very Dear Sister,—* * * * * In regard to Stockbridge, the dispensations of Providence are striking and affecting. They are checkered with the rays of grace and the clouds of affliction. Of the death of Judge Sedgwick, our old friend and neighbor, you have heard. You have also probably seen the accounts of his funeral in the Boston papers. In one of these there has been an outline of his life, and a graphic and fine painting of his character. I was present at the funeral, which was attended, with every demonstration of respect, by the government of the State and the inhabitants of Boston. The legislature adjourned, and all the branches of the government were present in their order. The municipal authorities attended, with their badges of office draped in mourning.

The Judge died on Sunday night. On Monday morning, from respect to his memory, the Supreme Court, as soon as it was opened, adjourned until Thursday, the day after the funeral. Mr. Watson, the Judge's son-in-law, from New York, came suddenly into my room on Tuesday morning. My apprehensions were excited the moment he entered my door; for I had been expecting every day to hear of the death of the Judge. This dreadful expectation, he told me, was fulfilled; and he requested me to go with him to Boston to attend the funeral.

I went, and found such a scene of woe as I never before witnessed; for you know the Judge's domestic character was exceedingly affectionate, and he threw a flood of love around his household. On this occasion, they were all broken-hearted. Poor Charles was pressed down to the earth. Their deep and convulsive grief I can never recollect without shivering, and it will never fade from my memory.

I spent the evening before and after the funeral with the family. It was a mournful satisfaction to me to be with them on this occasion, and to join in demonstrations of respect to a man who has been one of my best friends.

Mr. Sedgwick was a great and honest statesman. His country honored him greatly; but "Low now lies the head that was covered with honor."

I enjoy here every facility for the cultivation of wisdom and virtue; and great will be my crime if I do not make some respetable advances in these heavenly acquisitions. I preach a considerable part of the time, and have lately exercised myself very frequently in this way at Boston. Last Friday I preached a lecture; and on Sunday again I preached in Brattle Square, where the famous Buckminster was minister. * * * * *

Yours faithfully,

T. Woodbridge.

(TO MY BROTHER, J. WOODBRIDGE, ESQ.)

PRESTON, June 16, 1813.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I suppose I may lay it down as a certain truth, and one which has all the evidence of an axiom, that you want to hear from me and your sons, who accompanied me to this place; and, as it is a rainy day, I will light up the gloom of it by writing a few lines to you. Saturday afternoon we came to Hebron, and spent Sunday, where I preached, passing a very tranquil and agreeable Sabbath in a sober, rural, Connecticut parish.

We arrived here Monday evening; found them all well and glad to see us. I shall, I believe, be driven to all the shifts of my invention to furnish employment for the boys, that will innocently occupy and amuse their minds till we go away. They have a superabundance of health, strength, spirit, and activity, which must be expended in some way or other; and the great point is, to provide scope for their expenditure in some innocent and useful way. Idleness, I maintain, withers the mind and body; and action, when it is employed in the ways of mischief, if it is not incomparably worse to the individual, is vastly worse to society. The journey, I think, will be of great benefit to the boys. It will enlarge their ideas, and teach them to form juster estimates of many things.

This town exhibits, at present, a sombre aspect. All the gentlemen with whom I associated, when I heretofore visited the place, are now at New London. The whole of the militia, embracing almost every young and middle-aged man, has been drawn away. The only persons I can visit here are ladies, and they are visited with those inconvenient companions, anxiety and apprehension.

I this moment conversed with an officer who came from New London. He says that no collision, or anything new, has taken place there. The British are constantly in plain sight, and sometimes they make soundings along the shore, and sail along up, displaying an unwelcome spectacle to our brave but unpractised militia. There are now three or four line-of-battle ships and two frigates on the side of the enemy. Our frigates, which are strong and valorous, but few in number, have gone up the river as far as Gale's Ferry, four miles above New London, and they can ascend no higher.

This region is a scene of great excitement, and I am painfully overshadowed by the vicinity of the war. The effects of this war have now come home to the "bosoms and business" of the people. They execrate it, as it draws away so great a proportion of their men from agricultural pursuits to services of danger.

What mountainous guilt must rest upon the men who rule the destinies of nations, and plunge their countries into unnecessary war. We often hear political writers and statesmen in Congress talk very menacingly about men in high places who adopt mischievous measures. They talk about standing by the measures, and when they are over, calling the men who projected them to a strict account. This kind of talk is very common, and I am sick of it. It is all humbug. I have never known, in the history of our country, men called to such strict account. There is no judgment-seat in this world for great sinners, but in history. That keeps a judgment-seat; but before its utterances are delivered, the subjects of them are gone to their account before the great tribunal of the Ruler of nations. What a monstrous incongruity is presented at New London! The officers and men of the British ships, and our soldiers, are civilized and humane men; have no personal dislikes, and no fancied wrongs, to avenge; and yet they are watching every opportunity to do each other all the harm they can.

May God, in his infinite mercy, send us peace.

Your brother,

T. WOODBRIDGE.

(TO MRS. L——.)

ANDOVER, December 2, 1813.

MY DEAR SISTER, — My residence here is at present as agreeable and profitable as at any preceding period. You may, perhaps, think that I spend a long time in the study of my profession; but I am sure I shall never regret it. It is no trifling task to form such mental habits, and lay up such treasures of knowledge, as will enable me, like a "good householder, to bring forth things new and old."

Education is not such a superficial and easy thing as it has been made and considered by most of our countrymen. I do not mean, by these remarks, to make the most distant insinuation that I shall rise to any very superior attainments; but let my own example be ever so imperfect, I believe I have formed tolerably just ideas of what a professional education ought to be.

This Seminary undoubtedly comprises more advantages for theological study than any other place to which I can have access. And what object, then, ought to tempt me to surrender my situation here? What pursuit can be more dignified than the study of wisdom and virtue? Some gross sons of earth, indeed, would think it a much more eligible employment to scrape together riches; but riches are certainly quite as shadowy objects as intellectual endowments, and they are more uncertain and transient. Besides, as doing good is the great object of life, the man of intellectual power can be as extensively useful — can do as much to advance the amendment and happiness of the world, as he who can scatter around him showers of gold. All our possessious, whether internal or external, are vain; they are even worse than vain, they are ruinous, when they are not sanctified. Let us, then, whether we gather the flowers or fruits of literature, or any other worldly good, consecrate them at the foot of the cross.

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I understand that it is expected that our young friend and relative, Miss ———, goes to Stockbridge to pass some time. By the way, I was astonished to find her so vastly improved. Indeed, I don't know so interesting and brilliant a girl of her age. The sound of her voice is magic to my ear. There is in it a pensive eloquence, which is subduing to the feelings. She attracts, I believe, every eye that beholds her. I am very solicitous that her education should be well taken care of, and that it should be as advantageous to her as possible. It is a pity that such fine materials should not have imparted to them the highest polish.

I am afraid that her moral feelings have not been sufficiently cultivated. There is nothing very delightful to my fancy in a girl whose moral sense is not warm and discriminate — who does not make quick and heartfelt distinctions between right and wrong. "A fine woman without discretion" (that is, moral judgment), "is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.

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Yours faithfully,

T. Woodbridge.

(TO THE SAME.)

ANDOVER, January 18, 1814.

MY DEAR SISTER, — Your kind letter gave me no small gratification; it revived my spirits, and revived all the charities of friendship and kindred. You and I have passed a considerable part of our lives in the same scenes, and it is natural that our living so much together should have produced uncommon endearment. I hear from Stockbridge very often; and you may rely on my communicating to you everything new or strange that I hear from our Berkshire friends.

Great revolutions have taken place in the family of our Uncle [illegible]rds; indeed, change is an attribute of all earthly things. [illegible] fashion of this world passeth away.'' This is a powerful [illegible] for detaching our affections from the shifting shadows of the [illegible]ld, and fixing them on those spiritual objects which are perma[illegible]t and immutable.

By frequent recurrence to the great objects of our faith, and by [illegible] of direct communion with our Maker, we shall gradually [illegible] an elevation above the world. The Spirit of God has told us, [illegible] every heart must echo, that the objects of this world cannot [illegible] the grasp of an immortal soul. This great Spirit also unfolds [illegible]r view a set of grand objects, which are denominated '' things [illegible].'' These objects are the perfect knowledge, holiness, love, and glory of heaven, the favor of our Maker, the employments of the glorified state, and the exalted communion of kindred spirits.

The Bible gives us a broad outline of these objects, and then commands us to set our affections on things above; and assures us, on the oath of Infinite veracity, that we shall not lose the objects of faith and hope.

The information from Europe must be to your husband as '' good news from a far country.'' I presume his health and spirits improve upon it. I think there are two hopeful features in the political condition of the civilized world. One is, that there is a prospect that the dangerous power of France will be crippled; and the other is, the hope that peace will soon be restored to our bleeding country. May God extinguish the meteors of war which glare over us. * * * * * * *

Adieu.

T. WOODBRIDGE.

(TO THE SAME.)

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, April 10, 1814.

* * * * I am now in the hurry of preparation for a jaunt to Gloucester. I must therefore confine my letter to a narrow limit. A few days ago I received a pressing application from the Committee of the First Congregational Society at Gloucester, to come and preach for them. I have engaged to supply their pulpit the second and third Sundays in April. I hope so unlucky an adventure will not happen to me as befel a clergyman who was preaching there last summer. Just as he was closing his first prayer, a British ship of war chased in a vessel, which ran aground at the edge of the harbor, and was immediately attempted to be cut out by the enemy. The British were fired upon from the fort. They, however, returned the fire with tenfold fury. By this time the worshipping assembly was panic-struck and fled, together with their minister, from the house of God, which was in an exposed situation. An appalling reminiscence rushed in upon the minds of the congregation of an incident which happened in the revolutionary war. While the congregation was worshipping, a British ship fired a cannon ball through the wall of the church, which terrified and broke up the assembly. This cannon ball was kept as a relic, and was shown to me.

On the recent occasion referred to, the trembling wife of the minister could not prevail with herself to remain in Gloucester, which she thought would be beaten down over the heads of the inhabitants. The good husband, therefore, was compelled to take a carriage to convey away his affrighted wife, and in pursuing his journey out of town, was obliged to take a path where the balls of the enemy were flying thickly.

The British have not numerous ships in the bay, but some of them are very formidable. I am pleased with going at this very time, as I am delighted, you know, with being in the neighborhood of great things, even though great things should be slightly connected with danger.

I am now treading on the verge of my residence here. I go to Stockbridge in company with my noble friend, Sedgwick; but it will not be in my power to make the journey through Connecticut, although nothing would give me more pleasure than such an arrangement. I shall delay my visit to you till the hurry of a Preston summer, which will forever dwell in my memory, has gone past. You are large and enterprising farmers in Preston; and I shall always remember the hot haste and pressure I observed among the people, when I had the misfortune and amusement of being caught there in the height of ingathering. You may, then, expect me in the autumn.

* * * * * * *

I am anxious, my dear sister, that you should ascertain whether Miss M—— H—— is courted. A vague and accidental rumor of that kind is afloat. You can easily find out by inquiring of your Norwich friends. You can certainly find out whether there is anything known or notorious on the subject. I wish you would give me tolerably accurate information in regard to this affair, before I leave this place. In this inquiry, I have, of course, no reference to myself, or to any member of this Seminary; but another friend of mine, a gentleman of high distinction and brilliant promise, desired me to do him the kindness to make the inquiry. This is a very important and interesting affair, and a great deal depends on the issue.

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Yours faithfully,

T. WOODBRIDGE.

(TO THE SAME.)

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER, April 28, 1814.

* * * * * * *

I take the stage to-morrow for Boston, where I shall remain six days, and then go on, accompanied by my special friend, H. D. Sedgwick, to our native village. My departure from this place will be final. I have already spent a sufficient portion of my life within the walls of a college. Our duties lie amongst our fellow-creatures, and there, too, are our pleasures. It is in the mingled intercourse of varied life that some of the most valuable principles of our nature are brought into action and polished.

I shall now plunge into life, and endeavor to impart some pleasure, and some benefit, to those who may be within my reach. I shall always keep my heart open to the access of every good impression and every innocent enjoyment. Perhaps I may be permitted to say, without arrogance, that Providence has committed to my stewardship some means of doing good to others; and those means it will be the business of my life to cultivate and employ. I hope, however, that I shall be always deeply impressed with a feeling of dependence on my Maker for the exercise of my faculties and the success of their application.

Leaving this Seminary fills my mind, as you will easily imagine, with seriousness, and even sadness. Sam. Johnson somewhere remarks, that we part for the last time with sadness from anything that it is not purely evil, particularly that has long been mixed up with the web of life. This Institution, if it is not purely good, has as small an admixture of evil as anything of human production.

During my residence here, my character has undergone a considerable change. I have strengthened my habits of study, and made some acquisitions in learning, which will give a new coloring to the remainder of my life. Indeed, this school of the prophets is associated in my mind with some of my most interesting recollections, and some of my most brilliant and gratifying hopes.

My emotions on leaving this place are such as I cannot describe. The ties of friendship which bind me to several persons here, and the sacred sympathies of religion which subsist between us, cannot be broken without producing much suffering. But I will detain you no longer on this subject.

* * * * * * *

Adieu.

T. WOODBRIDGE.

(TO THE SAME.)

STOCKBRIDGE, June 14, 1814.

* * * * * * *

Last Sabbath I preached at Pittsfield. After preaching in both churches, I went, in company with Mr. Allen, the superintendent, to the cantonment, where I made a talk to the prisoners of war, from the piazza of the prison-house. The captives who composed my audience were several hundred in number, and were arranged in the most exact order in front of the piazza, and were very silent, serious, and respectful. Every eye (I was told) was fixed upon me. The occasion was highly interesting, and few of my professional acts have afforded me equal pleasure. I felt very sorry for these poor fellows. They were exiles in a strange land, far from home and friends; and I never made a more earnest effort to impart the consolations of the gospel. The inmost depths of my feelings were enlisted in trying to do good to these captives. * *

Adieu.

T. Woodbridge.

(TO THE SAME.)

Springfield, August 29, 1814.

My Dear Sister, — You will be surprised to see a letter dated at this place. I came here last Saturday, to visit the circle of our Hampshire friends. Here, you know, along the broad valley of the Connecticut, were the seats of our ancestors; and these places are full of hallowed associations and memories. On Sunday I preached here all day, and last night I spent at the house of that most delightful man, Col. Thomas Dwight. He gathered a party of friends at tea to meet me. It was the *élite* of the place, and the evening was taken up in the most agreeable conversation.

* * * * * * *

To-day I go on my way to Northampton, to visit our friends in that ancient and famous village. There Edwards lifted up his mighty voice and left his giant footprints.

I allotted five or six days to this jaunt, and shall accomplish the round of my visits and get home in that time. I was so long shut up at Andover that I am glad to allow myself a little time for jaunting about and visiting. But I intermingle a good deal of earnest preaching with my movements; and although, my dear sister, my life may seem to you a detached pilgrimage, I devote, almost every day, some hours to study, and some, I hope, to severe meditation.

But the journey of life will soon be over, and I am not anxious to delay its progress or prolong its course. Imperfectly fitted as I am for entering a new state of being, it gives me no sadness to reflect on the rapid flight of time, or on the end of life. This life, when disconnected from a future one, seems to me an object of little value; its best enjoyments and pursuits are "weary, flat, and unprofitable." Do not, I beg of you, think, from these reflections, that I am visited with a fit of sadness, or that my spirits are depressed. The very contrary is the fact. My health and spirits were never better than they now are, and my life, I believe, is more happy than the lives of most of my fellow-creatures. But human life in its best estate is mere shadow and mockery. * * * *

Your brother,

T. WOODBRIDGE.

(TO THE SAME.)

STOCKBRIDGE, November 24, 1814.

* * * * * * *

We have yet in town, and probably shall have till peace is proclaimed, twenty or thirty British officers. They behave very civilly, and give us no disturbance. A few of the first families of the village have several times invited them to their tables. They seem disposed to mingle in the society of the place, and conduct themselves in a delicate and gentlemanly manner. One of them, an English captain, of a proud family, and highly educated, is my constant reader in theology. I find him very useful, and he generously offers to employ as much of his time in reading and writing for me as I wish.

This will be a good reminiscence for him to talk over when he gets home; and it is a curious incident, that I should have one of Wellington's dashing officers to write sermons for me.

I am wearied, my dear sister, with your long silence. It is an unhallowed business to weaken or tear asunder the bonds of kindred. There are no people, I believe, in the world who are so much in the habit of separating from friends and kindred, and wandering off to a returnless distance from all that was once dear to the heart, as the people of this country. Strangers notice this; but it should not be set down against us. It does not prove any want of sensibility, because it inevitably arises from our vast and undeveloped territory, which presents on a broad scale great attractions to the pursuers of fortune and distinction. An ambitious young man, in the older parts of the country, expects, by emigrating to the boundless valley of the Mississippi, to grow up in wealth and importance with the new region where he plants himself; and so he breaks up and hies away to the goal that glitters in his view.

But during the remaining years which God allots us, let us sustain an intercourse of friendship and affection. If it cannot be personal, let it be epistolary. By the sacred names of kindred and charity, let us support an unbroken interchange of endearments, in some form or other.

Yours faithfully,
T. Woodbridge.

(TO MRS. LESTER.)

Stockbridge, September 29, 1815.

My Dear Sister, — I have just returned from New York, where I staid seven weeks. My residence in that city was very pleasant, and in two or three weeks I shall return there, to pass the winter in preaching.

Stockbridge is a delightful place to me, as it is, I believe, to all the people whom it has produced; and I regret that I cannot remain here. It is warmed to my feelings, and covered over to my mind, with a vast number of tender and hallowed recollections; but it does not seem to be the sphere which Providence has allotted me. I cannot here discharge the great business of life, and I must, therefore, go to other scenes.

My life, for two or three years past, has been animated, happy, and prosperous. The ways of Providence with me have been such as are calculated to inspire confidence in the Power which presides over my path. I press to my heart the past mercies of Providence, as pledges of its future favor. But that faith must be fitful and dangerous which can confide in God only in bright and sunny days, and withholds its trust in seasons of darkness and desolation.

The husbandman who thinks God is his friend when the luxuriant harvest is ripening to his sickle, and thinks his way is hid from the Lord when the tempest sweeps down his wheat-field, has but a very poor faith, or rather no faith at all. Such a man "walks by sight and not by faith." Let us pray that our faith may be strengthened, that our trust in God may have a controlling influence over our minds. I grow firmer and stronger in my grasp on the invisible world. It becomes clearer to the eye of faith; earthly greatness loses some of its splendor, and earthly vanity some of its charm.

Dr. Mason has just made his fourth annual visit to this place. He preached here last Sunday, and, I think surpassed himself. It was the noblest effort I ever witnessed in the pulpit. He is a man of prodigious capacity, and, among the clergy, is like Saul among the people, head and shoulders above everybody else. He sometimes preaches indifferently at home, and descends occasionally to coarseness and vulgarity; but his unequalled progress is always illuminated at intervals with flashes of glory.

Dr. Mason wields the thunder-storm, and sends forth bolts of lightning like the artillery of heaven, but subsides from his elevation sometimes in a rude and reckless manner. Dr. Griffin, also, occasionally gathers a thunder-storm, but not so sublimely as Dr. M., and descends from it sweetly to the whispering zephyr.

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I have really rounded off my letter with as many names and greetings as ever displayed the tenderness of St. Paul's heart at the close of an epistle. But you will, I have no doubt, accept every offering, even although it be a mere cup of cold water, if it be administered from affection.

Farewell.

T. WOODBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

MY RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK.

Character of Dr. Mason. — Notice of Rev. Mr. Whelpley. — Judge Livingston. — Judge Story. — Funeral of a Poor Girl. — Amherst College — Casual Conversation that led to its Foundation.

In March, 1815, I went to New York for the first time. My visit to the commercial metropolis was an incident of some consequence in my history. I was received with unexpected favor and kindness. The Sabbath after my arrival, I preached in two of the principal churches. My preaching and the notices of me in the papers made some sensation, and I was immediately engaged to sustain all the religious services there was time for during my stay in the city, which was about three weeks. During this brief sojourn, I made acquaintance with most of the eminent men of New York. I saw a good deal of Dr. John M. Mason, who was at that time the most distinguished minister in the city. I had seen him several times before, at Stockbridge, where he was in the habit of visiting, in the summer, the family of the Sedgwicks.

Mrs. Watson, a daughter of Judge Sedgwick, resided in New York, and was a member of Dr. Mason's church. She had an idolatrous admiration of the doctor's talents and piety, and was naturally anxious that her family should make his acquaintance. I preached for him several times during my first visit and my subsequent residence in New York. I often dined with him, and recollect, with perfect accuracy, his delightful conversation, some gleanings of which I will here relate:

One day, at a literary dinner at his house, where there were upwards of twenty distinguished men at table, the conversation turned upon Jeffrey, the famous editor of the Edinburgh Review. Dr. Mason very soon indicated a violent dislike of the great "Lion of the North," as Jeffrey was called in England. I inquired of the doctor whether he saw Jeffrey when he was in this country.

"Yes, sir," said he, in a deep and emphatic tone; "I did see him, and the more ungracious is my condition. If I had known what a mass of Edinburgh puppyism Jeffrey was, I never should have invited him to my table and the place you now occupy at it. Jeffrey went home," continued he, "and entered upon his journal this infamous calumny, 'There are no gentlemen in America.'

"I would rather hear John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was here a short time since, talk fifteen minutes than to hear all that Jeffrey could pour forth in twenty-four hours.

"Gentlemen," said he, "do any of you know whether he saw George Cabot when he was in Boston? If he did, he must have been overawed by a superior mind. There is a lightning in George Cabot's eye which would consume ten thousand such withered branches as Jeffrey."

One morning, as I met him on the sidewalk, he clapped his hand on my shoulder, and said, "I want you to come and dine with me to-day, at four o'clock.

I shall have no company, and we will have a good talk."

We sat at table from four to ten o'clock in the evening; and the doctor was in his finest mood for conversation. I had often heard of the rich flow of *London talk;* but Dr. Mason's conversation that evening came fully up to any conception I had been able to form of London talk, from the accounts we have of it. He spoke of the Scotch, with whom he had been quite intimate, as he acquired his theological education in Scotland.

"The Scotch society," said he, "developes the aristocratic feature most glaringly. They are cringing and servile towards their superiors, and insolent and overbearing towards those beneath them. They are also remarkable for laying great stress upon little things in religion. Little matters that are not worth contending about, when compared with great things in religion, arouse all their passions and split them asunder. The devil has often taken a little thing and thrown it among the religionists of Scotland as a bone of contention, and broke them into little secessions and hostile camps."

He then spoke of a brighter phase in society. "I went to Scotland," said he, "when I was a youth of nineteen, with narrow prejudices clinging around me. I thought that almost all virtue, sensibility, and learning were contained in our own little narrow sect. I was a Seceder, and had strong prejudices against the church established in Scotland; but when I arrived there and began to mingle with ministers and churches, I found ministers and Christians in the Establishment of the greatest excellence, learning, and kindness of heart. My prejudices soon began to drop off, and my survey of things beyond the frowning barrier, which encircled my sect, had a liberalizing effect upon my mind."

I turned the conversation on Gen. Hamilton, for whom I knew my host had a great admiration.

"Hamilton," said he, "was a wonderful man. He had not only vast compass, but versatility of mind; he could overwhelm, with his ability and eloquence, the most gifted minds, and enter into the sympathies of the simplest and poorest man. Hamilton's mind," said he, "was like the proboscis of an elephant — it could tear up the mightiest oak, and dissect the filaments of a lily.

"The world has produced three men very much alike in mental and physical structure — St. Paul, John Calvin, and Alexander Hamilton. They resembled each other very much in stature; and, from all we can gather from pictures and tradition, of their aspects, movements, and bearings, they looked very much alike. I have no doubt, if we could see them all three together, we should suppose they were brothers, born at one birth, down in Connecticut, where three children at a birth is not an uncommon event."

Dr. Mason was considered a particularly sagacious judge of a horse. A brother minister in New York, intending to purchase a horse for his own use, stopped the doctor on the sidewalk to ask his opinion. After a scrutinizing look, he pointed to the knees of the animal, which were worn, indicating that he was in the habit of stumbling. "That," said the doctor, "is a good sign for a minister, but a very bad one for a minister's horse."

It is unnecessary to remark that the incipient bargain was here stopped.

As a preacher, Dr. Mason, like all other impulsive men, was very unequal. He was sometimes transcendent, and carried his audience by storm; and sometimes, again, when he preached extempore, he would be comparatively tame and uninteresting. An eminent lawyer, who was in church with me one day, remarked, after coming out, that Dr. Mason ought not to preach so poor a sermon to well-dressed people. "Such stupendous talents," continued the lawyer, "are a great temptation to a man. He knows, if he preaches indifferently at any particular time, he has the power of redemption in his own hands, and can, the next Sunday, preach in a manner to thrill and agitate his whole congregation, and fill them with admiration."

In conversation and lecturing in the Theological Seminary, where I often heard him, and in the pulpit, when his magnificent imagination became excited, his enthusiasm impelled him to drive his burning wheels on the borders of extravagance; but he was a great and good man, and the tidings of his death made both ears of good men in America and England to tingle.

After spending about three weeks in New York, I returned to Stockbridge, in accordance with engagements I had made before leaving. I had received, during my visit at New York, numerous demonstrations of exceeding generosity and kindness, which have brightened the whole succeeding part of my life. Indeed, the generosity of my New York friends formed a nucleus around which gathered the means of ultimately procuring a comfortable home, which now shelters my head.

Very soon after my return to Stockbridge, I received a letter from Philip Melancthon Whelpley, the youthful pastor of the Wall-street congregation, requesting me to come and preach in his church half of the day on every Sabbath.

Mr. Whelpley was a very young man when he accepted the call at Wall-street; and it was a stipulation in the call, that he should have, if he desired it, an assistant preacher to supply the pulpit half the day for the first year. I was applied to to be that assistant preacher, and I repaired to New York to enter upon my new career of labor. Mr. Whelpley had a great run of popularity for a short time, but was prodigiously overrated. His extreme youth, and a somewhat oratorical voice, with which he played for effect, contributed to his popularity. He also wore bands and a robe, and made an interesting figure in the pulpit; but his popularity was a transient meteor, which was soon extinguished, and I was a melancholy witness of its extinction.

He made use of some artifices and tricks of oratory, alluding to passing events, and making little extracts from popular books; but I was persuaded he had not resources and intellect enough to sustain himself in that important congregation. He was to me, even during the first year of his ministry, an object of deep sympathy; for I perceived his popularity was visibly declining. His acceptance was, in some degree, owing to the adventitious circumstances which have been mentioned.

In two or three years, he was compelled to feel in a mortifying manner the loss of his popularity. His health began soon to decline; he took leave of absence from his congregation for a year, travelled for his health, and died at about eight and twenty. I met him in his travels, and found him much subdued in spirit, as well as enfeebled in health.

His example utters a loud warning to other preachers not to take charge of a great and conspicuous congregation in the greenness of youth. The united pressure of the various responsibilities of such a situation is very likely to overwhelm and crush a young man.

I have always cherished a great affection for the memory of Mr. Whelpley, and have often reflected on his untimely death, with sadness. He was uniformly kind and delicate in his conduct towards me, which, in our relative position, did much to make my situation in New York happy. He was amiable, and I loved him; and I rendered him some services, for which he was grateful.

My year's residence in that city was, on the whole, an advantageous arrangement. I mingled with a great many eminent men, became familiar with life in our great commercial emporium, and have found myself very much at home in all my subsequent visits.

During my residence in New York, I became familiarly acquainted with Hon. Brockholst Livingston, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. He treated me with exceeding kindness and courtesy. I dined with him regularly, by invitation, once in every week, and sometimes oftener, till at length he sent me a written invitation to dine with him every day.

He was a man of some remarkable qualities; in his manners he was a fine specimen of simple elegance; indeed, he was a man of great simplicity in all respects. He was simple in all his tastes. He loved simple reading, and was conversant, in an uncommon degree, with the older parts of English literature. He was a fine classical scholar; and very few Judges, I think, have been more at home in the Greek and Latin writers. He lived expensively, because he was liberal and rich; but his whole domestic system was guided by a simple taste, which imparted to it a peculiar charm. He kept no carriage, because, as he told me, it was an incumbrance to the establishment of a man who wanted his time for study.

I have read some of his judicial opinions, given when he was Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and they bear the stamp of his mind. They are ingenious, and characterized by classical allusions and classic purity of style.

When I had closed my year's preaching in New York, and had fixed the day of my leaving on my return to the country, the Judge sent me a polite and pressing note to dine with him, and brought forward his dinner at an early hour, that I might not be too late for the steamboat. After dinner, I found he had a carriage at the door to carry me and my boy to the vessel. He went on board with me, took me by the hand, most affectionately, to bid me farewell, and said, "Well, my very dear sir, I have no concern for you, if you have lost your sight. You are as likely to win your way to fame and prosperity as any of us."

On going to the captain's office, my tickets were handed me, and I was told that the gentleman who came on board with me had been there in the morning and paid the passage, which, at that time, was seven dollars each from New York to Albany.

I dined two or three times at Judge Livingston's with the celebrated jurist, Judge Story. I found him one of the most profuse talkers I ever met with. He was full of well-considered and polished thoughts, on almost every subject, which he poured forth with unmeasured freeness. His conversation was exceedingly entertaining and instructive, but was rather too deeply imbued with philosophy and eloquence for the most agreeable kind of talk. I have always been glad that I met with this remarkable man, and his discussions and observations are indelibly inscribed upon my memory. Like most eminent men in our country, he rose from a narrow and humble condition. He told me that his father was a poor minister in a small parish in Massachusetts, and that, when he was a boy, he started from home to go to college, on foot, with all his clothes tied up in a handkerchief, and seventy-five cents in his pocket. With this slender equipment, he went to Providence and entered Brown University.

I also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the celebrated De Witt Clinton, whose great deeds have given him a permanent and characteristic fame, which may well preclude any extended notice here. He was a man of great dignity, and particularly attentive to all the decorums of life, a circumstance which detracted in some degree from his popularity with the masses. But he preached democratic sentiments with eloquence and power, in his speeches to the people and in legislative halls. His speeches secured to him a large measure of public favor and popular suffrage.

John Adams somewhere remarks, that, when men of distinguished and aristocratic families inculcate extremely democratic sentiments, they are apt to be very successful; and he illustrates the idea by referring to the Winthrops of Massachusetts, the Clintons of New York, and the Madisons of Virginia, who won to themselves great popular favor, although they were of ancient and aristocratic families.

Mr. Clinton, whenever I saw him, was communicative, and talked fully on political, economical, literary, and religious subjects. Indeed, I was surprised at his familiarity with religious matters, and observed that he treated clergymen with marked respect. He was imbued with a taste for classic learning, and delighted to talk over classical themes, and spoke familiarly of beautiful passages in the less known Latin writers.

When he was at the West, where he was invited to give his opinions about a canal that was in contemplation around the falls in the Ohio, multitudes crowded to see this great man; but the people of the West did not like him. He was too abstracted and dignified to please the Western people, who love free, hearty, and popular manners; and they were struck with the contrast between De Witt Clinton and Henry Clay, who was singularly familiar and winning in his bearing.

While I was preaching at Wall-street, I became acquainted, with great interest and pleasure, with some of the humbler, as well as more elevated, forms of life. We had several very poor families belonging to our church. These families I often visited, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with the pastor, to impart the consolations of the Christian religion. It was refreshing to see the kindness and care that was extended to these poor families by generous members of the church. In a winter of uncommon rigor, I found them well provided with fuel, and cheered with the other comforts of life.

I saw in some of these families the most affecting and beautiful specimens of piety. There was one family where a daughter died, who resembled in her decline the humble, simple, and cheerful piety of the Dairyman's Daughter, in Leigh Richmond's touching sketch — a model of taste and elegance — "read of all men." I attended, in company with her pastor and a number of members of her church, her funeral; and it was an uncommon spectacle to see such a gathering in a depressed basement-room, occupied by a very poor family. But the tear of misery was not permitted to freeze on the cheek of any one of that poor family through the winter.

In such neglected scenes God often has his chosen and favorite servants. They are princes in disguise, though they may be unknown and unhonored of men. Some of the churches in New York gladdened the recesses of penury with the lights of beneficence. These are good works, which exemplify the profuse and impartial benevolence of the gospel.

I will record here, because it belongs to this portion of my life, a detached reminiscence, which furnishes an illustration of the truth, that great effects result from little causes:

A casual conversation of mine, without any specific design, resulted, in the wonder-working providence of God, in the establishment of a great and useful literary institution. Some time, I think, in the year 1814, I went with my brother to Williams College. He was one of the trustees of that institution, and then visited it on some official business. As we were returning, our conversation naturally turned upon the college, the fortunes of which were at that time somewhat depressed. I remarked to my brother, as we were travelling, that the college was unfortunate in its location; that its guardians and faculty had been indefatigable in sustaining it, and were highly meritorious; but the college was in a corner of the State, out of the range of public vision, and encircled by chains of colossal mountains.

In my remarks I went on to say: "Colleges are not transient things, but are established to remain as long as the world stands. They have funds, various endowments, and *prestige*, and should always be located in central and permanent situations. Our college," said I, "should have been located at Pittsfield, or some central position on Connecticut river, where it could be in the glare of public vision, and attract public and private patronage.

"It would be a fine stroke of policy to remove Williams College, if it were practicable, to some position near the middle of the State — Northampton or Amherst — where it would be likely, from its reputation as a useful institution, and from the patronage it would attract, to grow up into a great university."

These casual remarks made a deep impression upon the mind of my brother; and, after reflecting upon the subject, he said to me, "I shall take up the measure and press it upon public attention."

We stopped at the coffee-house in Lenox, where the Rev. Dr. Hyde, of Lee, one of our company from Williamstown, had called just before us. My brother opened the subject to Dr. Hyde to a considerable extent, with his characteristic ardor. Dr. Hyde seemed to be impressed with the idea; and, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, which occurred soon after, my brother opened the subject fully. The affair soon escaped from the secrecy of the Board, and spread like wildfire. Dr. Fitch, the President of the college, perceived the agitation, and bent before the blast and retired from the scene. In the spring of 1815 he resigned his office. Dr. Moore was inaugurated as President in the fall of the same year. He was an early friend of my brother, and was very much under his influence. He came on to the college under the full impression, honestly obtained, that the college was soon to be removed to the valley of the Connecticut; and he made every effort in his power to accomplish the removal. By this course, he rendered himself very unpopular with the friends of the college at Williamstown, and in the county generally. Several of the trustees also coincided with these views, and the fire was kindled. The county of Berkshire was soon agitated, and the excitement spread, of course, with intense earnestness, into the region along the Connecticut river.

Measures were soon put in motion for the removal of the college to Northampton or Amherst. The public in Western Massachusetts were everywhere discussing the matter, and acting upon it. It was soon carried before the Legislature, who looked upon the enterprise of removing Williams College with averted eyes. It was supposed that a majority of the Legislature, being of the Liberal party in religion, were adverse to the raising up in the central part of the State of a great Evangelical university; and they refused to grant a charter for a college at Amherst.

But so much had been done to raise funds, that a substantial college was planted at Amherst, which, by its merit, won its way to public favor, and extorted at last a charter from the Legislature.

I will not assert that my conversation, in a little journey from Williamstown to Stockbridge, caused the existence of Amherst College; but I can trace distinctly from that conversation a tangible and visible chain of causes and effects, which resulted in the establishment of that distinguished literary institution. I rejoice in its prosperity, and pray to the God of providence that it may long flourish to glorify God and bless man.

It gives me pleasure also to remark, that Williams College, notwithstanding the embarrassments it has encountered, has gone on with giant steps in its career of usefulness and renown, and now takes rank with the noblest literary institutions in the land; and it is a matter of high gratification that it has not been removed from its ancient position, and that railroads are furnishing facilities by which that excellent institution is brought into the view of the world and is easily approached. May the cloud of God's benediction rest upon it while the sun and moon shall endure.

CHAPTER XII.

MY MINISTRY AT GREEN RIVER.

Description of the Place. — Preached at Green River. — Preached at Pittsfield. — Ordination. — Movements to give me a Call. — Installation. — Set up Housekeeping. — Bible Class. — Extensive Revival. — An Interesting Conversion. — Pierpont Edwards.

Soon after I returned to my home from New York, the congregation at Green River, who were destitute of a pastor, sent a committee to request me to come there and preach. Little did I then think that this visit of the committee would change the whole circumstances, and direct the whole current of the remainder of my life. I had no wish to commit myself to an engagement to preach in that part of the country. I had come home to repose for the summer, with an expectation of going to Virginia in the fall to exercise my profession. I had made acquaintance, while in New York, with several gentlemen from that State, who pressed me to go there and preach. They had heard me preach in the city, and they guaranteed to me a generous compensation, if I would come into their part of the State and labor in the ministry. I told them that I would comply with their request, and be with them in the ensuing autumn, unless circumstances beyond my control should send me in some other direction.

They wished me to go out with them in the spring;

but I had been preaching about two years in great cities, and was worn down by the anxieties of my position, and wanted a breathing-spell in the quiet shades of my native home; and besides, I was thoroughly tired of this nomade life.

The committee, however, from Green River, were importunate; and I engaged to go there and preach two Sabbaths, and spend the intervening week with the congregation. I was received and treated with great kindness; and my preaching, under the blessing of God, had an electric effect; and the second Sabbath I had an immense audience. The society, in the absence of a minister, had sunk down into the dust; and, indeed, the ground had for a time been taken possession of by another denomination.

I left the place, a little uncertain in regard to the will of God about my relations to that society, but very anxious not to return any more. The place was obscure, though respectable; but locating myself there was very wide of the plan which I had long cherished. I begged of them not to send for me again. But, in a few days, a large and anxious committee came over to Stockbridge to see me, and drew from me another engagement to preach for them awhile.

The sequestered valley of Green River lies near the eastern border of Columbia county, in the State of New York. It is twelve miles west of Stockbridge, my native town, and is watered by the stream which has given to the valley its name, and which has afforded the muse of Bryant a theme at once classic and beautiful. In his "greener years," when he came to this quiet spot to angle in its waters, he caught the inspiration which lingered around them, and the melody of his song is like the sweetness of their own music.

> "When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
> I steal me an hour from study and care,
> And hie me away to the woodland scene,
> Where wanders the stream with waters of green;
> As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink,
> Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
> And they whose meadows it murmurs through
> Have named the stream from its own fair hue."

The Green River is formed by the junction of tributary rivulets, which flow down the vast amphitheatre of hills that begirt the valley. A distinguished clergyman, the late Dr. John Chester, of Albany, remarked to me, that he always made his journeys to Hartford through this valley, to enjoy the magnificence of its scenery; "for," said he, "it is the most enchanting landscape I ever beheld."

A lover of nature, standing on an eminence north of the scene, will see a long vale stretching out before him to the south for three or four miles, between a proud bulwark of mountains on the east and west, cultivated by the hand of husbandry, with neat white farm-houses scattered along their sides, and embowered with foliage. Strangers who looked upon the scene have been reminded of the famous vale of Tempe, which intoxicated the Greeks with delight. He will see the village, with its church-spire pointing towards heaven, and giving the mighty moral to the scene. He will follow the stream till near the southern extremity of the valley, where the hills approach very near each other, and almost lock their giant arms.

This beautiful stream, full of delicious trout that love the mountain brook, winds on its musical path through the sedges and willows, till it loses itself in the Housatonic. The landscape is exceedingly romantic and lovely.

I repaired to this romantic spot in July, 1816, and remained there till the following December. The congregation arose from the dust, and strengthened itself on every side. I did not intend to continue there, but I was most assiduous in my efforts for the prosperity of the society in all its relations. I wanted to prepare an inviting field for some other minister. Several hopeful conversions occurred, and I received a number into the church.

Although I was happy and useful in that situation, yet I was desirous to be liberated, if it should appear to be consistent with the intentions and will of Providence.

Early in December, I had a pressing invitation to go to Pittsfield, Mass., and preach to the congregation which was to contain the two societies, into which the town had for several years been divided. Previous to this division, the Congregational society at Pittsfield had been a large and noble one, embracing almost the entire population of that enterprising town. But political disputes ran high, and the church and society were rent asunder. When party asperities had in some degree subsided, they concluded to return into one fold under one shepherd, and it was a condition of the re-union that I should be employed to preach.

The harmony of that great congregation seemed to me an important and attractive object, and one which fully justified me in withdrawing from Green River, which I thought was then in a condition to take care of itself.

My labors at Pittsfield were abundant, and I had the pleasure of seeing that great society careering on in the path of union and success. But my old friends at Green River followed me to Pittsfield with their importunities, and I began to think that God had a work for me to do there. I could not get disengaged from Pittsfield till August, when, in accordance with my promise to the congregation at Green River, I returned to this former field of my labor. But before entering upon that field, it was deemed expedient by the ministers of the Berkshire Association, by the church at Green River, and by myself, that I should receive ordination, that I might be fully invested with the ministerial office, and qualified to administer sealing ordinances.

The Association appointed a commission to proceed to my ordination at Stockbridge. The commission was one of great splendor, on account of the character and standing of the ministers who composed it; and the ordination was the occasion of great solemnity to me, on account of the responsibilities which it devolved on my conscience.

The day after my ordination, I repaired to Green River, with an anxious heart, and a fixed determination, with the help of God, to labor as strenuously as I could. The people rallied around me with their former enthusiasm. In addition to my stated ministrations, I instituted and sustained the subsidiary means of grace in all their various forms.

These measures were seconded and promoted by the congregation without any dissenting voice. I commenced a Sunday-school, which soon embraced all the children of the congregation, and, indeed, all the children of the place. In the fall, I set up a Bible-class, which met in the district school-house once a week, and filled it. We had a church prayer-meeting and conference, which was a well attended and profitable meeting through the whole of my ministry. Besides these measures, we had every week a prayer-meeting, and, when there was an unwonted state of religious feeling, prayer-meetings were greatly multiplied.

I exerted an active and efficient agency in instituting local associations, auxiliary to our great benevolent societies. One association of this kind was a great blessing to us, and that was our Tract Society, which scattered an immense number of little winged messengers of love throughout our population. Fall and winter rolled away, and the spring came. I had looked forward to this opening season of the year when I could with propriety go forth to some other part of the vineyard. But I had become identified with the people, and departing from them now would, I perceived, involve a wear and tear of feeling on both sides, which I could not bear to think of.

Several conversions and some touching scenes had transpired during the winter; and, when the opening season came, I arranged my plan of operation for the summer. The hand of God was evidently upon us for good. We began our Sunday-school efforts under the most auspicious circumstances, and our Sabbath-school attracted the attention of the surrounding country. It was looked upon by all our churches as a green spot in Columbia county. My relative position was very agreeable to my feelings. It was near the villages of Berkshire, where my early associates and many of my friends resided; it was also near Hudson and Albany, cities in which I had often visited, and in which I had numerous acquaintances.

I always kept a gentle and efficient horse, and a boy to drive, who had also been well educated, so that he could read and write for me. Every one who depends on hearing reading knows that a boy is commonly a poor reader and a worse writer; but I was very lucky in the selection of my boys. My first boy, or young gentleman (for he then occupied the doubtful frontier between boyhood and manhood), at Green River, was Mark Hopkins, now Rev. Dr. Hopkins, the distinguished President of Williams College, and nobody will doubt his ability to read and write well at seventeen. He was the first of a long line of young men who have lived with me, and afterwards risen to prominent and useful situations in life, and reflected splendor upon themselves and their friends. Perhaps his distinguished example has had an exciting effect upon many of his successors.

At the close of the summer of 1818, there was a deep and solemn movement in the congregation to give me a call to become their pastor. The call was made out with perfect unanimity, and presented to me for my acceptance. I made it the subject of earnest consideration, prayer, and advisement; and, after prolonged deliberation, I signified, in writing, my acceptance of the call. The hand of God, I thought, had evidently shaped out all the circumstances which had brought me into that position.

It is sometimes easy to read the book of Providence. A new page of that book was open before me, written plainly and intelligibly. The intimations of God's will are not always presented to the humble inquirer after providential way-marks to guide his steps in enigmas, or ambiguous voices with Delphic obscurity; but sometimes a single fact, with its attendant circumstances, shows the finger of God pointing in a particular direction; sometimes a train of facts indicate the will of God; but, when different series of facts all tend the same way, and all coincide in the same import, and read out the same lesson, then the will of God is written as with a sunbeam.

Several trains of cirumstances, all coalescing in one drift, led me to believe that it was indubitably the will of God, that I should accept the call which had been extended to me, and assume the pastoral relation to the church and congregation at Green River.

We immediately entered upon the arrangement for my installation, which it was determined should take place November 18, 1818. A large council was called in the Congregational way, by letters missive. The council embraced Dr. Hyde, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Humphrey, and Dr. Chester, men of renown and wide and hallowed influence in their day. Dr. Chester, by previous engagement, preached the installation sermon. It was an eloquent and impressive production.

We had a vast assembly. The villages of Berkshire poured out on the occasion the *elite* of their respective societies. After the installation services were over, the gathered multitudes scattered to their homes, and I was left alone with my congregation. No kindred or early friends remained with me. The night was dark and wild, and the rain poured down in torrents; and the mountainous responsibilities of the pastorate were upon me. During the slow moving hours of the night, I often said to myself, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

The congregation, though large, was newly gathered, and I feared it was imperfectly cemented. The region over which my congregation was spread was vast in extent, made up of deep valleys and lofty mountains; and the labor of a pastor must, of necessity, be immense. But when the morning broke over the world, the rain ceased, and I arose and commended myself to God, from whom all strength cometh, and addressed myself cheerfully to my work.

I commenced the preparation of my inaugural sermon, and, on the following Sabbath, I had the pleasure of preaching to a full assembly. Our relations now assumed a definite shape, and we all moved on harmoniously, in accordance with these well understood relations.

I, with my attendant young man, boarded in an excellent family for more than a year after my installation. But, as I had a great many comers and goers, and an almost constant tide of company, I became desirous of keeping house; and besides, my excellent hostess lost her health, and it became necessary for me to cast about for other quarters. The indispensableness of having a home of my own was now fully impressed upon me. I had a large library, and considerable furniture, and my system of life was quite too cumbrous to permit my drifting about from one boarding-house to another.

I purchased a lot of two or three acres, in a pleasant part of the village, and began my preparations for erecting a house. But "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Providence smiled upon the enterprise, and the society aided me generously, by subscribing and furnishing materials and labor.

But some person was to be provided, for the delicate and responsible situation of female manager of the house of the pastor of a large congregation. Providentially, there was a lady residing in Green River, pre-eminently qualified for the place, and I was fortunate enough to be able to make an arrangement with her to keep and guide my house. I shall have something more to say of this lady, as the arrangement referred to has imparted a decided influence to my whole succeeding history,* and she is now, thirty-six years from that time, a great light and blessing in my house—her skill and energy having been the principal sources of whatever measure of secular prosperity has gladdened my house. She is descended from the ancient and distinguished family of Seymour, who have for several generations resided in Hartford, Conn., and is characterized by their energy and high spirit of order and arrangement. She is related by the ties of kindred to the late governors of Connecticut and New York, who bear the family name.

We entered upon our domestic system, and I became a *pater-familias*, in the year 1820.

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*I have spoken of different events which have imparted a "change to my succeeding history." This is perfectly correct in relation to each one of them. Each event gave its peculiar turn to the current of my life, and imparted its specific influence to my character and fortunes, and their combined influence has done very much to mould my character and condition, and make them what they are.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may."

This excellent woman brought with her a lovely daughter of thirteen, the youngest child of her second marriage. She was assiduous in the conduct of her education, and made the most affecting sacrifices for that interesting object. I very soon mingled my efforts with hers, and superintended with fidelity the education of the young lady.

Little did I then think I was educating a being who was to be my wife, and who would sustain and brighten the sequel of my life! But God leads us in a way which we know not. We entered upon our domestic arrangements by erecting a family altar, which has burned, sweetly I trust, every morning and evening down to the present time. Our house was sanctified by the word of God and prayer, and was soon the resort of the congregation, and many friends from distant parts of the country. The "sure mercies of David" abode beneath our roof, and the candle of the Lord shone graciously over our tabernacle. I had no anticipations of such an even flow of health and happiness as our house has enjoyed. Amid the changes of this changeful world, we have had but few instances of sickness, and the pall of death has not once fallen upon our house.

Immediately after my installation, I instituted a Bible-class, comprising most of the youth of both sexes in the community around me. We met once a week, and I bestowed my most assiduous and earnest labors upon this institution. It proved a great blessing to the church and congregation, and soon became a seminary of the church, from which many a goodly plant was transferred into the garden of the Lord. I perceived that in my Bible-class there was a number of gifted young men, to whose improvement I devoted myself with special assiduity. I was determined to turn out as many young men as possible, who should be lights and blessings in the portions of country where Providence might cast their lot.

I soon perceived that among the young men under my care, this couplet was repeated with heartfelt earnestness:

> "Beyond these neighboring hills we soon shall roam,
> In quest of fortune and a nobler home."

The succeeding history of the young men has been very remarkable. Many of them have been eminently conspicuous and useful in the various walks of life. Some of them have been great ornaments in the learned professions. Several of my young men have been able and influential members of Congress, and some of them have been ornaments in the pulpit.

The intellectual and spiritual results of the Bible-class were very cheering, and during the winter, several conversions occurred; some in the Bible-class and some among others of the congregation. My congregation grew on every side, and my labors were increased in the same proportion. A nephew of mine, who spent a few days with me, and is somewhat extravagant in his remarks, said, that the territory under my spiritual care was, in dimensions, like the territory of the Czar of Muscovy.

I do not recollect any particularly striking incidents that occurred until 1823. We were then blessed, in a remote, but densely-peopled part of my congregation, with a revival of religion. The fruits of this revival were very precious. Some of them were gathered into our church, and some, after removing from the place, were gathered into other churches. One young man, about this time, was impressed and sanctified by reading the Life of Harlan Page, which I gave him, who, after spending a year or two in the church under my care, removed to Auburn, N. Y., and became a great blessing in that place.

In the year 1827, the Lord poured out his Spirit mightily in the congregation, and visited all the neighborhoods of the society.

We had enjoyed some indications of the approach of the revival for several weeks, but the development was sudden and mighty. In a prayer-meeting, one Saturday night, there was a great breaking down of the hearts of the people, and it was very evident that the Lord had come in his greatness and glory. I had been preaching for several Sabbaths a series of expository sermons; but I perceived that the new circumstances around me demanded a change in my course, and, on the following Sabbath, I preached a sermon on these words: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

These two meetings were the immediate means of the introduction of the great revival. Various means had been tending in the same direction and indicating the same result. The efforts of these two meetings were no more powerful in themselves than many had been before; but they may be considered as indicating the path by which the Lord entered upon the scene.

My labors were now greatly multiplied. The religious interest was not a sudden burst of feeling, but a deep, steady, and continuous influence. The

Spirit of God descended sweetly and gloriously upon us without any perceivable abatement for more than an entire year. During that year I preached almost every day. I acquired an unwonted moral and physical energy; but I supposed this unwonted energy could not long be sustained, and was continually anticipating a re-action. But I think there was no abatement in my energy and depth of moral feeling during the entire progress of the revival.

Multitudes came to our meetings from other places, and Christians commonly went back refreshed and edified, while sinners in a vast many instances received an arrow from the quiver of the Eternal. A revival atmosphere seemed to envelop the whole community, and the distance between earth and heaven appeared diminished. I received at one time into the church fifty persons from the fruits of this revival.

One of the converts in this gracious visitation was a highly intellectual female, who is the subject of a popular religious biography, entitled, The Mountain Wild Flower, by C. Edwards Lester. Several interesting incidents occurred in the church in connection with this extraordinary woman. In September, 1834, she sent a touching communication to the pastor, with a request that it might be published from the pulpit, desiring the prayers of the church. Her frame was wasted, and she was evidently on the verge of eternity. The reading of this paper produced a prodigious effect on the congregation, which was bathed in tears. But a scene of vastly deeper interest was soon witnessed by the church, which will never be erased from a single heart there.

On the first Sabbath of November, on the day for the stated administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after that solemn service had been performed in the sanctuary, her pastor, and the office-bearers of the church, and as many members as could conveniently assemble in her dwelling, repaired thither, by her special request, to celebrate once more with her the dying love of the Saviour, before she went to drink new wine with him in his kingdom above.

The scene was one of indescribable tenderness and solemnity. The expiring sufferer lay upon her bed, apparently just about to wing her flight to that world where ordinances are to cease. It seemed as though the light of eternity poured its radiance over the elements, which shadowed forth the body and blood of Jesus Christ. At the close of the singing of the hymn, and just before the benediction, with a countenance that shone like that of an angel, this young and beautiful wife, now on the verge of heaven, made a short address to her brethren and sisters in the Lord. She conjured them, by the Saviour's love for them, and by all their hopes of heaven, to walk together in the most affectionate manner in the household of faith — to cultivate the utmost susceptibility in regard to the claims of a dying Saviour; and exhorted them to labor for God with unwearied diligence, while it was called to-day; for the lamp of life would soon go out, and probation's scenes close upon them forever. "We cannot," said she, "love too much, or pray too fervently, or labor too earnestly, for our exalted Redeemer."

The scene became overwhelming; every face was bathed in tears, and the impressions of that day will probably never be forgotten by those who had the happiness of being present in her room.*

In April, 1826, I was made sad by the death of my uncle, Pierpont Edwards. He had always shown kindness and partiality to me, probably from the circumstance that my mother had the care of him in his childhood. He loved her tenderly, and I loved him. The following graphic account of him I extract from a New Haven paper, sent me at the time:

> "Judge Edwards was born at Northampton, and was the youngest and only surviving son of the celebrated President Edwards. He graduated at Princeton College, and commenced the practice of law in New Haven, about the year 1771. For many years he was pre-eminently distinguished at the bar as an advocate. Few men in this country have been more distinguished for splendid and extraordinary endowments. He took an active part in the councils of the State, in our revolutionary contest, and was repeatedly a member of Congress under the old Confederation. He was remarkable for the frankness and decision of his character, and always maintained a reputation for unsullied integrity."

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* I furnished Mr. Lester with a similar, if not identical, account of this scene, for his biographical sketch, entitled, The Mountain Wild Flower. I have not that book at hand, and cannot compare the two accounts; but if any reader should compare them, and find a resemblance, or even an identity, it is no matter. The fact that I furnished Mr. L. his account, will save me from the imputation of plagiarism.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY MINISTRY AT GREEN RIVER.

Attended General Assembly. — Erection of a New Church. — Letter to the Young Lady in my Family. — Letter to my Brother. — Letter to my Family. — Set up a Classical School. — My Adopted Son. — Letter to Him. — New Measureism. — One-Idea Men. — Another Revival.

In May, 1825, I attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States in Philadelphia. We had eminent and excellent men, from all parts of our wide-spread country. The assembly was opened with an eloquent and able sermon, by the celebrated Dr. Green. I had often heard of him, and had some prejudices against him. It was customary, about the country, to call him the "Pope of the Presbyterian Church." But I found it with him, as I have with other men — very different, upon a close personal acquaintance, from the impressions I had received from popular rumor. I was on some very important committees with Dr. Green, and I found him to be a modest and humble man. He was a man of great ability, and, like other men eminently gifted, he was independent in his bearing; but he regarded with respectful deference the opinions of others.

In a very difficult case before us on committee, where a momentous church principle was involved, there was a good deal of anxiety in the minds of all the members of the committee. Dr. Green cheered us with this remark: "Brethren, do not let us feel sad. I do not believe God permits men to be brought into a corner from which they cannot get out, if they have the Bible in their hands, and are disposed to do their duty."

The meeting of the assembly made a deep and durable impression on my mind, and my thoughts often recurred to it with reverence and tenderness. The most overwhelming scene at which I remember to have been present, was the breaking up of the assembly. We all rose and sung our parting hymn, joined in several prayers, and, after the benediction, took leave of each other with solemn, fraternal feelings. I think we all went from that high place of the church to our respective fields of labor with renewed resolutions of more earnest consecration to our work. The agitating causes of division in the Presbyterian body had not then sprung up. The entire session was characterized by peace, intelligence, and a regard to the glory of God.

In 1828, I preached a sermon on the erection of a new church. Our old edifice was in a state of dilapidation, and I was glad to perceive the congregation enter so readily and energetically into my views in regard to a new church edifice. After discussing a great variety of plans, we settled upon a scheme, and a subscription paper was circulated. This subscription paper was generously sustained. We raised all we thought we could from our own resources, and threw ourselves upon a few friends abroad for three or four hundred dollars more, to complete the enterprise.

I visited a few friends in Albany and Catskill, who supplied our lack of "service," and made up the sum that was requisite. We prosecuted the enterprise through the summer, and in November we dedicated a beautiful church to the worship of God. This church proved a great comfort and blessing to us; and it still stands, the ornament of the valley, where the "tribes of the Lord go up to the testimony of Israel." Its spire is still seen from the distant hills, in all directions, "pointing the weary traveller to heaven."

Things flowed on in a prosperous and even tenor; and I think there has very seldom been a sweeter or more prosperous ministry enjoyed in our land.

During an attendance on the Albany Synod, in the city of Albany, in the month of October, 1828, I wrote, among others, the following letters:

(TO THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS AFTERWARDS MY WIFE.)

ALBANY, October 9, 1828.

DEAREST C. M., — Well, I am here in the Synod, in full occupation. My thoughts and feelings recur to my blessed home with great frequency and delight. The synod is very large, and there is such a mass of business, that I think we shall be detained a long time. We shall, I judge, by present appearances, make something like a fortnight's session. These New-measure innovations in our churches have thrown up a great deal of very disagreeable business for us to settle. We have an appeal from Dr. Beman's church, in Troy, which, I think, will take up two or three days, as it involves principles which will require elaborate discussion.

I am billeted at the house of Benjamin F. Butler, a distinguished lawyer, and one of the revisers of the laws of our State. He is a religious man, and takes a great interest in the business of the synod. At the close of our evenings, when we are together, we recount the doings of the day; and, through him, I can look into the labyrinth of the law revision, and I furnish a pretty good window to the synod.

This place is full of law and politics; and I should be glad if, with God's blessing, the synod might leave it full of religion. Next

Sabbath we have the synodical communion, and I am to take an important part. If I could foresee these occasions at home, I should make preparation; but it seemed to me a vain thing to prepare for an occasion which I had not the vanity to suppose would occur. Next week we have our evening for devotional exercises, and Dr. Beman and myself are to make the addresses. Pray pity me while I am sustaining these anxious responsibilities.

Remember me kindly to all my congregation whom you may happen to see, and tell them that I shall think a great deal of them next Sabbath, for they will have no minister. I shall remember them, often and earnestly, before the great Shepherd of Israel, who taketh care of a flock destitute of an under-shepherd.

I hope you are very happy at home, but you must be somewhat solitary. Where is your dear mother? She went West, visiting her children, two or three weeks ago, and I am very anxious to hear from her. I hear that fevers are sweeping over Western New York, and I am afraid she is assailed. May God defend her.

Take care of your health; do not engage in household affairs any more than is indispensable. You love to read, and the house is full of books. I am very glad that I happened to get into the house, before coming away, a number of the last reviews. You are surrounded with elegant and profitable reading, and I shall expect you to make rapid progress in every kind of intellectual improvement during my absence. You have been to school enough. The school can give but a limited education. The best schools can only teach us how to improve; the work must be done by and for ourselves. Our house, I think, is a better school than any in the land.

I think of you deeply, tenderly, and frequently.

"Your hallowed image will, in fancy's eye,
Dwell, till that hour when I am called to die;
And the sweet accents of your tongue will play
'Round memory's ear, till fate shall stop the lay."

I shall write you every day or two while I am gone.

Most affectionately and sincerely your friend,

T. Woodbridge.

(TO MY BROTHER, J. WOODBRIDGE, ESQ., AT STOCKBRIDGE.)

ALBANY, October 10, 1828.

MY DEAREST BROTHER, — You will be interested to hear from me in this city. I am attending the Synod. You are an enlightened and strenuous Congregationalist; but I think if you could attend our synod a few days, and see the faithful and searching manner in which we transact business, your exclusiveness would be greatly lessened, and your prejudices against Presbyterianism very much diminished. The synod is very large in size, and dignified in learning and piety. It is, on the whole, a glorious body of men; and this is the most interesting and instructive meeting of synod I ever attended; and we happen to be here, too, at a specially interesting time. There is a great convergence of high and exciting matters here.

The Legislature is in session, and I occasionally go in. I went in this morning, by the invitation of Mr. Butler, the distinguished lawyer at whose house I stop. The law, reported by the revisers, deciding who are competent witnesses, was under discussion. Mr. Butler made a fine speech, sustaining the law, which declares that any man, who believes in the existence of a God who will punish perjury, is a competent witness. Your old classmate, General Root, made a sarcastic reply to Mr. Butler. "Why," said the general, "I can't bear this law, for it excludes a great class of the best witnesses from our courts — the Calvinists. They believe in a God who has appointed everything, so that he cannot turn aside from his plans to punish the perjurer."

Butler made a noble reply to this. "I would advise," said he, "the gentleman from Delaware to read the charge of Bishop Horsley to his clergy, delivered the other day. 'Gentlemen,' said the bishop, 'be careful what you say about Calvinism, lest, under that venerable name, you censure some of the most affecting doctrines of the Bible.'"

I sat within the bar, in Mr. Butler's chair; and, while I was there, your old friend came around to rally Mr. Butler, and I was introduced to him. He inquired earnestly about you, and wished me to be sure to tender to you his kindest remembrances and best respects.

Albany is full of politics; and I pray God that, when the synod breaks up, we may leave it full of religion. The session of the

Legislature brings a host of politicians here, and this is the headquarters of the State political committees. I happen to be personally acquainted with some gentlemen upon these committees, on both sides. The excitement about the great election that is coming on is intense, and it makes me sad to see the wire-pulling that is going on here. These committees have immense sums of money at their disposal, to be employed in the approaching election. A part of it goes in printing and scattering books and papers, but a greater portion, I think, in the corrupt and direct uses of bribery.

O, my dear brother, it makes me very sad to see how things are going in regard to this business of suffrage. There is a deep undercurrent which decides our elections that is swayed by money.

I shall go home, I hope, in a few days. I long for the quiet and bliss of my dear home. Mrs. W. has not yet returned from the West, but I trust she is on her way. Make assurances of my best love to your dear children, and remember that I am always

Your most affectionate brother,

T. Woodbridge.

In October, 1829, I attended the Albany Synod, of which I was a member. It assembled this year in Schenectady. The meeting of synod was very full, and an active and laborious part was assigned to me. Some account of my position in synod will be perceived by the following letter to my family:

Schenectady, October 3, 1829.

Dear Mrs. Warren, and Dear C. Maria,—It is now Saturday evening, 7 o'clock, and I suppose some of my dear people are now assembling in their accustomed Saturday evening prayer-meeting. It would be delightful to be with them. I have a thousand sweet and hallowed memories connected with that meeting.

The synod is very full, and I have a great deal of work assigned me. To-morrow morning, I am to preach the synodical communion sermon, and feel very sad about it. My audience will be immense, and will contain more than a hundred educated ministers. I do not like these responsibilities that thicken upon me, but I trust God will carry me through them.

I perceive that I am regarded here as an off-hand speaker; for every time there is a platform erected, I am called upon to address the assembly. O, how I long to breathe the quiet and hallowed atmosphere of home. I think a great deal of my congregation, and I pray God to be with them to-morrow in the sanctuary. They will be without a preacher, but I trust will have a profitable meeting.

Next week, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions meet in Albany, and I must remain there to attend that important convocation. I shall rejoice to get through these public and exciting meetings. I am very much worn down by my labors on committees and public speaking. It seems strange that the minister of the quiet and obscure congregation of Green River should be thrown so much before the public gaze.

I never thought so seriously and tenderly of my family as now. Take care of your health and happiness. Do not ply the oar of labor too steadily. The house is full of books, and you may abandon yourselves to the pleasures of reading. I remember you earnestly at the throne of grace, that the God of all the families of the earth, but especially of those of Israel, would take care of you, and cheer and bless you during my absence. I shall leave Albany at the moment the Board adjourns, and hie away to my peaceful home.

Remember me affectionately to all of the congregation you meet, and remember that I am always, most devotedly and sincerely,

Your friend,
T. WOODBRIDGE.

Soon after my settlement at Green River, I began to make efforts to raise the standard of education. That great interest had been in a low and languishing state. A few families, who were bent upon the education of their children, and those in easy circumstances, had sent their children abroad to schools. But I wanted to bring the means of a good education within the reach of the whole community; and, in reference to these views, several of the best men of the congregation joined me in the enterprise to set up a classical school. We instituted and sustained such a school very successfully; and, in a few years, we erected an elegant edifice, which we called the Green River Academy.

This establishment commonly contained from forty to sixty scholars; and my friend, President Hopkins, sent us a succession of superior teachers. The region around me made rapid and visible advancement in all its moral, intellectual, and social relations and interests. The progress of refinement, in conversation, manners, and modes of living, was very perceivable, and was often the subject of remark.

In 1828, a grandson of my excellent housekeeper, about a year and a half old, whose father resided in Stockbridge, came to spend a little time under the roof of his grandmother and aunt. There was no design in any of the parties concerned that he should make our house his permanent home; but he soon became identified with us, and a mutual attachment quickly sprung up, so that the idea of parting was inadmissible. I gave him my name, and he was practically adopted as my son. He was a fine boy, and proved a bond of union and great comfort to us all. I bestowed assiduous pains upon his education, and kept him at good schools, at home and abroad, till he was seventeen or eighteen, when I sent him to New York to take a clerkship in a bookstore. He is a prominent clerk in the largest book establishment on the continent. He is greatly endeared to me, and I have always taken a deep interest in his well-doing and well-being. I have written him a long succession of letters, and have thought of publishing them for the benefit of other young men in our cities. The limits and design of this book will not permit me to interweave many of these letters in this narrative. I happen to have one lying on my table, from which I will here make a few extracts:

SPENCERTOWN, May 6, 1846.

MY VERY DEAR TIMOTHY, — We all love you tenderly, and take a deep concern in your doing well. In regard to your change of place, if your own judgment approves it, I am satisfied. If you should think of another change, you had better consult me, unless the case should be as plain as daylight. You have, I trust, great application to your business. Application is the only source of improvement. Pray take care of your evenings. Do not waste them in running about the city or seeking for amusements. Your numerous friends from the country, who visit New York, will I fear, want to take up your evenings in getting you to show them the lions and amusements of the city. This you cannot afford. Give a portion of every evening to reading. The business of the day, and the opening into future departments of business which will occur, will furnish very often profitable material for study in the evening.

Take care, my dear boy, how you spend your Sundays, and may God bless you. I want you to be sure to have a religious home. Have a place in some church you approve, and appear steadily there, that you may be known by a part of the congregation. I want you to have also a secular home; that is, a room which you shall consider a home. Have some books, paper, pen and ink upon your table. Be sure to keep on that table your elegant Bible, and read a portion of it every day. Think of my advice when you left home. Make yourself so useful to your employers that they cannot possibly do without you. Your wages will be in proportion to your proficiency in business. Above all things, be a man of integrity, virtue, and high respectability. These qualities, under God's government, will secure you influence and happiness. You are in quest of fortune and fame; but, let that quest turn out as it may, if you possess the qualities I have named, you cannot fail of success in all that is most valuable.

"This above all — to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Think of your blessed home. If sickness or any calamity should befal you, hie away to this home of affection. The eyes of a large circle of most respectable friends and connections are concentrated upon you. Think of this, and think especially that the eye of God is always upon you, and you cannot act unworthily. We remember you earnestly at our domestic altar.

Farewell, dear son, and may God bless and preserve you.

T. Woodbridge.

About the year 1828, an unwonted scheme came into operation for promoting religion among the churches in the region around me. It was introduced at a time when God was blessing our congregations with the descent of the Holy Spirit. This scheme came into being without much contrivance or design in any of the parties concerned. It was a conference of the churches for the interesting object of promoting religious edification. Lay delegates from a circle of neighboring churches were appointed, commonly two in a church, to repair to any congregation in the vicinity where they were invited. These meetings were, at the first, very acceptable and refreshing to the churches which were visited; but, in the progress of the scheme, a large lay element was thrown into the business of public instruction, and some encroachments were made upon the office of the pastor.

It was their custom to appoint one of their number, a layman, to preside through their meetings. The pastor of the congregation was, for the most part, a silent auditor; and a custom grew up, in the progress of the movement, of calling on the pastor to come out in public and make his confessions. This fashion was attended with some unhappy results, and it soon became necessary to regulate this new system of action; and it was quickly determined that, in every meeting, the pastor should be the conductor. These things, like most other lay movements, in the progress of events, were perverted. The original simple design was lost sight of, and evil consequences supervened. Church conferences, better regulated than these casual movements, have since been in practice in many sections of the church, and have been greatly blessed. I am acquainted with some church conferences which are means of great refreshment and edification in the regions where they are sustained.

But the church conferences of Berkshire and Columbia counties, which sprang up in the early and middle part of my ministry, were a kind of first instalment of another scheme, which eclipsed and displaced them.

In about the middle of my pastoral life, the scheme of New Measureism rose upon the church. It came up like a baleful meteor, scattering sparks which ignited the combustible materials upon which they happened to fall. New Measureism, as this scheme is commonly called, though such irregularities have appeared in every age of the church, sprang up in Western New York. My first reports of it were confused and contradictory, and I hardly knew what to think of it. I was inclined to hope that it would prove to be a development of a more ardent and active spirit of piety in the churches. New Measure men, calling themselves evangelists, began to sweep over the portion of country where I resided. They flamed like meteors, and attracted the wondering gaze of multitudes. They menaced ruin to every pastor who did not fall into their train. These men managed to get an entrance into a succession of contiguous congregations. They made the acquaintance of some of the excitable members of the church which they intended to assail; they pressed these church members, who imbibed a portion of their spirit, to insist on calling a church-meeting, and to coerce their pastors, if possible, to set up a protracted meeting. They contrived to attend the meeting of the church where this question was agitated; they put themselves forward with great boldness and intrusion, and called upon all the church who wanted a protracted meeting to rise, or come into the aisle. Some of the church obeyed the call, either from an affinity with these men, or from a fear of being regarded opposers of the work of God.

It often happened that the solid, judicious, and efficient members of the church did not rise or come into the aisle. The New Measure preacher then thundered forth a tirade of vituperation over their heads. He accused them of being cold and dead and stupid—going to hell, and leading others with them. They were often told that they were without God in the world, that they had no belief in the providence or agency of a God. It often happened that these men carried with them the majority of the church, and a protracted meeting was determined on. The pastor was then thrown into the background, if possible, and the intruder conducted the meeting which had been agreed upon. The pastor on the spot, and the surrounding pastors, were denounced as being as "cold as ice," "old fogies," and no better than "dead trees, good to catch the lightning of heaven, and keep it away from the green saplings."

The preachers approached individuals, and groups of men, with questions of this kind: "Are you professors of religion, or Christians?" If such an one found they were professors of religion, he denounced them as being stumbling-blocks, stopping the car of Immanuel. They were then urged, if they wanted to know what religion was, to come to the protracted meeting that was going on.

In these protracted meetings, people were prayed for by name, and their sins, which the preacher knew or imagined, were spread out and magnified before the congregation. Females were then compelled, in mixed meetings of both sexes, to pray and speak; and if, from their native modesty, they declined or hesitated, the presumptuous preacher would kneel down and offer up a prayer, often to this effect: "O God, have mercy upon these proud women; make them pray, and make them talk in meeting. Take away pride out of their bosoms, and stir them up to pray and exhort, that they may not go away grieving the Spirit."

After a prayer of this kind, females would commonly begin their exhortations and prayers, utterly contrary as such practices are to the plainest appointments and directions of God's Word. But New Measureism has but little reverence for the Bible.

There were among the preachers of this new and irregular scheme some who were leaders. They carried with them, in their travels, a great and striking machinery of artifices and measures to excite public attention. These leaders had a multitude of imitators, who modified their machinery to suit their own genius and habits.

These preachers also had in their train a great number of laymen, who acted under their direction, and denounced all who did not come to the popular meeting. In their prayers, the preachers and their abettors used very much familiar and irreverent talk towards God. They were sometimes quite blasphemous; but they taught their hearers to believe that all who did not approve of this style of conduct were in the way to hell.

In their prayer-meetings, they called upon persons to rise, or come into the aisle. On one occasion, a venerable, gray-headed man rose for prayer, and the address from the preacher was, "What! you old gray-headed sinner; do you want prayers? You ought to have been in hell long ago!"

They put themselves in the place of God, and considered every one who declined their machinery, or was unwilling to be trained by them, to be a rebel against God; and multitudes, to my certain knowlege, were told that, if they did not rise at the bidding of the preacher, they would insult the Spirit of God, and if they did not come to the anxious-seat, they would never be converted. I heard a regular pastor, who in his sober hours repudiated every form of New Measureism, once so far carried away by fear of denunciation, that, after calling upon all who wanted to be prayed for to rise, and finding that none did rise, began his prayer with these words: "Oh! insulted Spirit, do not cast off and abandon to a reprobate mind this multitude of sinners who have dared to insult thee, when they were called to come out and display their feeling before the public."

Such artifices as these prevailed in the time of Edwards and Whitfield. These modern imitators knew that their conduct had been exemplified in the days of the immortal Edwards; but those were thinking and sober days, and they succeeded by their artifices, even at that time, in stopping the work of God. But they hoped and believed that the people in these modern times would not read the works of Edwards, and if they did, they could tell them, "The times are different. We must not go to the experience of the past. Men's habits and tastes are different from what they were formerly, and revivals are different dispensations."

With these arguments, they endeavored to suppress the spirit of inquiry, examination, and comparison. When, under the preaching of a godly pastor, a revival had begun, these New Measure men did all in their power to stop it. They undertook to show that it could not be genuine, from the nature of the preaching, and that, if there was anything genuine in the work, it came from other things — that is, New Measure things — that happened to be intermixed with the means which were used. It was a great object to throw obloquy upon experienced, excellent, and long-tried pastors. They were determined to break them up, and they scattered the firebrands of strife where-ever they went. Some pastors had the firmness to resist them, and kept their ground; but others, who yielded to the pressure, and let them into their folds, were quickly driven off by the strife which was produced. Those churches that kept up their hedges are now the largest and most influential churches in this region, while all those who admitted the new-comers were broken up or diminished.

The ministers who carried on these irregular proceedings applied unscriptural and false tests of conversion. The minister in a protracted meeting would go into his anxious-room and inquire of the inmates, "Are you a Christian?" If he received an unfavorable reply, "Why not?" he would say. "You can be a Christian in a minute. Get down on your knees, and say the Lord's prayer." When that was repeated, the inquirer for the way to heaven was numbered among the Israel of God, and sent back into the other department of the protracted meeting.

Females were assured that the cause of their not being Christians was the cherishing of some idol; there was a cross they would not take up; they would not speak in meeting; and the young lady was constrained to rise and speak in a crowded meeting, and was then told, she had "thrown out of the way the only obstacle to her conversion." She had then crucified her sinful nature, in the opinion of the preacher, when, in fact, the only thing she had crucified was her sense of propriety.

The protracted meetings involved in this movement were very much relied on for effect. They were the sources and centres of great excitement; but when the protracted meeting closed, there was usually a great reaction. It was common, after a crowded protracted meeting was stopped, for the congregation to be greatly diminished. Few attended, when the excitements of what was called the Holy Convocation were over. The Sabbath, with its appointed solemnities, became insipid. There was but little taste for God's appointed means of grace. The people had been accustomed to the excitements of machinery, and when the machinery was suspended, there was but little interest felt in public religious meetings. An unhealthy state in the public mind was produced. Churches acquired a habit of depending on a periodical excitement for the progress of religion. The religious work for the year was to be done up in a few weeks; the remainder of the year might be spent carelessly, with little mindfulness of the prosperity of Zion, anticipating another spasmodic progress. Multitudes of hasty and superficial converts were brought into the churches; discipline was relaxed; and the standard of morality, in many places, was lower in the churches than it was in the outside community.

In this unholy state of things, discord arose in the churches; secessions and separations took place, and pastors were dismissed. The districts of the country swept over by this imposture and fanaticism have been commonly called the burnt districts of the church. But New Measureism has lost its power; its machinery is ineffectual. Itinerant evangelists cannot excite attention or gain followers. Here and there a minister settles in a church, and, from his perverted taste, or early prejudices, takes up some portion of the machinery of New Measureism; but it soon becomes disgusting; his ministry in a little time proves abortive, and he is compelled to leave the field.

These irregular movements have obtained in former periods of the church, but have always been transient. The late irregularities have passed away, and probably will not return during the memory of the present generation. Let Israel adhere firmly and steadfastly to the doctrine according to godliness; let the Bible be the sheet anchor; and let no measures be recognized or approved but those appointed in the Word of God. Human inventions and machinery, cunningly contrived to catch public attention, are now well understood by all intelligent Christians, and cannot for some time play off their mischievous antics upon the church.

I would deal with this, as well as every other subject, with Christian candor. Some good undoubtedly was involved in the range of these movements. Some conversions took place, by the agency of God's good Spirit, amid the scenes of confusion. But this is a very insufficient defence of the scheme. There is hardly anything in this world that is purely evil. "There is a soul of good," says the great poet of nature, "in things most evil." The Roman Catholic church has done immense good to our race, in preserving the lights of ancient literature, and in civilizing the barbarous nations who broke down the Roman empire; and has undoubtedly trained up and embraced in its enclosure many pious and devout persons. But evil has greatly predominated; and, notwithstanding it has involved good to mankind, it has been a stupendous system of superstition and oppression. And it is greatly to be feared that the evil in the system of New Measureism vastly overbalanced the good. If some conversions were made, multitudes were perverted.

New Measureism exercised a particularly baleful influence over the Presbyterian church. Its vulgarities and arrogance drove many families of decided piety, intellectual culture, and good taste into other denominations. Very many took shelter from the chill blast of New Measureism under the regulated forms of the Episcopal church. This occurred to a great extent in the State of New York, where the new movements were particularly wild and unchristian. The ministers who pushed forward the machinery under consideration were thought, at first, by many, to be swayed by an ardent zeal for God. But enterprises in this department of ministerial labor became very profitable; fortunes were made by leaders; and it was thought by the good and candid not to be an uncharitable conclusion that they were swayed by avarice. The love of money explained a great deal of their conduct. When the movement ceased to be profitable, it was abandoned by its leaders and deserted by its abettors.

During my ministry, a class of persons called *one-idea* men greatly multiplied. There have always been men of this description; but, thirty years ago, they began to be much more numerous. They narrow down their vision to one subject; they pore over that till it looms up and fills the whole field of their mental vision. They can see and feel nothing else. A great number of crotchets have been taken up by different persons. A clique of men will attach themselves to a certain crotchet, which seems to them to contain all truth and righteousness. They turn this fancy into a hobby, and ride it with great ostentation, denouncing all who do not follow in their train.

Each clique declares that the enterprise they have in hand is the grand and fundamental one of the age; that the reform they contemplate will redeem society from those sins which draw down the judgments of God. They push their ideas and measures to great extremes, and claim the credit of uncommon boldness and energy and independence, because they are ready for the last push of ultraism. Those who do not join them they call cowards, old fogies, and temporizers, when, in fact, the only independent class of men in my day has been moderate men.

These ultra reformers, in their various and numerous departments of reform, all demand the pulpit, and claim its advocacy for their particular crotchet. The minister who does not yield to them is denounced in their paper; for they all have a newspaper, which is their organ. I have seen some of the best and most influential ministers denounced, in language of unmeasured vituperation, for declining to open their pulpits for the advocates of some one of these crotchets. It is cheering to remark, that I have observed, for a few of the last years, this class of men, who disturb the onward progress of truth and righteousness, declining in numbers and influence.

I will illustrate this hallucination by a few specimens. I was once at the house of an excellent and well-educated minister, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, in the latter part of our last war with Great Britain. He stated to me, with great gravity and deep feeling, that he had no doubt but the judgments of God were abroad over our land, in consequence of our desecrating Saturday night. "There is a great departure," said he, "from the scriptural mode of reckoning time, in the multitudes of cases we have observed, in families neglecting to consider Saturday night as a part of the hallowed hours."

Other preachers and agents often wanted my pulpit that they might open up to the congregation the unutterable sin of slavery. They maintained and believed, I have no doubt in good faith, that the toleration of slavery in any part of the United States was the grand and almost exclusive sin of the nation, and was the cause of all the judgments of God which were abroad in the land. A clerical gentleman of the Moral Reform Society came to me, and wanted my pulpit, that he might show to the people that the sin of licentiousness was the single and exclusive cause of all the wrathful visitations of God; and that, if it were not stopped by the agency of the Moral Reform Society, desolation would come over the fair borders of this beautiful country.

I could give scores of instances of this kind of fanaticism and exclusiveness. It is melancholy to see a human being narrowing down his mind to a single idea; but we have seen very much of it in our day and generation.

In the spring of 1832, the Great Head of the church blessed us with another extensive and protracted revival scene. Several striking conversions had occurred, and we seemed to be on the edge of another glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God. In these circumstances, I ventured upon the experiment of a protracted meeting, and invited several neighboring pastors to aid me in sustaining this religious convocation. The religious interest kept on, and perhaps was rather increased by the protracted meeting; but I doubt exceedingly whether that meeting was, on the whole, particularly beneficial. It did not do us any injury, because it produced but little excitement; and the silent stream of holy influence went on undisturbed in its course.

Our religious meetings were less numerous than in the previous general revival; but the work was deep, and productive of the most excellent results. A large number of heads of families were brought into the kingdom of Christ, and many a domestic altar was built to God. The effect of this second revival was widespread, deep, and lasting; and many a soul on earth and in heaven will have occasion to praise and bless God for this gracious visitation.

I may hereafter give some incidents and conversations which transpired in this revival.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY MINISTRY AT GREEN RIVER.

Tour to the West. — Letter to my Family. — Reading cf Campbell's Gertrude, and his remarks when he heard of it. — Call to West Stockbridge Village. — Mode of Preparing Sermons. — Economy of my Household. — Description of my dog Trippy. — The Trout Stream, Green River. — Call from Spencertown. — State of Feeling in Green River. — Retrospection.

In September, 1833, I went to Oswego county, in Western New York, in company with my loved sister, Mrs. Lester, and two nephews. We went to Constantia, to visit two enterprising nephews, who had recently removed to that village, and set up a large iron furnace. Some account of my journey, and my situation and occupation in Constantia, may be perceived in the following letter:

Constantia, September 9, 1833.

My Very Dear Family, — It is now Monday morning, and, though I have been from the house but a week, it seems an age. It cheers my heart to sit down this morning and commune with my family. I wrote you from every principal stage of my journey, and I trust you received my letters. You must know how steadily my heart beats towards you. I would give almost anything for a letter from my dear family to-day. I hope for such a boon. I often pray for you, and I trust everything goes well with you.

I can hardly tell you how glad these families here are to see us. Our visit here makes us very happy, and they show us every kindness you can imagine. Our party all have ferocious colds. Mine is the worst I ever experienced. The climate, from Utica to this place, is exceedingly humid; everything you touch seems damp.

The mornings and evenings are moist beyond everything I ever experienced elsewhere.

I want to give you some account of this place. The road stretches along the lake shore, very near the margin of the water, for eight miles. East of here, along the lake, there is a succession of cultivated farms, without any intervening woods. The cleared and cultivated land is from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and beyond that limit stands the primeval forest, with only here and there, at great distances, a small clearing. The country seems new, raw, and strange to me. The village here contains only about three hundred people, and everybody talks of the mighty impulse that has been given to it since my nephews came and took the furnace into their hands.

This seems a new position to me. I have never been much conversant with lakes; but Oneida lake stretches out just under my windows, and the mighty Ontario is but a few miles north. In looking across Oneida lake, the eye wanders over portions of Onondaga, Oneida, and Madison counties. This lake has some glorious and classic associations. C. E. L. and I have been out on the lake shore, in these sunny days, and twice read over Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming. You know some of the scenery is laid here.

I have become acquainted with all the people, and have set up a Saturday evening meeting, which is new, striking, and interesting to the inhabitants. Yesterday I preached twice. Thursday evening I shall lecture, and Saturday evening I shall hold another prayer-meeting. I feel a deep commiseration for the people, and am turning myself into a missionary. I also feel a deep responsibility to do for their spiritual good all I possibly can. There never was a Presbyterian minister here for twenty-four hours. I have to represent our church and the Christian religion. The word of the Lord is precious here because there is no open vision. They are very anxious to have me settle with them. They offer me four hundred dollars, to be promptly paid, and the use of a house and my wood; but I should not feel justified in leaving Green River — where I have the delightful consciousness of being very useful — to go to any other place. You have no idea how anxious they are to have me and my dear family come on, and they pray that you may throw no obstacles in the way. They think, from what they have heard of you, that you would make a very interesting addition to the place. There is a degree of earnestness felt on this subject which amazes me.

This country is quite romantic in some respects. There is much noble game. Deer abound in the woods, and bears are often killed. Two days ago, I had a piece of bear's flesh sent in to me as a luxury, but it is disgusting to my taste.

I shall, with God's blessing, be at home at the time I contemplated. Pray for me till I come. I remember you at the mercy seat with earnestness. Take care of your health; do not work too hard, and give every anxiety to the wind. Remember me most affectionately to all my congregation. I hope my arrangements for supplying the pulpit have been executed, and it is a comfort to me to think that you live "fast by the oracle of God."

Farewell. May God bless and preserve you.

Sincerely yours,
T. WOODBRIDGE.

The reading of Gertrude of Wyoming on the lake shore, above referred to, was related by Mr. Lester to the celebrated Thomas Campbell, author of the poem, at his house in London. Mr. Campbell was deeply affected by the circumstances, and wept. "This," said he, "is fame. My poem has been read twice over by you to your blind uncle, and he praised it! God bless that uncle of yours. If I ever come to America, I will see him." Dr. Beattie, in his Life of Campbell, has a long account of this conversation, which has been copied into the Edinburgh Review.

During my ministry at Green River, I received a number of calls to become the pastor of other congregations. Some of these calls I stopped in their incipient stages; others came to me in a formal and pressing manner. I received two successive calls from the congregation at West Stockbridge village, where I was well known, and where I knew all the people. These last calls affected me more than any others I received. They were most importunate, and weighed heavily upon my judgment and heart.

In 1837, I received a unanimous and urgent call from that village, accompanied with a course of argumentation, setting forth the pressing nature of the case. This call I took into very serious consideration, and my mind was balancing over it for a considerable time. My deliberations on the subject, however, were disturbed by the agitations of my congregation, who were urging me not to go away. I was deeply affected by their solicitudes. They held a full meeting of the society, pledged to me their confidence, and their determination that my salary should be promptly paid in all time to come. They sent a committee to me with their resolutions, desiring me to decline the call from West Stockbridge village, of which, from the proximity of that place, they had often heard. They knew the anxiety of the congregation who called me, and the undecided state of my mind in regard to the matter.

After a few weeks of consideration, I felt constrained, by the sensibilities of my people, and by my sense of duty, to decline definitively the breaking up of my existing ministerial relations. This quieted the public mind, and I cherished the hope that there would be no more agitations of the kind. But, in the spring of 1838, one year after, another committee was sent to me from West Stockbridge village, with a still more pressing and earnest application that I would come and be their minister. This second call, also, was accompanied with a document, prepared by the society, setting forth the urgency of their wants, and appealing to my conscience, and almost every principle of my nature, to change my pastoral relations. This paper I will here subjoin:

West Stockbridge, April 5, 1838.

Rev. Timothy Woodbridge:

Dear Sir, — The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Congregational Union Society, in the village of West Stockbridge, have been instructed, by a unanimous vote of that society, to renew to you the invitation, which has once before been given, to become our pastor; and we are also authorized to propose terms similar to those which were formerly mentioned. In performance of the duty which has thus been assigned us, we feel that we are treading upon delicate ground, and we desire to state, very briefly, the reasons which have induced us to make this second application. We believe that any congregation has an undoubted right to request any clergyman to take upon himself the duties of their spiritual teacher, and that such clergyman may accept the invitation, when duty and inclination agree, and that, by so doing, he does not infringe upon any right of the society which he may desire to leave. We hold, therefore, that, by making this application, we do no wrong to the church and society over which you have so long and so faithfully presided. We go still farther. We maintain that, as the greatest possible diffusion of the blessings of the gospel is the governing object, not only with every faithful minister of Christ, but with every sincere professor of his principles and doctrines; so, if we are able to show you a field of action where your peculiar talents can effect far greater good than in your present sphere — where you can extend more rapidly the Redeemer's kingdom, we then fasten upon you an obligation to enter that field, and upon your church and people to relinquish you cheerfully, notwithstanding the strong ties by which you are united.

If, by a ministry of twenty years among your people, you have not only sown the good seed, but have watched over and cherished the upspringing plants until they have arrived at maturity, and are producing abundant fruit; if you have hedged round your vineyard with the strong checks and guards of deep-rooted moral and religious principle, we would respectfully suggest, whether you may not now, with propriety, and even with benefit to the general prosperity of the church, leave your present charge to the protection of weaker hands, and go forth again into the world's wilderness, to lay the foundations and to rear the walls of some other city of the kingdom? We claim, dear sir, the privilege of familiar friends, and therefore hold language to you far different from what we should feel authorized to do in the case of a stranger. We desire you to look around upon the field where you are laboring, and observe whether the great work of erecting and adorning your religious edifice is not now over. We pray you to recollect, that you are now at the maturity of your powers, and consider whether your judgment, now ripe, your experience of human character, and your acknowledged capabilities for bringing light and order out of darkness and confusion—whether these endowments are most beneficially employed in merely preserving from decay what you have already erected? or whether you should not leave this duty to humbler powers, while you become the architect of other structures, in less favored communities? It would be superfluous for us to recite anew our peculiar situation. You know it all. But, in addition to reasons and facts formerly stated, we observe, that although sorely disappointed that you esteemed it a duty to decline our invitation, we yet exerted ourselves to procure some other person. We succeeded in obtaining a most worthy man, who has produced, we hope, some good impression upon our people. Yet, the experience of the winter has only more firmly persuaded us that you alone, of all with whom we are acquainted, can unite our strength, and make profitable use of the materials of which this society is composed. There is a universal, an almost feverish, anxiety to have you labor among us. We are in the condition of the sick man, who believes that none but his favorite physician can work his cure.

We shall await your answer with great anxiety, and yet with hope and even confidence.

Most respectfully yours,

Charles B. Boynton,
Hubbard Fox,
Benjamin Cone,
Robbins Kellogg,
D. B. Campbell.

This call produced a great sensation, and Green River was shaken as with a moral earthquake. I had frequent visits from West Stockbridge, to sustain their interests, and my own society did all they could to determine me to reject the new call. For several weeks I went through a terrible wear and tear of feeling; and, at this juncture, our Presbytery happened to meet in Hudson, and I spread the whole case before them for advisement. The Presbytery considered it a grave and difficult question, and shrank from giving me any definite opinion. After talking the matter over for some time, they left the decision to my own judgment.

I came home, and made it the subject of deep and protracted meditation, and earnest prayer to the Fountain of all light for wisdom. It was the most painful question that had ever come upon me for decision; and, after using all the lights within my reach, I came to the conclusion definitely to decline the call from West Stockbridge village. It was the most distressing act of my life. I have no doubt I should have been well received, kindly treated, and useful in that place. And it had some adventitious attractions. It was romantic in its features; it was an enterprising and rapidly growing place; and it was near my native scenes, and in the heart of Berkshire, a county to which I was attached by a thousand sweet memories and hallowed associations. There, for several generations, had been the seats of my ancestors, and their ashes reposed in those cemeteries. But, in determining to remain at Green River, I thought, and still think, that I followed plain intimations of the will of God. I committed the result to Providence, trusting that my ways had pleased the Lord in this matter.

During my ministry at Green River, my labors were abundant. I preached in season and out of season; and there is hardly a house within many miles of that church in which I have not blown the trumpet of salvation. I was with them in their scenes of joy and sorrow; I solemnized their marriages, and conducted their funerals. My labors in my study were diligent and unintermitted. It was my habit to read a vast deal, and write whenever I could find good amanuenses. My family were excellent readers, and never tired in that exercise, which was so important to me. The young lady of my family, Miss C. M., often and skilfully used the pen. It was my habit, unless some special pastoral duty called me out, to spend my forenoons in study.

To lighten the literary burdens of my family, whose household cares were also numerous, I commonly kept a young man with me, who was well-educated and skilful in reading and writing.

In the preparation of my sermons, I sometimes selected my text first, and grounded my sermon on it. Sometimes I preached what is called a topical sermon, and prepared it without a text, which I selected afterwards. But, ordinarily, the main features of the sermon were suggested by the obvious aspects of the text. I went through a course of lectures, greatly, I think, to the edification and profit of the congregation, on the Book of Acts. On these I bestowed diligent labor and research.

I always wrote my text and the heads of the sermon. This writing covered over from one to two pages of letter paper; but the act of dictating stamped the words so deeply on my memory that I hardly ever had occasion to read over my skeleton. When I was pressed for time, and had not a quick writer at hand, it was my custom to think out my sermon, and inscribe it on the tablet of memory, and deliver it precisely as thus prepared. This method may be easily acquired by almost any man who is in habits of study. I have, after nine o'clock Saturday evening, when I have been gone from home through the week, thought out and reposited in my memory three sermons, which I delivered the following day and evening.

Immediately after entering upon the diversified labors of the pastoral office, I found it was necessary to form a habit of rapid composition, or I should have no time for reading; and I bestowed great discipline upon my mind to acquire a facility in composing. This talent was of immense service to me in enabling me to preach such a vast number of sermons as I delivered, and save out time for reading.

In looking over a list of my texts, I find that no nook or corner in the field of revelation has escaped me. Every prominent fact, every doctrine and precept of the Bible, I have endeavored to open up, and pour out the wealth they contained upon the congregations to whom I have ministered.

Though I ministered to an immense number of people, my income was always slender and precarious; and it became a matter of wonder to my friends how I could sustain so large a hospitality and such a comfortable style of living. This was a matter of surprise and mystery to my friends. Some of my most intimate friends and brethren in the ministry sifted me on this subject, and wanted to solve the strange phenomenon that existed under my roof. Several ministers who visited my house inquired into the mysteries of our domestic economy. They had a larger salary and less company than I had, and yet were straitened. They were embarrassed in getting along in their economical relations. In some instances, ministers came to our house with their wives, to inquire how we lived, and how we sustained so pleasant, and even elegant, a mode of living upon such slender means. This fact was often called a miracle; but the miracle was explained, by reference to the extraordinary woman who was the female head of my house. She was a great manager, and could make a dollar go further than any other person I ever saw. I used to often tell her that she took more pains to save a shilling, and render it productive, than a dollar was worth.

In some portions of this work, I have endeavored to portray some of the characteristics of my rural home — that home which has been my sweet and hallowed retreat from the toils, cares, and vexations of the world, and which has been enlivened by the smile of God's benediction — over which scarcely a single cloud has fallen through the long period of a lifetime. To render an idea of this home complete, I must descend to a few minute circumstances; for such circumstances are often bright or dark threads in the web of domestic life.

In speaking of minute things in our domestic scene, I ought not to omit the mention of a little dog, of the King Charles breed, whose black, glossy hair, radiant face, conversational bark, and bushy tail, ever wagging to the music of his glad heart, made him quite a loved pet among the family and visitors.

I have always had faith in dogs of pure, unmixed races. The very epithet of a cur, indicating a mixture of breeds, carries an idea of something so contemptible, that, from the early Anglo-Saxon writers down to our day, a mean and contemptible character is spoken of as a cur. I admire the taste of the Greeks, who were the first to make a dog the companion of man. This is a bright feature in Grecian civilization.

Great and good men, in every age, have been fond of dogs; they have loved them as companions, and, strange as it may seem to the unfeeling, they have honored them when they died. Walter Scott and his family declined a distinguished invitation to dine out on a day when a favorite dog happened to die, and the whole household went out to his burial in a romantic spot of the garden, and were not ashamed to shed tears over the green spot that covered him.

Trippy (for that was the name of our dog) was the most sensitive, generous, and sensible animal I ever knew. He always seemed to have a deep appreciation of the dignity of our household, and never deserted the family mansion, except on very short trips, from which he speedily returned. He looked with some coldness, and sometimes suspicion, upon strangers who crossed the threshold; but he used to watch our countenances, and, whenever he saw our faces beam with love, or confidence, to our guests, he at once admitted them to his bosom. He became attached to every object in the house or on the grounds. No matter how disagreeable a cat may have been introduced into the house, nor how antagonistic the animal may have been to Trippy, this generous dog would lay aside his antipathies, and consent, out of regard for our domestic tranquillity, to associate in a friendly manner with the cat.

I have never known an animal of any description so devotedly attached to a family as he was to mine. When little C—— L—— had been in my family about six months, after the return of his parents from Italy, Trippy had become so attached to him that, on a visit of Charley to New York, the dog would whine, and hunt up his ball and bring it to some member of the family, and look up beseechingly, to have some one play with him, as Charley had done; and, on more than one occasion, when letters came into the house, he would look up into the face of my wife as she opened them, and, when the name of Charley was mentioned, he listened with the most earnest attention to the reading, in which his name often occurred; and, if he did not understand much English, he understood that more difficult, and less generally comprehended language, the generosity of the human heart. When the reading was over, he wanted the letter in his mouth, and would run under the sofa and lay his head upon it with every demonstration of affection.

When we made an excursion, or journey, out of town, Trippy would follow us up or down the street, as the carriage drove off; and, with one friendly bark, which recognized our last look towards him, he would rush back to the house, and lie upon the steps of the front door, looking in the direction we had taken; and, if we were gone a number of days, he was riveted to his position, looking with the most intense earnestness for our return, and was so much absorbed in watching for us, that it was with difficulty he could be got into the house to his dinner.

Thus he watched till we came in sight, when he would hurry into the house to inform our mother that we were coming, by his gladsome demonstrations; and, if she seemed insensible or careless to these intimations, he would seize her by the dress, and drag her to the door; so unwilling was he, in the magnanimity of his nature, to enjoy our return alone. Then, when he had telegraphed in this manner the joyous news, he would rush out to meet us, and almost expire in the agony of his joy.

Visitors at our house were often struck with the wonderful sagacity and feats at play of this dog, and have requested liberty to publish him in the papers; so he became quite famous in story and in song. Miss Chase, the poetess, was so fascinated with him that she wrote a eulogy, which she transmitted to us, with a request that she might publish it in the periodicals to which she contributed. I will here subjoin a few stanzas from her eulogy.

* * * * * * * *

"'T is said between the lip and cup there 's many a luckless slip,
But, judging from his sleekness, but few have come to Trip.

* * * * * * * *

"And if you toss a ball for him, he 'll catch it in his play,
Till, in pity for his panting, you snatch the toy away.

* * * * * * *

"Be happy, tiny creature. For, puppy as thou art,
Not half of human kind have half so kind a heart.
O! if I were an artist, how gladly would I trace
A picture of thy shining curls, and earnest seeming face;

"A picture that would speak of thee when thy brief life is past;—
For a little dog's existence is a bubble thing at last.
Well, track thy master's footsteps, and cheer him in thy play,
And when he hears thy joyous bark, 't will mind him of this lay."

It would, perhaps, be a sin against nature and Providence not to pay a tribute of consideration to the stream called Green River, with its abundant and high-flavored trout, which furnished for my family and friends a most palatable repast for three or four months in the year. The proximity of this stream to my door was an interesting and valuable circumstance in my situation. The angling was excellent in that part of the brook. It is visited and vexed by anglers from various and distant parts of the United States. The fine flavor of the trout has been celebrated, near by and afar off, for a century. Travellers have put up at hotels along the stream for the purpose of getting a meal of those delicious fish.

Friends who were coming to see me mixed up with the prospects of their visit these high-flavored and elegant trout of the mountain brook. Sportsmen, who have visited the most famed trout streams in this country and Scotland, have often told me that Green River trout were the finest in the world.

This stream, with its speckled fish, constituted an attractive and romantic feature in my situation, and drew around me many men of genius, who have often been characterized by a love of rural sports, and particularly of angling.

The rejection of the numerous calls I had received produced an impression in the minds of my congregation that nothing would be able to separate me from them. They thought that I was nestled into such a sweet home, and was so much attached to my church and society, that no attractions could draw me away. I found this impression had taken full possession of the public mind, that nothing but death could disturb my permanence. I found that it was a common remark, that "Mr. Woodbridge was so happy, and so much interested in his congregation, that he would never tear himself from them." I endeavored to undeceive them; and I told the trustees, and various other persons, in good faith, that, if they did not attend to their society concerns with more energy and application, I should certainly leave. I told them that, sweet as my home was, a little effort could create another home that would be sweet also.

But they were so deeply persuaded of my inclination to stay, that they sadly neglected their society concerns, and fell into arrears to me to such an extent, that I feared the society would ultimately be seriously injured. In this state of things, the congregation at Spencertown, four miles distant, who knew me well, began to move decidedly towards giving me a call. This movement was heard of in Green River through a thousand channels, but they remained still till the call came. They often alluded to it in conversation with me, and said that, if I received such a call, they wanted I should wait before deciding, and give them a chance to pay up their arrears, and provide amply for my support.

But I had received calls before this, and they had taken this very method to induce me to surrender them; and I became fully persuaded that, in regard to this new call that was approaching from Spencertown, I must be prompt and decided. I was determined not to expose myself again to a painful agitation of so delicate a subject, and to such a waste of sensibility.

The committee from Spencertown called on me on Saturday night, and placed the unanimous call of that congregation in my hands. It was a painful hour. It seemed the crisis of my being. I was now to shoot the gulf. I consulted the excellent ladies of my family, who referred the matter entirely to my decision, and assured me of their acquiescence in my conclusion, let it be as it might. We then joined the committee, and I proposed a season of prayer for divine direction. I prayed that God would save us from any mistake; that he would guide all parties in paths of peace and duty and righteousness. After rising from our knees, I signified to the committee that I accepted the call they extended to me, and would be with their congregation, to begin my labors, in two weeks from the following day.

I said not a word on the subject to a human being till the next day, which was the Sabbath, when I announced it to a full congregation. This was a terrible duty to me; and the shock was as I expected — terrible on the feelings of the congregation. We all of us seemed to reel, and sway to and fro. I doubt whether stronger attachments ever subsisted between a congregation and their minister.

My departure was a heavy blow to the place I left, and produced considerable exasperation against me. It caused some decline in the value of real estate, and in the consideration of the place abroad. But these feelings of unkindness have been softened and obliterated by time; and I now take great delight in visiting my old friends, and occasionally preaching in their sanctuary, to the erection of which my subscriptions and efforts had so largely contributed. My family and I have a thousand home associations connected with that interesting spot, and I desire to set my seal to the truth of a testimony which Mr. L——

sent me from Italy. "The people in Green River," said he in a letter, "are a solid, sensible people; indeed, I never knew a more stable, straightforward community. You have a deep hold upon their confidence and affections, and I fear you may hereafter regret having torn yourself away from such a congregation."

In reviewing my protracted ministry at Green River, I find a degree of comfort and satisfaction. Though many imperfections were intermingled with my ministry, I regard it as having been, in a good measure, an earnest and faithful career of labor; and it was, through the blessing of the Great Head of the church, on the whole, I think, a decidedly and eminently successful ministry. The momentous objects of the pastoral office were fulfilled in the spiritual and moral improvement of the people.

Multitudes were gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd, and many who removed and settled in other parts of the country have carried with them impressions and principles received at Green River, which have made them lights and blessings in the regions where their lots have been cast. Remembering affectionately the good old times at their former home, and the manner in which things were done there, they have put forth an active agency in setting up similar institutions and customs where they now reside. Their places have been made to bud and blossom as the rose, by influences which have emanated from Green River; and, I trust, the fruits of my labors in that place will bloom and flourish in eternity.

The account of my long pastorate is before me; I shall go and meet it, I humbly hope, with joy and not with grief, amid the splendors and revelations of the judgment-day.

In turning away from Green River to another congregation, the most solemn emotions took possession of my mind. I took a retrospect of my long ministry in that place, and my heart impelled me to tread in the steps of Samuel, who "set up a stone, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

My ministry had been protracted. I had been a minister there twenty-six years. For twenty-four years, I had sustained the pastoral relation to that congregation; and, previously to my pastorate, I had labored two years as stated supply. My ministry, for this long period, had been delightful, and, in spiritual respects, eventful. I had kept on, in that sequestered place, "the noiseless tenor of my way," and God had blessed me, and sent down the dews of heaven around my steps.

I "dropped some natural tears" at leaving such a field of labor, but hoped to "wipe them soon," as I went to another vineyard, with "Providence my guide." Since I came away, I have uniformly looked back upon my ministry at Green River as a specially bright and interesting period of my life; I presume I shall regard it with these sentiments through all the lights and shadows of my future existence here.

That society has, since I left it, been severely assailed by the preachers and disciples of seductive and dangerous heresies, and some secessions have been effected. But I have great pleasure in reflecting upon the fact, that they have now an excellent Orthodox and independent minister, to stand like the rock of Gibraltar for the defence of the society. That minister is Rev. Samuel Utley, and I take pleasure in paying him this tribute of respect. His society has, within a few years, passed through great vicissitudes; but, with the blessing of the Head of the church, Mr. U. has kept together a compact and solid ecclesiastical and social organization. May the blessing of God rest upon them all.

A few weeks before I left Green River, my nephew, C. Edwards Lester, and his family, spent a few weeks at my house, preparatory to their departure for Italy. Mr. L. had been appointed United States consul at Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. He had always been a most affectionate and generous relative, and the last Sabbath he spent with me was a most affecting occasion. He delivered a touching address to the congregation, and I baptized his youngest child, and commended the household to the care and benediction of God. During Mr. L.'s absence in Italy, for six years, we kept up an active and profuse correspondence. A portion of this correspondence I design, in the course of my narrative, to spread before the reader.

CHAPTER XV.

MY MINISTRY AT SPENCERTOWN.

Description of Spencertown. — Dr. Porter. — Elisha Williams. — Installation. — Anxious Labors and Consequent Decline of Health. — Letter to Mr. Lester. — Musical Address.

SPENCERTOWN is a prominent village near the centre of Columbia county. It is a broad valley begirt with hills, some of whose eminences command fine views of the Hudson, and the range of Catskill mountains beyond. These hills are cultivated to their summits, and, together with the valley, are exuberant in fertility. The soil of hill and valley is remarkably adapted to grain and fruits of various kinds.

The scenery is regarded by all travellers as quite beautiful, and its various localities as very fine. It is an ancient place, and has a history worth writing and reading.

The pioneers, who felled the forest and introduced the lights of civilization and Christianity, were from Connecticut. They were hardy and economical men. They brought with them but little property, and addressed themselves diligently to the business of accumulation; and their frugality is visible in the habits of their descendants, who still remain here, and occupy the same farms which their ancestors subdued and brought under culture.

There had been, from the beginning, a succession of pastors in the Presbyterian congregation to which I was called. Among them was the distinguished Dr. Porter, who sustained the pastoral relation about sixteen years, and left his footprints in the scene of his labors. He was a man of vigorous intellect, singular largeness of heart, and eccentricity of manners. He had great Christian integrity, and liberality up to the limit of his means. He gave much himself for benevolent objects, and his contagious generosity made others give with a liberality that surprised themselves. His movements were exceedingly awkward, but his manners, which were founded on sentiment, were always refined, delicate, and respectful. I have been with him in his occasional visits to his old congregation, and have been delighted to see the elderly men all group about him and follow him.

When he preached, although he had not what is commonly called eloquence, his strong sense, energy, and sensibility made more impression than any other minister could make upon his former congregation, who were softened by the recollections of bygone days. He was respectful, even to children, and he had unrivalled influence over great men, who reverenced him for his ability and goodness. I loved him while he lived, and I revere his memory now he is dead. His frequent visits at my house were always delightful, and I rejoice that the savor of his name is sweet among the churches.

From an early period of its history, Spencertown has been the residence of a number of eminent lawyers, who instituted law-schools, and trained up a great number of young men for the bar, who have risen to the highest distinction in their profession, and filled eminent offices of the State and General government.

Elisha Williams was the most conspicuous of these lawyers. I knew him well, and the office in which he laid the foundation of his fame and fortune is next door to my residence. He studied law with Judge Reeve, of Connecticut, and came to Spencertown when very young, and began the practice of his profession. He was remarkable for his brilliant wit, and was almost as much distinguished for his fine personal appearance as for his intellectual powers. His countenance was indescribably animated and expressive, and his general aspect indicated high superiority. He soon acquired a very extensive practice, which was not confined to Columbia county, or the State — he was frequently employed in important cases in neighboring States.

As a jury lawyer, the general belief is that he was never surpassed in this country. His knowledge of men gave him an absolute despotism over jurors, and made him the terror of witnesses. Mr. Williams' efforts at the bar, wherever he went, were subjects of general conversation, and his original and striking thoughts and beautiful images were treasured up and bandied about among the people; and, wherever he bent his steps, he was the "observed of all observers."

He made a splendid effort in the city of New York, in 1820, in an action for slander, brought by the Rev. Daniel Parker *vs.* Col. Swan, of Connecticut. Mr. Williams was Mr. Parker's counsel. His client had belonged to an ecclesiastical body, and, in consequence of that slander, his connection with the religious body was dissolved. I heard several lawyers in New York describe Mr. Williams' conduct of the case. It was one precisely fitted to his genius. The trial continued five days, during the whole of which the court-room was thronged with an immense concourse of the citizens. The high respectability of the parties, and the fame of the counsel employed, drew out many of the professional and educated classes.

Mr. Williams seemed to control the passions of the audience as he pleased. At one moment there was hardly a dry eye in the room; in a few moments all gave way to bursts of laughter, in defiance of the decorums of a court-room, and the most strenuous efforts to preserve a gravity suited to the occasion. Presently there was a change, and resentment for the wrongs described by the eloquent orator was expressed in almost every countenance. He won his cause, and this effort added much to his fame.

The celebrated Thomas Addis Emmet, the eloquent Irish advocate, who was present during the trial, and who had listened with delight to Mr. Williams' address to the jury, when he concluded, approached him and shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Mr. Williams, you have done yourself immortal honor; go home and give up your profession; you have nothing to win from a further practice of the law. The effort you have this day made has never been equalled on this side of the Atlantic. You may now repose upon your laurels."

Such is a description of some of the physical and moral features of the place which was to be the scene of my future labors.

Agreeably to my engagement to the Spencertown committee, I repaired, at the specified time, to my new field of responsibility and effort. Here I was received with enthusiasm. The church edifice was in a fine condition; the music was improved, and was in its palmy state. The congregation universally attended, and exhibited every mark of the deepest interest and respect. A large and magnificent circular wreath of flowers, woven by German artists, after the fashion of their country, was suspended on the wall over the pulpit, back of the desk, and the initials of my name, wrought in durable flowers, occupied the centre.

This period of our history was thought to be the hey-day of the society's prosperity.

I immediately called a *pro-re-nata* meeting of the presbytery to Spencertown, to consummate my translation from Green River to this new charge. The presbytery assembled, and proceeded to my installation on the 6th of November, 1842. The installation sermon was preached by my friend, Dr. Hopkins, President of Williams College, who, in his reply to my invitation, piquantly remarked, in the words of a distinguished Frenchman, "Those who invite me to such occasions, do me honor; those who do not invite me, do me kindness."

I prosecuted my ministry in Spencertown with unsparing diligence, and, through the blessing of God, with a good measure of success. I gathered many into the church; some from the world, and some from other churches. The sermons I preached were not repetitions of old discourses; but were, almost without exception, composed on the spot. I made some use of the old material; but I worked with the most intense assiduity to impart the best qualities I possibly could to my discourses. My ministry at Spencertown was sustained by more indefatigable study than ever. The population under my spiritual care was larger than before, and my impulses to toil for their good were proportionably increased. My exertions through the first winter were more than my frame could well endure. My labors in the pulpit, in pastoral visitation, and in my Bible class, were strenuous and unintermitting.

Towards spring, I perceived my health was affected by excessive exertion; and, in the depression of ill health, I began to entertain some doubts whether I had done well for myself, in exchanging the quiet and familiar labors of my former charge for the anxieties of my new position. But I comforted my heart with the delightful consciousness that, in that transaction, I had acted uprightly, considerately, and disinterestedly, and without any oblique views or selfish aims.

The able physicians, whom I consulted in regard to my health, prescribed as my only remedy a diminution of labor, and a suspension of anxieties to fulfil, in the most exemplary manner, the duties of my position, which weighed upon me. I had worked hard to raise the character of my preaching, and I studied every book within my reach upon the composition and delivery of sermons, and was as assiduous for improvement as any youthful aspirant for the ministry. In regard to my health I said little, but toiled on in the most self-sacrificing manner. The genial influences of spring, however, soon brought up my health again, and my ministry flowed on peacefully and prosperously.

The tide of company to which we had always been accustomed, continued at our house; but we were all diligent, and, with God's help, we sustained our diversified responsibilities. Amid these arduous exertions, the ladies of my family were an unspeakable blessing to me. They read and wrote for me without stint and without complaint. They re-animated me whenever my resolution flagged, and smoothed my path in a thousand ways. They wiped the sweat from my weary brow, and, when I came home exhausted with my efforts, they had something palatable for the refection of my body.

(TO C. EDWARDS LESTER, ESQ.)

SPENCERTOWN, December 28, 1843.

MY DEAREST NEPHEW, — We were greatly rejoiced at the receipt of your letters. God, who rules the winds and waves, conveyed you safely over the Atlantic, and down the Mediterranean to your destination. You are now in Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, and I am at home. I am comforted to hear that you, and your dear wife and children, are so delightfully settled in Italy; sunny Italy, we have always read about — is it all true? Is it sunny, and are the skies as blue as we have been taught?

We thank you from our heart of hearts for the interesting Italian productions you sent us. Your two large boxes of lemons and oranges came to us safely. Very few of them have decayed at all. They have an adventitious value, from the circumstance that you and dear cousin Ellen plucked them from the trees in your own garden with your own hands. The large quantity of maccaroni and vermicelli which you sent, we have scattered among our neighbors. These nice things, from a far land, are matters of gratification to us, and of curiosity and pleasure to our friends.

We have changed our residence since you left the country. You felt concerned at the possibility of my removing from my old charge, and was afraid, if I did remove, I should not have another home as bright. But our home here is bright, with the blessing of God upon our cheerfulness and domestic virtues. My congregation here is large, and my labors are untiring. Dear Mrs. L. asks for minute information in regard to our domestic scene. These are inquiries most natural to a woman, and, after all, they come home to the heart of every man of sensibility. Dear Ellen wants a picture of our family scene in the evening, and wishes us particularly to tell her where we all sit, and where Trippy lies, and how we are all occupied. I will describe one evening, which may be regarded as a general specimen. We have a bright fire, and the room is well lighted. Grandma sits in the corner, sewing by a stand, with a "flaming minister of light" upon it, that she may see well. Next to her lies Trippy on the carpet, half asleep, turning out his little nigger eye occasionally to observe us all, and to see what may happen to call him up to display his gladness. Next him is a table, where the two boys are studying Latin. Dear C. M. sits by it, reading to me the last number of the Edinburgh Review. This continues till nine, when, if there is no company in, we encircle the domestic altar. If there is company, we join in domestic worship as soon after nine as they leave.

I need not tell you any public news; all that, of a political, religious, or literary kind, comes to you in the newspapers, which, I dare say, you profusely and promptly receive.

I perceive that you have at your house a great deal of company. Many of them, it seems, are American travellers; and men of distinction, from all parts of Europe, begin to crowd your saloons. You will represent your country in your consular position, I have no doubt, most advantageously. I know, from your deep patriotism, you will do all you can to reflect honor upon your native land and the government which sent you out.

I hope you will give me all the interesting incidents in regard to Italy which come within your ken. I want to know your views; for I know you well, and through you I can see things myself. I can look at things through the clear vision of a full-hearted American. Genoa, I should think, was the most interesting place in Italy, except Rome. It is, I take it, much more ancient than the Eternal City; for, if I have read correctly, it is the centre of the ancient Ligurian republic, so often spoken of in Roman history. Cicero was there when consul, and Julius Cæsar marched his invincible cohorts through Genoa, to embark them for the conquest of Gaul. Can you identify the road he took through Genoa to the sea? Perhaps it may be in sight of your windows; and if so, your prospect is full of stirring associations. I have been reading a good deal of late about Julius Cæsar, and I consider him the most extraordinary figure upon the canvas of history. I wonder that my early reading of him should have been so imperfect. I wish some Boswell of antiquity had been at Cicero's villa, when Cæsar dined with him in one of his journeyings through Italy, and held with him so much literary and philosophic conversation. The record of that conversation would be no small intellectual treat.

Now, my dear nephew, I want you to tell me all you can in the limited compass of letters about Genoa and its associations. I do not need, I believe, much description of its high marble palaces and its stupendous churches; they have long been the wonder of the world. But I should be very glad of your views of life in Italy. I want it in its different phases. I will thank you to describe the occupations and the tastes of the different classes of the people. Let me know how deeply they are debased by their superstitions; and I should like to hear about the priesthood, and the monasteries, and the convents. Is there any real respect felt for the papal power? Or is there not, behind the mask of religion, a secret contempt for that colossal imposture? Is there any extensive prevalence of infidelity in Northern Italy, as we read in speculations upon the subject? We hear a great deal about the art of living in Italy. People, I suppose, are not as careworn as we are. I should like to know how the middle and upper classes distribute their time and pursuits. In this country, we do not understand the art of living; but toil all the livelong day, and far into the night, to scrape together pelf. But, I take it, the people in Italy spend the latter part of the day and evening in domestic enjoyment with their families, or in attending the opera.

Tell me a word of Italian music, with which, I suppose, your atmosphere is filled. I should be glad to know something about the bearing of the government upon the condition of the people. It must come upon them with a severe pressure. I shall write you very often, and very minutely; and, if anything interesting shall occur within our own sphere, I shall send it to you by the first steamer for Europe.

Pray tell me a little of any plans of travel you may have projected — of your personal occupations, and particularly of your studies. I perceive you are reading over extensively the Latin classics. It must be delightful to read them in the land where they were produced.

My family are all blessed with health, and all remember you with the deepest affection. We often carry you in our hearts to the mercy seat, and do not forget to pray that we may meet often here, and reciprocate our mutual love. Remember us most affectionately to your dear wife and children. I am rejoiced to hear that C. is well. He is very dear to me, not only on account of his winning ways, but on account of my having consecrated him to God in baptism before his departure.

Farewell, dear friends; and may God bless and preserve you, and make you ornaments to the country, and blessings to very many who will be brought in contact with you through your consulate.

Sincerely and affectionately, your uncle,

T. Woodbridge.

In March, 1843, I went to Egremont, Mass., to attend a musical concert, and give the address customary on such an occasion. There had been a school in sacred music sustained there for a long time with enthusiasm; and there was a concentration of talent in that town, which seemed to be the favorite haunt of the muses. The following is an outline of my address, which will exhibit my views on an interesting subject, lying a little out of my profession:

Ladies and Gentlemen, — When we contemplate the moral elements which make up the nature of man, we are affected with a variety of emotions. Some aspects of man's nature make us wonder, and some make us weep. When we look at the moral part of his nature, we cannot fail to perceive that his powers have experienced a tremendous shock. A dreadful prostration has come over his moral susceptibilities. But there are in the nature of man some faculties which have remained unscathed by the desolations of the fall. Even since the fall, "man is a being of large discourse, looking before and after." His reason is not directly affected by his alienation from God. He can lift the curtain which conceals the laws by which God governs the universe, and interpret those laws with an eye of intelligence. Imagination and taste, with all their wonderful powers, still remain to us amid our moral ruin. Without imagination, man would dwell in an unlighted sepulchre, with no power of communing with the distant or the grand The Father of lights has poured forth upon us a rich profusion of gifts. Without imagination, we might have accomplished some of the purposes of our being, but existence would have been a dull, cheerless thing; but God has brightened our existence by the gift of imagination, and thus made all nature beauty to the eye and music to the ear. Man, in his fallen condition, resembles a Grecian temple in a state of dilapidation — the finest parts of the structure are in ruin, but a noble column and architrave here and there remain to tell of the grandeur of the original edifice. Among the fine powers which enter into the constitution of man, the gift of music takes a dignified rank.

In surveying our nature, we are filled with wonder and gratitude at the bounty of God in conferring upon us so many avenues by which enjoyment can reach the heart. Music is a talent of wide usefulness, as well as an inlet of great pleasure. Some capacity for music is as universal as man. There is a string in the bottom of the human heart which vibrates at the concord of sweet sounds. This talent for music is innate. We may not be able to understand the *words* of another nation, but we can understand their music. If their notes are pensive, they awaken in us images of sadness; if they are rapid and joyous, they produce emotions of pleasure. There is no nation which has not been addicted to the song. You will find music among the red men of the Western forest, in the rude tent of the Arab, and in the saloons of the polished capitals of Europe. There is no nation, barbarous or civilized, dwelling upon the earth, but that has a word which is synonymous with music. One of the most remarkable qualities of music is its exceeding pliancy. It is adapted to all the varying conditions of man. It falls in with all the shifting fortunes of communities, with all the vicissitudes of families, and with all the changeful humors of individuals. Music is a grand element of civilization, and contributes its full share towards the formation of national character. Arcadia, even romantic, beautiful, innocent Arcadia, the land of bowers and roses, was once rude and barbarous. The Arcadians, as history informs us, sent a delegation to the philosophers of Athens, for instruction in regard to the best method of banishing rudeness and barbarism from their people. The philosophers advised them to return to their country and institute schools of music. "Teach your people," said they, "to cultivate the divine art of music in all its forms, for music will elevate the taste and refine the manners of your people." It stimulates courage, and nerves the arm of the defender of his country. We have touching accounts, in Grecian story, of deeds of valor performed under the influence of music. The Greek soldiers were excited to rage, in the death-strife of the battle-field, by the national airs of their great musicians. It invigorates the sinews of labor. Many a brave boatman, who has tugged at the oar and sighed upon the breeze, has been fired to unwonted exertion by Moore's beautiful Canadian boat-song:

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past."

The labors of our patient and industrious households, in their pursuit of domestic thrift, are lightened by the voice of song.

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work, the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

In this vale of tears, a stream of gladness sometimes brightens our path. Here music lends its efficient aid. It refines, elevates, and brightens our joys. "Is any man merry," says the apostle, "let him sing psalms." On every occasion of rejoicing, music greatly heightens our happiness. When a nation is delivered from oppression, she is irresistibly impelled to

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

When prosperity flings its lights around a family, if they have the common sensibilities of our nature, their feeling is,

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry."

This pliant element of music befriends us under the shadows as well as the lights of existence. It soothes the troubled spirit, it supplies balm to the wounded bosom. Hence music has been mixed up with the funeral rites of all nations. The pensive notes of the elegy come over the dejected spirit like the soft wind of the South; like the music of Caryl, they are pleasing and mournful to the soul.

Scenes of turbulence and strife are often stilled by the voice of music, which bears some distant resemblance to the voice of that great Being who bestowed on us this gift, when he said to the troubled sea of Tiberias, "peace, be still." So music utters her mandatory voice over the waves of human passion, and they are still. In the Synod of Cincinnati, on an occasion of high excitement, which enlisted strong partisan feelings among good men, the Moderator stopped the excited disputants by giving out a touching and noble hymn, accompanied by an appropriate and subduing tune, in which all parties joined. The effect was magical. The controversy lost its spell, and the kindly and charitable feeling of a better world pervaded the assembly.

But the grand recommendation of music is yet to be mentioned. God has taken up this element of influence and consecrated it to his service. The application of music to religion is immensely its noblest use. It is an appointed part of religious worship, and in this relation it becomes sacred in our esteem. Jehovah has greatly honored music by employing it in his immediate service, and he has vouchsafed to this department of worship signal tokens of his favor. No place is too holy for its celestial strains. When the magnificent temple of Solomon was dedicated, while the singers were hymning the praises of Jehovah, a cloud of glory filled the courts of that august edifice. When the New Testament church came forth in its simple beauty, fresh from the hands of the apostles, sacred music still lingered around God's altars, and became a divinely constituted part of public worship under this last and perfect dispensation.

Sacred music brings the mind into an attitude to receive advantageously the truths proclaimed by the eternal gospel. It deepens every religious impression, and overawes the mind with a sense of a present God. The ancient Greeks declare, that, when they sung hymns at the festivals of their gods, a solemn awe took possession of their minds, as though the gods themselves were present; and, when *we* sing with the spirit and the understanding the praises of the living Jehovah, shall we not be deeply impressed with the presence of the God of Israel, who pervades every worshipping assembly with an infinite energy of being? The Infidel, Bolingbroke, remarked, that he could not help feeling himself a sinner when he heard the music of assemblies of Christians.

Since music has received so sacred an application, and is capable of such momentous results, it becomes a matter of vast consequence that it be cultivated with appropriate ardor and skill. No small part of the effect of our religious meetings depends upon the manner in which this department of worship is conducted. Musical talent should be encouraged by all our congregations. Devotional and heartfelt singing should be made a matter of earnest inculcation and fervent prayer. Singing the high praises of God should not be regarded as an interlude in the services, during which pulpit messages may be given out, contribution-boxes circulated, and the fires replenished by the sexton; but the whole congregation should be devoutly attentive, that, with God's blessing, they may warm their hearts around the altar of praise, and then the songs of Zion may be expected to ascend to heaven like a rich cloud of incense.

May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon this accomplished choir of singers; may the touching and noble sentiments which you send forth upon the wings of song be impressed upon your hearts by the silent energies of God's good Spirit, and may you be thus prepared to offer up in heaven notes of praise to redeeming love, which shall detain the wondering ear of an angel. For this consummation we earnestly and devoutly pray.

Amen and amen

CHAPTER XVI.

MY MINISTRY AT SPENCERTOWN.

My marriage. — Letter on the occasion from Professor Kellogg. — Academy. — Notice of B. Ambler. — Dedication of Academy. — Zadoc Pratt. — The Chase Family. — Letters from Mr. and Miss Chase.

In July, 1845, I was married to the young lady of whom I have spoken, who had been an inmate of my house from the beginning of our domestic establishment, and was a constituent member of the family. I had educated her in my own way and to my own taste. She had great energy and tact in regard to business and letters. She knew me well, for she had long resided in my house, and was perfectly acquainted with all my habits and tastes and wants. My situation was peculiar, and I wanted a wife of peculiar aptitudes for that situation. She had had a long experience in a minister's family, and knew the delicacy of the position, and was wonderfully adapted to the situation of my wife. Interest and affection were felicitously blended in this marriage. It was the most auspicious event of my life, and threw many golden threads into the web of my existence.

The ceremony was performed in church on Sunday evening; and I am grateful to my congregation for the delicate demonstrations of respect and consideration which were rendered on the occasion. The church was beautifully illuminated; the music was of the finest character, and the audience was immense. Our large church was densely crowded by the people of this place, and even of distant towns. May the smile of God's omnipotent Providence long rest on this happy union.

Scores of congratulatory letters came in upon us, and I will insert one from my friend, Professor Kellogg, not on account of its special enthusiasm or elegance, but because I want to say a word about the man.

While I was at Andover, my brother, who was one of the trustees of Williams College, wrote to me to select and name to him a man who was well qualified to fill the situation of professor of Greek literature at the college. I immediately fixed my choice upon Mr. Kellogg as better qualified for that position than any other man in the seminary. I consulted Professor Stuart on the subject, who fully coincided with me, and thought Mr. Kellogg the most eligible candidate for such a professorship whom he knew. My brother immediately requested me to engage Mr. Kellogg to visit him, and survey the college. He accompanied me, at the end of the session, to our house, and my brother showed him the college, and introduced him to several of the trustees.

All parties were satisfied and gratified; and, at the next meeting of the board of trustees, Mr. Kellogg was elected. He repaired to the college, and became an eminently useful professor. I hardly know any man of so much merit who has been so little known and blown abroad by the trumpet of fame. He was a modest man, but was a mature scholar and elegant writer. He would have been very widely known if he had been blessed with health; but the feebleness of his health prostrated the energy of his voice, and prevented his making that impression on the public which he could easily have done with better health.

Mr. Kellogg's letter here follows:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, August 30, 1845.

REV. TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE,—It is now getting to be a long time, my dear friend, since we have met, or even exchanged a letter; why, it would be hard to say. The cause, however, of such a phenomenon might be made a topic of inquiry, and admits of an explanation on which either of us might have dwelt in those old times when we loved to reason out everything—especially the phases of human character. You see, in this last sentence, one mark of a change of dates; for, thirty years ago, neither of us would have been apt to use the word *phase* in this manner; or, had we have done it, we should have given it a peculiarity of utterance, as if, in doing so, we were before the age. But these are small matters, and quite *extempore*.

That which moved me to take up my pen is the late appearance of your name in the public prints in a new connection. I cannot, on the occasion, be so negligent of the duty of an old friend as not to tender my congratulations on the event. If my wishes are fulfilled, all your anticipations of benefit and happiness in this new relation will be realized. You have acted wisely in securing to yourself permanently the affectionate attentions of a virtuous and enlightened woman. The lapse of time has removed many, not to say most, of your early friends, or circumstances have placed them at a distance; and you must have felt the want of an object on which your best human affections might properly rest, and I am glad you have taken this step. I hear, through a thousand reliable channels, that the lady you have married is very popular, is greatly loved and respected, and occupies a high social position.

Let me hear from you at the close of the honeymoon; and tell me a little about yourself for the last twelve or fifteen years. If you ask for payment in advance, I would say of myself, that the infirmities of which I used to complain, before our acquaintance was suspended, have grown upon me, especially for the last few years, till my strength and vital powers seem almost spent.

It was owing to your favorable regards, as I have always supposed, that I was placed here in 1815. The history of the college these thirty years has been eventful. I have felt a growing interest in its success, and labored with increasing devotion for its efficiency and usefulness. These labors were relaxed only as health disallowed them. My health continues to decline, though my life has been preserved beyond my expectation. I wait the issue, with humble reverence of the divine will, and hope in divine mercy.

I am, with very respectful and affectionate remembrance,

Yours, E. Kellogg.

After I had been two or three years in Spencertown, I addressed myself to the enterprise of setting up a literary institution upon a broad and respectable scale. After consultation with others, I called a meeting, to consider the expediency of erecting an academy. We held a long succession of meetings, and finally applied to the Legislature for an incorporation. But it was necessary to obtain from our people the funds, and in this matter of funds, we found serious obstacles in the way. A few men subscribed generously; but we wanted three or four thousand dollars; and, after repeated efforts and failures, a special friend of mine, Mr. B—— A——, took up the business of raising the money. He is a remarkable man, and I hope will excuse me for speaking of him plainly, as I do here. He was not only generous himself, even to a fault, but he had the power of strangely infecting others with generosity. The Father of lights endowed him with largeness of soul; and this quality in him seems to be contagious, and gives him influence over others. He took our subscription book, and went through this place, getting generous subscriptions almost everywhere. To the amazement of everybody, in a few days he raised all the money that was wanted, and we immediately made a contract with him to erect our academic edifice. He built a noble structure with his accustomed fidelity and good taste.

Mr. A. is a mason by trade, and a distinguished housebuilder; but he has a great soul, which would qualify him to build a nobler edifice than a fine house. He has mind enough to build the moral structure of a State, and whoever, in coming time — and may that time be far off — shall pass around his grave, may say, in the language of Gray, without any peradventure:

> "Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
> A heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

The dedication of our academy was an interesting affair. As the edifice waxed towards its completion, I proposed to the trustees to invite the Hon. Zadoc Pratt to give the dedicatory address. It would seem, perhaps, an incongruity to call a mechanic, who had received no literary or scientific education, to deliver the address at the opening of a literary institution. But I deemed it a highly proper measure in such a country as ours, where men rise to the highest positions from the obscurest walks of life.

Mr. Pratt is a great man in his sphere, and that is one of great respectability. He is a selfmade man. He went, in early life, among the hemlocks of the Catskill mountains, and set up a tannery. He has pursued with immense enterprise and diligence the business of tanning; and has acquired, by honest industry in that vocation, a vast fortune. All along he has remembered to cultivate his mind, and is a man of capacity and general information. He is a generous friend of all the valuable interests of society, and has sustained with a strong hand our literary and benevolent institutions. He has also, by his good sense and virtues, acquired a measure of political consideration, and has been our representative in Congress. We do more good to our country by honoring such meritorious and useful citizens than by placing laurels on the brows of military chieftains.

We gave our orator a large audience at the dedication, and he gave us a sensible and well-written address, a good deal in the style of our great Franklin. The address was rendered piquant and spicy by frequent allusions to the different departments of his own trade, and by images well borrowed from the business of tanning. Before leaving us, he made a generous donation to our library, and we were grateful and gratified by his visit.

Our academy has been a flourishing and useful institution, and has imparted a good and somewhat liberal education to numerous youths of both sexes, who would otherwise have been deprived of that blessing. It is hardly possible to estimate the beneficial influence of such an institution. The development and culture of a single mind has, in some cases, shot an influence around the globe.

I have been in the habit of frequently visiting our academy; have attended all its examinations and exhibitions; and have often addressed the scholars, and given them the best maxims, to aid them in their preparation for future life, I could gather from reflection and reading. One earnest aim has been to inculcate upon them the power and habit of attention; to train them to the undivided application of their faculties to the subject before them; and to teach them to think, read, and write, without the disturbance of stray thoughts.

In 1846, the citizens of Spencertown, desirous of appropriately celebrating our National Independence, made timely arrangements to accomplish their object. In addition to the usual exercises of such an occasion, the ladies proposed to give a public dinner in the open air; and a local as well as national character was imparted to the festival. Cards of invitation were sent to the natives of Spencertown, who resided abroad, to return again to their early scenes, and, while celebrating national glories, to exchange congratulations at the home of their childhood. Some of our sons, who had won reputation and fortune at a distance, bent their steps from their eminences of fame reverently to return to their native scenes, and mingle with their early friends, and drink pure water from the "old oaken bucket." After the exercises at the church, the assembly moved in procession, accompanied by national flags and a band of music, to a beautiful grove, where an elegant repast had been prepared by the ladies. The first flag was borne by a veteran of the Revolution, who carried arms at the capture of Burgoyne, and was engaged in many other battles of the war of Independence. The sight of this venerable old soldier, and the enthusiasm with which he entered into the celebration, was affecting, and added greatly to the interest of the day.

Extensive circular tables were arranged under the shadow of venerable trees, near the bank of Myrtle creek, and, directly back of the president's seat arose a beautiful mountain, which, with the rich foliage of its dense forest, formed an elegant background to the picture; while, in front, were seen the village spire, private residences, flower-gardens, verdant fields, and, near by, the bower and tents of the pic-nic party.

The last regular sentiment was as follows: "The Protestant religion: our fathers loved it, our mothers cherished it; may their sons and daughters ever regard it as the corner-stone of American liberty."

The president of the day, the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, being called upon, made the following remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — The broad disc of the sun almost touches our western mountains, and admonishes me to let my words be few. You have passed a most exciting day; you have been borne along upon the waves of music and eloquence, till your minds are flurried with rapture and jaded with fatigue; and, in this frame of spirit, you do not want to hear a grave discussion upon the Protestant religion. And yet this religion is an element which is mixed up so largely with our history, our institutions, and all the goodly things around us, that we should be recreant to our obligations if we were to pass it by in silence on such a day as this. You will not expect me, just as the sun is setting, to spread out the length and breadth of the Protestant religion; I will, therefore, limit my remarks to a single distinctive feature of it, which is strikingly brought out in one of the mottoes on these beautiful banners which are floating over our tables to-day. The motto I refer to is this:

"Tyrants, be afraid; the Bible is unfettered."

Yes, the Bible is unfettered. The Protestant religion unfettered it, and sent it forth upon its mission of liberty and salvation among the families of the earth. Whenever the Bible comes into the possession of a human being, it whispers to his soul a great lesson on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. The very fact of possessing a Bible arouses a man's faculties, and brings him up to a sense of responsibility. He understands that he is to read and interpret this holy volume for himself. This noble exercise of the right of private judgment in matters of religion unsepulchres the mind and gives it a new existence.

A young and gifted Italian asked me, a few months ago, what he should do to be a Protestant? I said to him, "Take your Bible, and say, 'this is a revelation from God to my soul. I will consult it; I will read it; I will sound its depths as far as I am able; and I will draw my religion from its fountains of eternal truth. It was given to make me wise unto salvation. I will read it for myself. I will not go to the Pope, or the grand-duke, or the church, or the State, to prescribe my faith; but I will read and interpret the Bible for myself.' This will make you a Protestant; and, if you will humbly believe the doctrine God reveals to your faith, and obey the precepts God enjoins upon your life, you will be, in the highest sense and significance of the word, a Christian."

At the Reformation, when the people began to read the Bible, they found that they had been outrageously abused in matters of religion; and, after their minds had been expanded with these new and stirring subjects of inquiry, they began to direct their attention to other quarters, and they soon found that they had been excessively abused in matters of government as well as religion, and their hearts soon began to yearn for civil as well as religious liberty. Their new-born energies prompted them to level their double batteries against the spiritual hierarchies and political despotisms that overshadowed them. Our Puritan fathers were the most ardent lovers of the Bible, and, by necessary consequence, of liberty too. They could not be satisfied, or feel that anything was done, till the last chain of oppression was broken. They came here, that religion and liberty might have a country and a home which they could call their own. Puritanism is the fullest and most perfect development of the Protestant religion. It was this religion that sent the Mayflower, with the rudiments of an empire in her cabin, to Plymouth rock.

This event, in the language of a great writer of England, was the beginning of America. "There were straggling settlers in America before, but the soul was not there. These men determined on settling in the New World. Black, untamed forests are there, and wild, savage creatures, but not so cruel as Star-chamber hangmen. They thought the earth would yield them food if they tilled honestly. The everlasting heaven would stretch there, too, overhead, and they should be left in peace, to prepare for eternity, by living well in time. Ha! these men, I think, had a work. The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Men could laugh at Puritanism then, but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has firearms, war navies; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains; it is one of the strongest things under the sun."

The Protestant religion, which "our fathers loved and our mothers cherished," was not a production of the sixteenth century. It is as old as the Word of God. It traces back its history to Jesus Christ and the Apostles. It existed in all its strength and beauty long before it was overlaid with popery. This primitive and pure religion is the glory and bulwark of our land. It has bestowed upon us the blessing of a published Bible, and a proclaimed Bible, too. God grant that these blessings may remain our rich heritage, till the shout of salvation shall thunder through the temple of God.

In 1846, I received the degree of doctor in divinity from Williams College. This literary honor was unsolicited and unexpected.

About this time, I accidentally made an acquaintance with a distinguished Quaker family, by the name of Chase, residing in Chatham, twelve miles off. The head of this house is Cornelius Chase, a venerable man of about seventy, highly intellectual and well-informed. He had kept a successful boarding-school for many years, and had acquired a fortune by that business. He is, perhaps, the most conspicuous Quaker in the county of Columbia. His daughter Mary was an extraordinary person. Mary was one of those rare spirits who seem given to show us the capacities of the human mind. Hers was early stored with classic and historic lore, and richly embellished with varied and elegant literature. She was by birth a poet, and, from early childhood to her dying hour, her soul was a well-tuned harp, on whose strings both the natural and the active world were continually awaking sweetest music. In conversation she was brilliant. Her acquaintance was much courted, and, but for her unusual stock of common sense, and strong religious principle, she would have become vain, perhaps artificial and egotistic. But, as the Word of God was her corner-stone, and the Spirit's guidance her glory, a beautiful simplicity endeared her to all. As a teacher, Miss Chase was faithful even to devotion, and as a friend, generous and loving. In her home she was the cherished jewel, and, from her earliest days, her wishes seemed a law written upon the hearts of her brothers and sisters. Yet this never led her to exact from them, or to assume a superiority over them; on the contrary, she seemed to have grown into a trusting, generous, self-sacrificing spirit in the nursery of home affection. The commendation of her father, the honor of her mother, the gratification of her brothers and sisters, appeared to be her highest earthly good.

She died, as she had wished, with the leaves of her beloved forest, in 1852. "She was committed to her last resting-place," said her father, in a letter to me, "not in a public cemetery, but in a spot selected by herself, under the wide-spread boughs of a majestic oak;—a favorite spot it was to her while living. There peered up among the leaves the first violets of spring, the beautiful hepatica with its azure eyes. Here she sat to meditate, and here, in this lonely but romantic spot, lies in soft repose the earthly remains of my youngest born. A small, white stone marks the spot; on this is inscribed:

"'MARY'S GRAVE.

"'And many an evening sun shines sweetly on her grave.'"

Miss Chase acquired a high reputation by her contributions, in prose and verse, to our principal literary periodicals. I had the pleasure of bringing about an acquaintance with her and Tupper, the poet and proverbial philosopher of England. This acquaintance produced an animated correspondence between them, some portions of which have been given to the public. I had also the pleasure of a correspondence with Mr. Chase and his daughter. A few of their letters will be here subjoined:

(FROM MISS CHASE.)

CHATHAM, September 23, 1848.

DR. AND MRS. WOODBRIDGE:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—for such I take the liberty of calling you,—I have used almost the first leisure I have had since I left your house, in a few impromptu lines on Trippy, your beautiful dog, which I will publish in some one of the periodicals to which I contribute, unless you object to it. I should be glad to give immortality to Trippy; but these few lines, I fear, will give him but a brief one. They will serve to show that I have not forgotten my pleasant visit with Trippy's guardians and friends.

Well, autumn has come upon us like a thief in the night. We do not seem to have any of those lingering summer days, which would almost cheat one into the belief that the season of roses and singing birds would never be over. But it is right that it should be so, and it seems to me we live in a climate peculiarly adapted to our nature. Hope, promise, bright anticipation, have their type in the spring-time; attained purposes, fulfilled desires, in the next change of the year; the harvest of good deeds, the reward of well-doing, in the autumn; and those solemn seasons of the soul, when, surrounded by our garnered sheaves, we turn our long-deferred meditations towards the past, and, reflecting on what we have done, stand silently before Heaven, and wait for its appointed days of labor to come round again, are very like the earth's fallow time — the cold and dreary, but sublime and religious, winter.

If we lived in any of those summer lands, where the harvest was sure to our toil, where the early frost never blighted the corn, nor the late frost disturbed the fruit-buds, I think we should more easily degenerate into mere worshippers of nature (her phenomena being less variable), than in this zone, where we feel often as if Almighty Goodness had stretched out his set seasons, that the labor of the industrious man might have its full reward. Welcome, then, stormy autumn, since thou hast so noble a mission to perform. Thine is not only the office to prepare the forest and field for the ruder storms of winter, but to fortify the spirit also. In the figurative words of the poet:

"My tree was thick with leaves; O blast, thine office do,
And strip the foliage off, to let the heaven shine through.
They're wholly blown away, bright blossoms and green leaves;
They're brought home to the barns, all colorless, the sheaves."

Pardon my extended thought. I merely meant to say a few pleasant words to yourselves, to whom I tender my warmest regards, and I have unconsciously made a letter of it. Please give my love to dear Charley, and tell him I hope to go to see him before winter, and bring him home with me for a few days, if he will come.

Your affectionate friend,

MARY M. CHASE.

The following letter from Cornelius Chase, writen in Quaker style, is marked with a delightful simplicity; and, instead of being a modern production, seems like an ancient epistle, that has floated down the stream of time from one of the primitive fathers of the church:

CHATHAM, 2d month 5th, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND, — Permit a stranger to address thee in a few words. But stay, are we strangers? It is written, "Ye have one master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Are we strangers, then? Do we not rather belong to one family? May I not claim a relationship, and at once throw off the reserve and diffidence of a stranger, and address thee as a brother in the gospel of Christ, and at once avow my object in thus troubling thee with these lines? It is as follows: My daughter Mary read to me a letter from thee, in which my name was referred to in a manner which seemed to me an evidence of that feeling which constitutes the relationship above alluded to, and also mention was made of a visit to us being intended before long. This is, therefore, to express my gratification thereat, and to invite thee to hasten the time, and to bring thy amiable wife with thee.

In the meantime, believe me thy assured friend,

CORNELIUS CHASE.

The following invitation from Mr. Chase to keep Christmas at his house, may amuse some readers, as the Quaker Communion repudiate all such observances:

CHATHAM, 5th of 12th month, 1850.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Sometime since, I understood that thou hadst given encouragement of visiting us sometime in the future; but, as the said visit has not been performed as yet, I write this, by way of invitation to thee to do so on the 25th of this month, to be here at dinner, and to stay with us all night. I do not select that day because of its being Christmas, but because divers of our friends, from different parts, have informed us of their intention to dine with us on that day, to whom I should be glad to introduce thee as our friends.

Very respectfully, thy friend,

CORNELIUS CHASE.

To this invitation Mary added her note:

DEAR DR. AND MRS. WOODBRIDGE,—I hope it is quite unnecessary for me to add my urgent request, that you would come up to Chatham at Christmas, upon my father's invitation. I regret that we could not have visited you last summer, and was only consoled by hoping to do so at a future time. We had intended calling on you this fall, but cares have prevented. Will you not, my dear friends, waive ceremony, and, if health and duty permit, join us either at dinner on Christmas, or in the evening of that day, when we shall have a Christmas tree, and some agreeable friends to assist in gathering its fruit? All who come will find this remarkable plant bearing some fruit intended for them from its first inception and growth, though it will neither be "far-fetched" or "dear-bought." We trust it will serve as a reminder of friendship. I shall rely upon Mrs. W.'s well-known energy and activity to overcome obstacles, should any present; and hope that, before dinner, your carriage will be at our door. It is but a little way, and you will meet dear friends.

In haste, with sincere regard,

MARY M. CHASE.

We repaired to Mr. Chase's Christmas-day, and met a most genial reception. We had a large company of guests at dinner, and the establishment seemed like an old baronial castle. The tree was exhibited in the evening, and was magnificent. The company of guests was very large. After the tree and refreshments were over, Miss Chase read us a very elegant, touching, and witty Christmas tale, of her own composition.

(FROM MARY.)

CHATHAM, February 3, 1850.

DEAR DR. AND MRS. WOODBRIDGE,—* * * * While the pleasant days of summer lasted, I made many plans to surprise you with a visit of a few hours. But we had sickness and death in the house, though not of our own family; and, when the cholera came so fatal near by, I was afraid to descend from our green and wholesome hills to the valleys. A hundred domestic cares, which Mrs. Woodbridge will understand without enumeration, have prisoned me this winter. Dear father and I have often spoken of our wish to see you, and, by your letter, we are brightened with the hope of entertaining you ere long at our house. Does not Trippy sometimes take a journey, too? He will be a very welcome little guest. Please give him a warm invitation to accompany his indulgent master and mistress, when you make us happy by visiting us. Assure him that my cupboard is not like that of ancient Mrs. Hubbard, and always affords a dainty, delicate little bone, fit for so dainty a dog.

I am happy to hear your household is blessed with health, and that cheerfulness which not all the storms of winter can subdue. Ah! not all the wealth of that new land in the West is equal in value to the golden gleams which true Christian contentment and faith cast upon our path. It used to be a great obstacle in my way to observe the grave and often gloomy aspect of many good, pious people. I said, "Why was this buoyant, imaginative, gay spirit created in me, if it must be crushed, stifled, and fettered, before I can possess my Father's crown of glory, laid up for me since the foundation of the world. Can I not serve my Lord, and yet be joyous and glad?" Time showed me, however, that none have so true a claim on cheerfulness and enthusiasm as those who have cast their burdens away where Christian, the pilgrim, lost his. And, though life is a serious matter, and death and eternity solemn considerations, how much less so are they to those who trust in God, than to others! I trust, my dear Dr. Woodbridge, the example of your kindly and genial flow of Christian gladness and enthusiasm was an encouragement to me. How often those wayside comfortings affect us more than many a labored discourse.

I shall, with pleasure, accept your kind invitation to spend a little while with you, as soon as I am able to leave home. I enclose a line from my good old father, and, with affectionate remembrance to you both, remain, very truly,

Your friend,

MARY M. CHASE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY MINISTRY AT SPENCERTOWN.

Letter to Mr. Lester. — Letter from Mr. Lester, from Rome. — His Interview with the Pope. — Typhoid Fever. — Donation Visit. — Resignation of the Pastorate. — Action of the Presbytery and the Congregation. — Appointment to General Assembly. — Position of Presbytery in regard to Old and New Schools. — Exciting Subjects in General Assembly. — Female Seminaries. — Miss. G.

SPENCERTOWN, December 10, 1847.

C. EDWARDS LESTER :

MY DEAREST NEPHEW, — We thank you for your last letters. They were full of matters of unwonted interest. All Europe is reeling to its centre, and foaming horses, I perceive, are bearing couriers through Italy. Thrones, everywhere, are heaving; kings are turning pale, and the people are excited to madness and unmeasured transport with their present liberation.

You have, then, projected a journey to Rome. I rejoice that you are going to the Eternal City. I hope you will write me soon after you arrive. I will here make a few inquiries. You make your journey, I perceive, from Civita Vecchia. I have heard much of the little journey from that seaport to the Eternal City. Will you describe to me the first distant appearance of the dome of St. Peters? Travellers represent it as a striking phenomenon. When you are in Rome, millions of spirits will seem to fill the atmosphere above and around you. The mighty shades of the dead of olden times will haunt your fancy. I want you to tell me of the associations which the buried empire under your feet will awaken in your mind. You will be at Rome at a specially interesting time, and will see the effects of the revolutionary movements of Europe upon the headquarters of moral influence. I shall be intensely curious to hear from you, a personal witness, in regard to that subject. I suppose you will have an interview with the Pope at this most exciting time. He seems at present to be rising in popularity; but I judge of the character of no man in an elevated position till he is dead. We are all hasty in our judgments in this country; but there is wisdom as well as wit in John Randolph's remark in the Senate, when Bolivar was called the Washington of South America: "I would rather," said the eccentric senator from Virginia, "have our dead Washington than a thousand living Bolivars."

Life flows on in Spencertown quietly and sweetly. My marriage was the brightest event of my life. My wife sends a thousand thanks to Cousin Ellen for the long and piquant and graphic letter she sent her. It is such a letter as none but a woman could write, and one woman knows how to write to the heart of another of her own sex. Mrs. W. is delighted with Cousin Ellen's minute pictures of the spirit and form of domestic life. Such letters are instructive and fascinating, and I should be glad to publish extracts from this last one.

My congregation here is united and flourishing, and my most earnest desire and prayer is, that spiritual blessings may descend upon us till we are compelled to exclaim, "Stay thy hand, O God, for it is enough; we have not any more room for blessings." This is the grand drift of all my prayers, sermons, and efforts of every kind.

Though the next presidential canvass is somewhat distant, people already begin to be excited, and I fear we shall have a tremendous campaign. I dread one of these presidential elections, and, from the path where I walk my spiritual rounds, I look forward to them as the traveller in the Arabian desert looks at the red and glaring simoom that is beginning to rise in the south. May God save us from an absorption in politics.

I can think of nothing of a local nature that is specially interesting. We all remember you here with affection and respect, and long to have you return and tell us of your travels. As your business in Europe causes you to reside there in this most exciting time, I think you must have some most delightful materials for a book. When you return, which I trust will be as soon as next summer, come directly with your family to my house. This is your home of affection, and I trust you will make it your first place of repose after coming to America. My dear wife and her mother wish me to assure you of their continued and tenderest regard. Give our best love to the dear children, and kiss them for us.

Sincerely and affectionately, your uncle,

T. WOODBRIDGE.

ROME, March 27, 1848.

MY DEAR UNCLE, — At last I am in the tomb of the Cæsars; but I cannot answer half your questions till I meet you on the banks of our charming Green River. The clarion of revolution has sounded once more through Europe. I had been in Italy several years without seeing Rome. Ready to start for home — that wild steam-world — and, as Italy was rocking to the shock of an earthquake revolution, I did not dare to take my family with me; but I felt safe in leaving them, for there were three or four American war vessels lying in the harbor.

So, with my family in a hotel, whose windows looked out on those gallant ships, to which they could, at a moment's notice, escape, for a kind and powerful shelter, from the imminent explosions expected every hour at Genoa, I packed up my "duds" for Rome, compelled, for the want of time, to go by sea.

Late at night, it became very rough, and we went to our berths, and, at seven in the morning, reached Civita Vecchia, the ancient Cento Celle of the Romans. It had been a matter of speculation, all the way from Genoa, whether the Pope, by the pressure of events, or by his own inclination, would grant a constitution; but, as we entered the harbor, we saw the tri-color of Italy flying, that ancient sign of democracy in the Imperial City which floated there in the time of Napoleon, which announced that the cause of national independence had triumphed.

When we landed, we saw the Constitution; and, in reading it on the corners of the streets, published in large letters, found that it embraced the fundamental principles of religious and political liberty.

The next problem to solve was, how Pius IX. could live under such a *regime* — for it had been very evident to everybody that he could not live under any other; so that, whatever, may be the result of his policy, it was a matter of life and death to him to adopt it at the time, although it might prove a hazardous experiment in the end.

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We had to pass three hours at Civita Vecchia, in the midst of an infamous gang of lazzaroni, venal officers, dirty streets, a drenching rain, a popular yell of brigands (who descended from the mountains) for Pius IX., because they hope to have an opportunity to to rob everybody else with impunity; and in the midst also of execrations from priests, Jesuits, and monks, and police officers, because they feared their reign was over.

Poor Pio Nino! You have a hard job before you to reform your people, and you will never do it. It is no joke to change the character of five millions of people in a day. They want liberty, but they will not know what to do with it. Thus I thought.

The regular *diligenza* had started off for Rome, which was fifty miles distant, and we had to start one on our own account.

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For twenty-five miles our ride lay along the sea, or in sight of it, through vast fields, grown up with briars — few habitations straggling over the waste — herds of goats, with their long white hair — white Roman oxen, with their wide-spreading horns — horses, half-wild; but all half-starved.

For twenty-five miles, we saw but one field of growing grain; and one of the richest soils on earth, that had furnished estates for the ancient Roman nobility, that had been enriched with the most prolific productions, domestic and exotic — all baking in a sultry sun one day, and soaking, the next, in pools of muddy water. Everywhere was ruin — decay. Some half-asleep *pastor* lay watching his herds, with his suggestive, but, for him, meaningless crook; and all this up to the very gates of Rome! Heaven above! what was the Yankee traveller coming to?

Twenty-two miles from Rome, we mounted a hill, and saw in the distance the dome of St. Peter's, like a round pyramid on a desert; but not another sign of Rome yet — not another building nor spire — nothing but that solitary dome.

Just at this moment, as if the day of all days was to be signalized by some extraordinary event, while we were gazing our eyes out of our heads, down came the old *diligenza*, with a crash which sounded very much like a declaration of war against going another inch farther that night towards Rome. Well, a carriage came along; I happened to know its owner; he offered me a seat to Rome.

The sun was going down in the sea, and casting his floods of gold over the desolations of desert and empire. St. Peter's caught the last rays of the sunset, and held them bright, after the sun had set to *us;* and then we did not lose sight of it, for the moon was already in the eastern sky, and the dome only looked black after the sunset in the deep and impressive shadow it cast on itself.

On we went, through the desert towards Rome. Horrid roads, desolation on all sides, no railroad, "no nothing." Well, there was a comfort in all this—rutty, *ruinous roads ought to take the pilgrim of the western steam-world to the grand ruin of ages.* There was something like *harmony* (in artistic language) in approaching old Rome through such a desolation.

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As we drew near the Eternal City, the dome grew smaller—as Rome, in ancient times, grew larger to Gauls, Germans, Egyptians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and even Britons, as they retired from it—every hour, every step.

At last, near midnight, we entered the gate Angelica, which rises beautiful in its massive, but chaste proportions, under the shadow of St. Peter's, at the northwest corner of the city. Here, too, all was in keeping.

Our baggage had been examined at Civita Vecchia, and declared *free;* but the *bullo*, which had been put on every trunk, box, and bandbox, to save after trouble, was overhauled at the gate, or would have been, by a band of midnight locusts, who came out, rubbing their eyes, with short pipes in their mouths, to look after the Doginal interest, and make large speeches about "bulli;" and "It is necessary to open all these trunks; but, if you can give us the usual *buono mano*, all will go right, and you will be saved the trouble," etc., etc. Well, we gave them three pauls, which the Italian gentleman in the *coupé* said was enough, but which they said, "Not enough, signor. It will cost you more trouble than that, signor."

Gods of Old Rome! Jupiter and all your celestial family! where have you all gone to? and whom have you given place to? Popes, or somebody else, who have perpetrated worse freaks than you ever did, by a very long shot.

We went by St. Peter's on to the castle of St. Angelo, over the Tiber, "chafing his shores," like a muddy American brook in a thunder-storm — stopped at the first inn, and, tired, cold, wet, half dead, I laid myself down in the city of ruins, feeling almost as antiquated as anything in it. I could not sleep; I was in Rome. I could as soon have slept in a sepulchre; up, down, Rome — always that mighty sarcophagus of nations.

Towards morning, I got rested; and, the first shock of feeling myself in Rome having passed, I began to sleep; and such a sleep! All the bright and glorious things of all my life came crowding round my fancy; for it is not enough to say they clustered. Every beautiful statue I had ever seen or heard of was there in one enchanted hall — all waked to life, breathing music, grouping, bending round me, and so, till the sun came through my window, and I looked out and *saw* the ruined city, the tomb where nations had found their sepulchre, and from whose ashes even American civilization had lighted its torch.

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In coming down from the ball of St. Peter's, one afternoon, I found a friend waiting for me, with a pair of fine-blooded English saddle-horses. We mounted, and rode for two or three hours around the western environs of Rome. At sundown, we entered the city at the western gate, crossed the Tiber by the castle of St. Angelo, passed through the town, rode under the arch of Titus, by the Golden House of the Cæsars, around and through the Coliseum, by the Campidoglio, and came out on the piazza of Monte Cavallo.

At seven that evening, I went to the Quirinal, and a Monsignore showed me into the Pontiff's audience-chamber, and withdrew. Pius was seated on the side of a large room, completely draped in crimson velvet, with a ceiling exquisitely painted in fresco, and corniced in gold, beside a table, and clothed in the usual dress he wears, with the little white silk cap on his head. This first interview, being one which the courtesy of the Pope had extended, without an application, I felt the more bound to comply with the etiquette which is deemed appropriate, if not absolutely necessary, in all audiences with the Sovereign Pontiff. As I entered, the Pope rose partly from his chair. Half-way from the door, I dropped on one knee for a moment, when he beckoned me forward. I approached. He at once extended his hand, which I kissed. He took both my hands in his, and addressed me with such kind words as a prince and a pontiff only can afford to say to one who could lay little claim to his condescension.

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"Santo Padre," I said, "you know that I am a Protestant; but, in complying with the ceremony which attends the introduction of any man to your presence, I trust that your holiness will believe that every token of respect which I show comes from my heart; otherwise I should not be here."

"Yes, my son, I know it. Speak to me as you would speak to any friend that you love, for I feel towards you as a father. So far as you recognize in my poor person a representation of the religion of our common Saviour, so far I recognize in you an equally honest and inspiring faith."

"Your holiness has had occasion to know how my countrymen feel towards you."

"Yes; it seems that the Americans *do* love me. They are a free and a great nation. Your country is full of light and truth and liberty. Have you been long resident at Genoa?"

"Six years."

"And your family?"

"A wife and two children."

"What are the children's names?"

"Ellen and Charles. I had often promised to bring them to Rome. They have spent most of the few years of their lives in Italy. The Italian is their mother language. They have grown very familiar with the songs of triumph and liberty they have heard during the last two years. But, when I left Genoa, I did not deem it safe to bring them with me. They wept when I parted with them; for I had not redeemed my pledge, and they could hardly understand the reason."

"But I will, nevertheless, bless them, and with all my heart." Seating himself again, and desiring me also to be seated, he hastily caught up his pen, and, on a sheet of note paper, wrote these words: "*Dio benedica Elena e Carlo Lester.*" (God bless Ellen and Charles Lester.) "Take this to Ellen and Carlino," he added, "and tell them that Pio Nino loves them, and will pray for them every day; and, some time or other, they must come to Rome and see me."

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He asked me about my studies. I mentioned the name of Hildebrand with great admiration, and remarked, that I had made what progress I could, in the libraries of Genoa for some years, in collecting the materials for the life of that great statesman.

"I am glad to hear you speak so of Hildebrand; he was a great and glorious defender of the nationality and tne liberties of Italy, during the Dark Ages. He had a breast of steel. He looks to me like a column of fire on the desert of ages. You must write about Hildebrand, and of course you will have to come to Rome to do it. Here you will find many new and rich materials for such a work, and in this matter I can help you materially. There is much in the Vatican on this subject, which belongs to all mankind, and we must try and dig it out."

I had taken with me a copy of one or two of my works, which I offered for his acceptance. They were received most graciously, and I was somewhat surprised at the correct pronunciation of the Pope, as he read rapidly aloud the title-pages. He rang the bell, when a gentleman entered, to whom he announced that he would be engaged for the evening, and could see no other person. With the assurance that it would be agreeable to his holiness to have me remain for some time, to communicate information in reference to my own country, and at a further and more pressing invitation, I took my seat, feeling entirely free from any restraint which would have been imposed by any but a strictly private audience.

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I soon learned that one of the new ministers of Charles Albert, who had done me many kindnesses long before he ever aspired to the cabinet of a King, had written a letter to Rome before my arrival, which had secured, without my agency, the invitation to the audience I was now attending, with such assurances as had gained for me courtesies and condescensions to which, according to the customs of the country, I felt myself in no manner entitled. I was better known, in two senses, than I had supposed; and in reply to the object of my visit, I said, "I have come to Rome, not to see the tombs of the Cæsars, for already the modern has, to me, become greater than the ancient world. I have written voluminously, but carefully, of the events of the last few years, and I expect to print what I have written when I go home. I have been obliged to speak often and to say much of yourself; and in this, as in all other things, I desire to speak only the truth — to make no mistake; and, in the midst of a thousand contradictory reports about many things, I did not know what was true. My chief object in coming to Rome, then, was to know the exact truth in regard to yourself and your pontificate."

"And I will help you in this kind work. You have the means of making your countrymen understand the truth of me and my country and the times. The business of the historian is noble; he records God's doings on the earth; he could not have a higher office. I will help you. I will send Monsignore ——— to present to you his eminence the Cardinal ———, who is my friend. He knows all about me and my pontificate, and you can take anything from him as though it came from me."

Again he rang the bell, and the Monsignore appeared, received his orders, and withdrew.

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It is the custom, of course, at all the courts, for persons who are honored with an audience by a sovereign, to follow, and in no case lead, the conversation, and to remain in the royal presence until a gracious indication is given of an adieu. Already more than two hours had passed, and I had for some time been waiting, with a little impatience, the usual intimation that the audience was over. Not receiving it, I arose to go.

"No, not yet, if you will stay. I am tired, very; I always am. I do not expect repose; but it rests me to talk with you. There is something new and fresh about these ideas and this interview. Anything but public business gives me repose, more profound than the deepest sleep. Let us go on." And he asked me a great many questions about America, and expressed, in many forms, the kindest feelings towards my country. "I have sent a small present to the Americans. Its value was not great, but I sent my heart with it." The pontiff here alluded to a complete collection of the pontifical coins, which were forwarded to this country, of the value of several thousand dollars, and which, to the very great regret of all the friends of learning and science, were destroyed in the conflagration of the library of Congress."

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After much more conversation, I again rose.

"Ah, stop a moment, if you please. I will not keep you waiting." Taking a wax candle from the table, and lighting it by the shaded lamp before him, he withdrew to an adjoining room, and soon returned, bringing with him a little morocco case. "I have brought you a small token of my love. If you carry this with you when you leave Rome, you will not forget Pius IX." He handed me the case, and interrupted my thanks by saying, that if I desired to ask him any special questions about his pontificate, or the state of Italian affairs, I could do so with the utmost freedom. I did ask him several questions that seemed to me to give him an opportunity of explaining, just at far as he wished and no further, the future policy of the pontificate.

"I began," said he, "to administer the Holy See with the same views I had always cherished, viz., that there is nothing in the gospel, or the Church of Christ, that does not harmonize perfectly with the largest civil liberty; and that, when this idea is fully understood by the world, the priests will give up their hostility against liberal governments, and the people their prejudices against the church and the priesthood."

Here I asked: "Is your holiness persuaded that the principles of the gospel, as they are understood by the church, harmonize perfectly with full liberty of conscience, as well as with the largest degree of civil liberty?"

"Assuredly I am. No sort of attempt to impose creeds upon men, or to control religious opinions, has ever, in the long run, been successful. Men's bodies and fortunes may be managed and manipulated by force; but no attempt in Christendom has ever succeeded, or ever ought to succeed, in manipulating men's consciences. Least of all should this be done *now*, for we are living at a period when civil and religious liberty have become indispensable to the peace of society. The power of princes, as such, is gone — their physical power, I mean; and henceforth they can neither preserve their thrones nor their influence, unless they move on with the rest of the world, and blend their ambitions and interests with the progress of the human race."

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"If such are the opinions of your holiness, and God spares your life, I most ardently hope that we shall soon see, not only a political amelioration in the condition of men, but a complete religious union throughout Christendom. The schism of the sixteenth century seems to me to have taken place on this ground. Had Leo X. held these opinions, Protestantism never would have existed. Liberty, civil and religious, was the only great point at issue between the

Protestants and the Papists. Leo denied many of these very principles which you have conceded to your subjects. Protestants never go back. They may meet you on common ground, as far as matters of Christian faith in cardinal principles go, provided you yield to these great principles of civil liberty, which the church has steadily fought against for several centuries. In proof of this, you have already seen the enthusiasm which your reforms have excited among the Protestants of the United States."

"Yes, and with great delight. I am persuaded that such are the institutions of the United States, that, in all ideas of national liberty, your people are not only better educated, but that in fact you are the freest people in the world."

I found the Pope bolder and more radical in his views about civil liberty than I expected. I could not but continue; and, in reply to one of my remarks, he asked:

"Do you think that the Protestants of America would return to the bosom of the church?"

"Not the church their fathers left, by any means. They would, however, I doubt not, under the inspiration of a general movement throughout Christendom, yield everything but those *essential points* which they conceive to lie at the very basis of civil and religious liberty."

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"What will they not give up?"

"There are a few things, certainly, they cannot and will not surrender. First, the great principle, that man is endowed by his Creator with the right to act and think with perfect liberty, so far as his thoughts and acts do not contravene the rights and happiness of others. Second, that the church has no power whatever over the souls of men, except that moral power with which God has endowed all pre-eminent goodness; especially that holiness which, when completely embodied in an ecclesiastical organization, was intended by the Saviour, and is expected of men, to be worthy of veneration, support, love, and, I will even say, obedience. I doubt not that, if the Protestants of America become entirely persuaded that the Church of Rome is friendly to the largest degree of civil and religious liberty, which can consist with the greatest order and the greatest progress of mankind; that she is disposed to adapt herself to the spirit and intelligence of the age — that they will regard your church, and yourself, as the representative of it, in a far different light from what they now do. They might even recognize you as the visible head of Christ's Church on earth. Perhaps it might be necessary to have their concurrence asked, and to have their concurrence given in your election, or the election of your successor, on a true representative principle, by which, as we elect a President, a Pope should be elected — by a college, chosen by men who believe in a common Saviour throughout all nations."

I had been betrayed, I was afraid, too far already; but a single remark, and a kind look from Pius, embolded me to continue, and I said, "I hope that your reforms may be carried as far in the Church as they have been in the State; and I doubt not you will find the Protestants more ready to meet you half way than either the priesthood or the hierarchy of the Catholic Church will be."

Pius said that he could not but hear such opinions with pleasure. "I see no object," said he, "so great or glorious for a good man to live for, as *a union of all the believers of Christ under the shadow of the Cross of Calvary, and the concentration of their united forces in civilizing and enlightening the world* — of redeeming the great, the entire mass of humanity, through the sublime agency of the gospel. If we shall live to see that day, God only knows. So far as I may have the means given to me to bring it about by Providence, be assured that I shall use them."

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When at last the good man bowed, and I was to leave, I knelt before him, and asked him to give me his benediction. He held his right hand on my head, and said: "I do give thee my benediction, and I will pray God, our Almighty Father, to bless you, for his blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it." And then he used these words: "May the blessing of God descend on your head; may God's good Spirit guide you into all truth; may his Providence uphold and protect you, your wife, and your little children; and may he at last bring us, by his grace, to the world of the redeemed. And the same blessing I ask for you, I implore for your friends and your country. O God," he said, as he turned his eyes up to heaven, "thou knowest that I love the country of Washington. I pray thee to bless that dear and favored nation which thou hast loved so well. Fill it with the light of eternal truth and the cheerfulness of thy divine countenance. Preserve its liberties, its union, and its virtue. May it continue to be the asylum of exiles and of the oppressed, until the day comes when man shall everywhere find a home, and in every man's heart a brother." And he closed with the apostolical benediction.

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Much as I knew of Pius IX., I did not expect all this. I bowed before him; for I felt that I was in the presence of a man Heaven seemed to have chosen to lead the human race out of the house of bondage. He took my hands, and said, "Come to my heart, my son." He embraced me. "Do not be discouraged for the world," he continued; "statesmen no longer control it. Christ has undertaken the salvation of mankind, and, in his immense benevolence and power, he has begun to achieve the miracle of the emancipation of the race. Europe, we hope, will soon be as free as you; and then we must unite all our forces in aid of this glorious design of redeeming our suffering world. Adieu, my son; go in peace. May God watch over you till the last moment, and then take you to himself. I will not forget to pray for you, for your family, for little Ellena and Carlino. These things I bless for them, and these little medals for those of your friends, who will wear them in affection for me. *Addio mio figlio*."

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Through long suites of apartments, gorgeous in crimson and gold, and embellished with the genius of ages; surrounded as I felt myself, almost, by a holy radiance, I passed and descended long flights of marble steps, and went through two files of halberdiers, guarding the entrance to the palace, and emerged from the dark shadow of its portals into the clear blue sky. The midnight moon had flooded this loftiest of the seven hills with its calm, delicious splendor. There stood the imperishable horses of Phidias, matchless and fresh, as they came from the hand of the Greek, twenty-three centuries ago. Below lay the still city and its mighty thousands; and they seemed to me like one vast family, watched over in their paradise home by a powerful, loving, and princely father.

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It was a sight to arrest the attention of any man. The wand of ages was waved over me, and, along the electric chord, imagination flashed from century to century, until the Cæsars came up to my view, as they stood in the presence of the Romans. And then I thought of that distant continent, away beyond the sea, and how a new Rome was rising over the dim waters. And then I thought of the little *morocco case*. I took it out and opened it, in the full moonlight, and found it contained a massive silver medal, bearing on one side the head of Pius IX. — a most excellent likeness — and on the other, Peter and Paul, in the form of the statues Pius had erected to those apostles in the square of St. Peter's. In another box, I found the blessed things; they were four medals of the size of half a dollar, and twelve others of the size of a dime, in silver, with one hundred and forty-four of adulterated metal; each and all containing the portrait of Pius, and the emblems of the Church of Rome. They all seemed to have some value about them, far greater than it cost to make them.

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I sat for a long time in my window, breathing the balmy air of spring, in a dreamy, delicious trance; and, when the excitement of these new feelings subsided, and I became calm on my pillow — so calm, in fact, that I could not sleep — I thought again of all these new things, and I could not believe that I was in the Rome, either of the Popes or the Cæsars. At last I slept, and I dreamed a sweet dream. The magnificent palace of the Quirinal, with its gardens and columns, and all the great works around Monte Cavallo, were sleeping in the moonlight, in full view of my window. It was the last scene I looked on before I put out the candle. It rested on my fancy. In my dream, fair-winged, classic forms went flying and tripping and lighting cheerfully along an immense evergreen continuous wreath, that hung in the air, from my chamber window to the Quirinal, and I *felt* a stream of light coming, calmly and steadily, into my heart, as we feel a cool breeze through a window in the country, on a warm summer's night, after a dusty and weary day. I could hardly tell when I went to sleep or when I woke. I did not know, in fact, whether I really did sleep. I was so calm and happy that I lay in a dreamy reverie, from which I almost feared to stir. It did not seem to me that I was in Rome.

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The next morning (the 25th of March, 1848), the sun came up clear, warm, and genial, over the Campanian fields, which stretch far away to the southeast of Rome, and the great city around me was reposing as calmly at that hour as though Rome had not yet heard that the strangest and mightiest revolution of the century was convulsing Europe. The last thirty days had been the most wonderful month Europe had ever seen. Before the inrolling tide of revolution, thrones had been submerged and dynasties swept away. Day by day, and hour by hour, the fall of kingdoms had been striking on the ear, like avalanches from Alpine summits.

On the 24th of February, the throne of the Bourbons went down, and Louis Philippe fled in terror from the land of his fathers. The magic watchword, *Vive la Republique*, first uttered from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, was caught up by thirty-five millions of people, and the tri-color of Napoleon waved over the ruins of a departed dynasty.

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Italy had already been nearly two years struggling, like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent. The shouts from France went through the Peninsula, and fired the blood of her people; and the last desperate effort was put forth by which she made herself free.

It was no longer possible to resist the demands of his people, nor was it with a begrudging hand nor a cold heart, that Leopoldo, the grand duke, gave a constitution to Tuscany. Its proclamation illuminated every hamlet for many nights in succession, and made every city of old Etruria frantic with joy.

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Charles Albert felt his throne heaving under him; the crisis he had looked for, at last came, and the pale king was impatiently walking his crimson room, waiting, as he had for two sleepless nights, the return of his courier from Rome with the answer of Pius IX., whom he had requested to absolve him from the oath, which he had taken years before, never to grant a constitution to his people. At last, the feet of the courier's horse rang through the court-yard of his palace; the king rushed to the balcony, and the Pope's dispatch, in these words, was put into his hands: "For an oath between man and God, there can be no absolution. An oath which a king makes against his people, God does not accept; Charles Albert is absolved, therefore, from his oath; let him not sacrifice his people to Austria."

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The constitution of the Sardinian kingdom had already been prepared. All Turin and half the kingdom had seen Charles Albert's courier flying on his foaming horse to the gates of the capitol; a hundred thousand Piedmontese gathered in the great square of the royal palace, and the haggard king went on his balcony, and uttered that single word — Constitution. The shouts of that vast multitude rang from the passes of the Alps to the banks of the Ticino, in the vale of Lombardy. Thus another Italian kingdom — another absolute monarchy, with five millions of people, and a hundred thousand armed men wheeled into the ranks of liberated nations.

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The longest and the fiercest struggle had been in Naples and Sicily. There, nine millions were bleeding under the most brutal despotism modern Europe has witnessed. The achievement of their independence had already cost them more blood than was spilled during the whole American revolution. At last, the cry of independence went over the island of Sicily, and the song of victory was caught up from the distant mountain-tops of Calabria. The brightest jewel had fallen from the crown of Ferdinand. The following day, the news reached Naples, and struck the death-knell of Bourbon despotism. Ferdinand could trifle with his people no longer; he must bend or break. Del Caretto, one of the bloodiest and most beastly hangmen Naples has had, still swayed the king. Naples was giving the king time to think. Every man stood by his arms, waiting the signal. The streets were deserted. A murky air seemed to hang over the city, and an ominous silence everywhere prevailed, resembling one of those mornings that have from age to age preceded the eruptions of Vesuvius.

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All was expectation. The shot of a pistol, or the waving of a tri-color, was enough to begin the revolution. Two young men with umbrellas, one red and the other green, tied together by a white handkerchief, making the Italian tri-color, walked firmly and rapidly down the deserted *via Toledo*. The population rushed from their houses with the shouts, *Viva Pio Nino! Viva la Constitutione!* those words that had become the countersign and the war-song of the Italians. As the procession moved on, following the tri-color, bouquets of flowers and cockades, which it had been death to keep in their houses, rained down from every window. In half an hour, the procession had swelled to two hundred thousand, and was passing around the palace. Their shouts and cries penetrated the recesses of that stately pile, and struck on the ear of the cowardly king. "The Constitution! The Constitution! Death to Del Caretto! death to Del Caretto, and thus live Ferdinand our king!" were shouted by the infuriated myriads.

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The king and all the royal family were gathered in the principal saloon. Ferdinand, who saw that his only salvation lay in yielding to an irresistible demand, cast himself on a sofa, and the sweat rolled in streams from his face. The shouts of the people, which had ceased for a moment, like a retreating wave, gathering strength for a deeper and a darker flow, now surged up wilder around the palace. The members of the royal family, and the ministers of the throne, were at the feet of Ferdinand, imploring him, with tears, to save himself and his country by granting a constitution, and sending Del Caretto into exile.

"Let it be," said the king, as he sprang to his feet. "Give me a tri-color. Open the windows, and send for Del Caretto," rapidly passed his lips. He seized the flag, and, rushing to the balcony, pronounced two words he had never uttered before — "*Viva la Constitutione! Viva Pio Nino!*" and he waved the signal, as the deafening, maddening cry of Naples went up to heaven.

Another kingdom of nine millions had wheeled in under the standard of Pius IX., and the revolution of Naples was ended.

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Towards noon, on the 25th of March, a courier came into Rome, on a fine Lombard horse (that fell dead as he passed the gates of the city), with the news that Charles Albert had marched into Lombardy with sixty thousand men; that the viceroy had fled from Milan; that the revolution had broken out in Vienna; that Metternich, after dissolving the diet of Hungary, had fled to England; and that the Emperor of Austria, a prisoner in his palace, had proclaimed a constitution for the empire! No words can describe the scenes which I witnessed in Rome on that day. The tri-color was now floating from the borders of France on the Atlantic to the capitals beyond the Danube, and from the shores of the German ocean to the farthest point of Calabria.

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The army of the Pope, and twelve thousand of the national guards, had taken their banners to the palace of the pontiff, before they started for Lombardy, to join the army of Charles Albert on the banks of the Po, and Pius IX. had pronounced upon those banners his apostolical benediction, and cheered their battalions as they filed before the Quirinal, on the crusade for the liberation of Italy. As in the times of Peter the Hermit, twenty thousand men had gathered in the Coliseum, and there, with the cross of Christ over their heads, a priest of Rome had made them all swear not to return to the Eternal City until they had driven the barbarian beyond the Tyrol.

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This was the most sudden, sublime, and irresistible movement of nations that has yet been recorded in history. It paralyzed despotism; it annihilated absolutism; it everywhere inspired the hopes of the despairing, and it commanded the respect of the world.

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I repose a moment in the relation of events. How often, while I was wandering through the ruins of ancient Rome, did I regret that I had not taken my family with me, perilous as the journey had seemed for the tender, the gentle, and the young. I fancy that events of far less consequence than a visit to Rome, and particularly at such a time, occurred in my own childhood, which have left their impress upon my recollection forever — moulding my character, guiding my thoughts, and tinging my associations. How glad I should have been to have taken my boy up to the Capitoline Hill, and shown him, on the one side, the ruins of the Forum, the vast Tumuli which now mark the Golden House of the Cæsars, with the Campagna stretching away in the distance; and on the other side, a vast city, beating with the pulsations of nearly half a million of men, seeming like wanderers through the tombs of a departed empire! To have led him through the solitary area of the Coliseum, under the arch of Constantine, and through the gateway of Titus; to have had him lay his little hand upon the sacred form of Romulus, as he lies sucking that half-wolf mother; to have seen him measure the agony of the dying gladiator, and stand awed by the majesty of Cæsar's brow. I think I could have impressed upon him, eternally, the history of the Roman Empire, during a few days among such scenes, where its memorials seem themselves immortal, defying, as they have, the wasting hand of time, and the spoil of ages.

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Ever with the deepest affection,

C. Edwards Lester.

Mr. Lester's admiration of the Pope was perfectly natural and excusable at the time. All the movements of Pio Nino up to that time had been on the liberal side. His words and measures had all been in the same direction; and Mr. L.'s admiration was participated in by multitudes of his countrymen at home. Popular meetings were held in several of the cities, and resolutions of the most enthusiastic admiration for the pontiff were adopted and transmitted to Rome. The most unbounded applause was lavished upon the Pope in all quarters of our country. Great senators in Congress pronounced him the prince of liberty, and declared him to be doing more for the cause of freedom than any other man on the earth. The dream was extensively indulged here, as well as by Mr. L., that despotism had received its deathblow. In the shortness of human foresight, the treachery and retrograde movements of Pio Nino to despotism could not be foreseen, and, in our enthusiastic love of liberty, we could not bring our minds to believe that a re-actionary movement in Europe would reinstate her gloomy despotisms.

Mr. L., in a letter written sometime after the above, remarks: "I have thought of my interview with the Pope many a day since; but the sad drapery of disappointed hopes has been thrown like a pall over those golden moments."

In September, 1850, I was attacked with the typhoid fever. Sickness is a melancholy but inseparable part of the system of life. I had been wonderfully exempted from this calamity heretofore; but I had seen a great deal of it in the course of my pastoral duties. Almost every day my steps had been bent to the bedside of sickness: perhaps it has seldom happened that a minister has visited more sick persons. The range of country I beat over was very large, and I was often sent for from a distance to visit the sick. But my familiarity with sickness never diminished my dread of it, or my sympathy with the sufferer. I never met a sick person without feeling the sincerest sorrow for him. I had seen much medical practice, and read many medical books, and knew something of the healing art myself. I was often consulted in regard to the physical ailments of the patient, but I was always scrupulous not to interfere with the province of the physician, and I applied my ministerings to the "mind diseased," which often exerts a controlling influence over the physical system. Thousands have looked to me to

> ——— "minister to a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart."

But, with lips imbued with the preciousness of redeeming blood, I have not been compelled to render back the answer of Macbeth's physician: "Therein the patient must minister to himself;" but, with God's help, I have undertaken to minister to the sad spirit the balm of Gilead, and have often been the delighted observer of its healing and cheering effect.

The malady with which I was attacked was the first acute sickness with which I had ever been visited; but my disease now was full of danger and distress. My friends and medical attendants entertained the most alarming apprehensions in regard to the issue of my illness; but the providence of God surrounded me with a thousand appliances, to mitigate pain and lessen the violence of disease. My friends did all that it was possible for human beings to achieve. My wife hung over me like a ministering angel, night and day, and my mother-in-law was most assiduous and skilful in her attentions. I had a number of excellent physicians, who exhausted upon me all the resources of medical skill, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for the interest my friends took in my recovery. My church held several prayer-meetings, to supplicate healing mercies from Heaven, and several churches in our Presbytery held meetings for prayer on my account. Our Presbytery, at its stated meeting, which occurred during my illness, set apart a season for special prayer for my recovery, and my case was mentioned at a devotional meeting held by the Albany Synod, and I was earnestly and largely remembered in all the exercises of the occasion. If any man's recovery was ever brought about in answer to prayer, I am sure mine was.

I will here state a circumstance connected with my sickness, which seemed to me remarkable. Fevers of the typhoid type produce a great variety of effects upon the mind of the patient. My mind was driven into unwonted activity. My memory was particularly affected, and made strangely retentive of former impressions. I experienced an illustration of the theory which has been advanced by many writers on mental philosophy. The theory is, that the memory loses nothing, but that "it retains, and may re-produce, when the right string is touched, every thought, impression, and event of our whole past lives." "Sickness produces unusual forms of consciousness, and often furnishes demonstrations of this theory. In these unwonted conditions of mind, it has been found that the most minute and remote circumstances, complex trains of thought, have been recalled after an interval of years, and have flooded the soul with its rememberings. In our usual state of mind, things do not indeed recur to us on call, nor yet do they come at once when sought, but obey certain laws of suggestion and association, which retard the action of the memory, as the balance-wheel does the movements of a watch. But, in the moments of consciousness now referred to, the balance-wheel is taken off, the usual laws of suggestion and association are suspended, and the full flow of memory sweeps on unobstructed and unhindered by the usual laws of association; and the whole past rushes spontaneously upon the mind, foreshadowing the day when death will snap asunder the earth-spun threads of association, and pour the accumulated treasures of the past into the lap of the unbounded future. We can all verify this in our own experience. When we go back to the scenes of early life, from which we have been absent a succession of years, what intensely vivid remembrances take shape, hue, and voice. The faces and tones of the long-forgotten, the very trees and stones, bring back the prattle and the day-dreams of infancy. Every evanescent thought and feeling will be recalled, and we find ourselves again children. There is not a reverie that ever passed through our minds, nor a dream that ever haunted our pillows, which is gone beyond return. Very often, in the path of life, isolated facts, fragments of conversation, bring back floating images of ancient and forgotten things, and they rise before us like the ghosts of the unburied. The past never dies." We read in the Scriptures: "God requireth that which is past;" and we all shall require it of memory, "and memory will render up its treasures, good and evil." "Under the pressure of sickness, the key to memory is often lost; and, without the power of choice, we are liable to inundations of the bitter and sweet of the past, promiscuously."

In my severe illness, I remembered things which had not occurred to me for years. Reveries of thought, conversations with friends, lessons once got by heart and forgotten, masses of classic composition which were familiar to me in my youth, all came in upon me like an overwhelming flood. I remembered volumes in an hour. The activity of my mind was terrible and incredible; and one result that has surprised me, is the fact, that these long-buried treasures of my memory are still, to some extent, present with me. Since my sickness, I remember a vast many things which, without it, would probably never have occurred to me during life. These mental phenomena I am glad here to state, as they may throw some light upon the laws of mind.

My sickness, though severe, was not of very long duration. It confined me to my room about seven weeks. In eight weeks from my attack, I returned to my pulpit. On the first of January, my congregation made a donation visit at my house, which was numerously attended and characterized by every demonstration of kindness. In the course of the evening, the following letter, with its contents, was placed in my hand:

SPENCERTOWN, January 1, 1851.

TO THE REV. DR. WOODBRIDGE:

DEAR SIR, — The undersigned take this occasion, the beginning of the new year, to offer their congratulations for your recovery from a recent and protracted illness, and your restoration to health, to your family, friends, and society. We do most earnestly invoke for you and yours Heaven's choicest blessings — long life, great prosperity, uninterrupted health, and happiness.

Please accept the enclosed, sixty-four dollars, as a small token of our regard and esteem.

Respectfully yours.

The above letter was signed by C. B. Dutcher, E. Reed, and most of the other members of the congregation.

I resumed the labors of a pastor quite too soon. I plunged into intense exertion, when I was but partially recovered, and my exertions affected, temporarily, my nervous system. It was painful and exhausting to stand up in a pulpit, which was too elevated for the comfort of any preacher, and deliver, from memory, two or three sermons in a day. My labors, through the remainder of that winter, were performed with unmitigated strenuousness, but they were a severe experiment upon my frame. As the spring approached, I began to think seriously of resigning my charge. I had sustained the accumulated responsibilities of the pastoral office for thirty-six years; and I believed that my recent recovery from sickness, joined to my protracted labors, demanded some repose, and the benefit of travel. I made a request to my congregation, to consent to my resignation. They treated me on the occasion with the utmost possible delicacy, kindness, and respect. They refused, at the first meeting, to accede to my request, yet assured me, that, should I deem it my duty to persist in that request, they would, when I should call another meeting, comply with my wishes. The second meeting was called; my request was reiterated, and the congregation, with great tenderness and the most respectful assurances, passed a resolve to comply with my wishes; and I called a special meeting of the Presbytery, to give me leave to resign my charge, and consummate the measures which I had put in train. After the action of Presbytery, as a mark of confidence and respect, they placed in my hands the following minute:

The Columbia Presbytery, having this day dissolved the pastoral relation between the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, D. D., and the congregation of Spencertown, are desirous of bearing an honorable and heartfelt testimony, in concurrence with the congregation, to the worth, eminence, and acceptableness of Dr. Woodbridge, as a minister of the gospel. Dr. W. was one of the original members of this Presbytery, and has been an active, useful, and devoted pastor within our bounds between thirty and forty years. The smile of the Great Head of the church has rested upon his labors, and the favor of the churches and congregations has greeted him wherever he has bent his steps. We commend him to the confidence and affection of the churches of our Lord Jesus, wherever he may travel or sojourn, as an able, faithful, and eloquent preacher of the gospel, and minister of the cross of Christ.

Done at the meeting of Presbytery, at Spencertown, April 22, 1851.

THEODORE S. BROWN, Clerk.

On the same day, the congregation unanimously adopted the following resolutions, which were placed in my hands by a Committee:

Whereas, at a meeting of the First Presbyterian Society of the town of Austerlitz, held at their house of worship on the 22d day of April, 1851, the Rev. Dr. Timothy Woodbridge, their pastor, appeared in person, and requested of said society (after the assignment of his reasons therefor) their concurrence with him, in an application to the Columbia Presbytery, for permission to resign his pastorate, it was

Resolved, That the society receive with deep regret the request of their beloved pastor for their concurrence in his application to the Presbytery, for permission to resign his pastoral charge. That the connection existing between this society and the Rev. Dr. Timothy Woodbridge has been one of extraordinary tranquillity, happiness, and prosperity to this society. That this society bear witness with pleasure and gratification, to the faithfulness, assiduity, and Christian fortitude with which their said pastor has, for eight and one-half years, under many circumstances of discouragement, discharged the responsible and arduous labors of his pastorate; and that this society, being satisfied of the sufficiency of the causes assigned by the said Dr. Woodbridge, do hereby concur with him in an application to the Presbytery, and pray that his resignation may be assented to.

Resolved, That this society tender to the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge their unabated attachment and consideration, for the many offices of love and kindness that, as a social community, and a religious society, they have received at his hands; and that they ardently pray that, whether in retirement, or in the public service of his Master, a long life of uninterrupted health, happiness, and prosperity may be measured out to him and his much-loved family.

W. C. Bailey, Secretary, *pro tem.*

I considered that I was now honorably discharged from the pastorate; and the burden of the responsibilities and anxieties, inseparable from that relation, which had weighed down my spirit, now slid from my mind, and I breathed and felt freer. I had sustained the pastoral office between thirty and forty years, with its thraldom and its pleasures, and it will not seem strange that my heart had begun to yearn for this new position which I now occupied. Our Presbytery, at its stated meeting this spring, appointed me Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School), which was to assemble at Utica. As I had but yet imperfectly recovered my health, my friends felt great solicitude in regard to my encountering these new scenes of labor, and they begged of me to avoid onerous duties in the Assembly. But I repaired to that body, with a fixed purpose not to seek any promotion, or decline any duty which fairly came to me. My wife accompanied me to Utica, to minister to me, and particularly to guard my health, and well did she perform her sacred office.

My drawings, at the separation of the great Presbyterian body, had been rather towards the Old School, though I highly disapproved of many of the measures of the Old School section, particularly their excinding acts, which were brought about principally by the agency of young men in the Assembly, who drove the car of the church, Jehu-like, down the streets of Jerusalem. Our Presbytery were about equally divided in regard to the two bodies into which the Presbyterian church was split; but we resolved to keep together, for we thought it more important to preserve our integrity, and cultivate our own vineyard in peace, than to form any particular external relation. With these views, we declined, for two or three years, acting upon our relations to the General Assembly, and preferred waiting for more light from the providence of God, before we took a definite course. After occupying a neutral position for a few years, an appeal was made to Synod. This appeal we could not refuse, and were constrained to go to the New School Albany Synod. We felt less repugnance to this connection than we should have done at an earlier period of the separation. The New School body, for two or three years, had a great many excrescences which were not to our taste. But the church was gradually casting off these excrescences, and becoming more conservative. The preponderating counsels in the New School church were displaying more wisdom and better taste than in the beginning of their history. On mingling with the Assembly, I was gratified with its appearance. I found there a body of excellent men. I perceived that the leading and controlling men were highly conservative. Indeed, the majority of the Assembly went beyond me in their exclusiveness. The church was becoming, in spirit and policy, a good deal assimilated to the Old School section. Important and responsible appointments were given to me by the Assembly, at an early stage of its sittings; and, indeed, I was constrained to work hard, in committee and in public, through the entire session.

When the appointments were made out for the first Sabbath, I was announced by the committee, and confirmed by the Assembly, as preacher to the General Assembly, the next Sabbath morning, at the First Presbyterian church. I turned pale at this appointment, and felt a degree of awe at performing the service of so elevated and responsible a position. We had a vast assemblage of learned and able ministers, and a great congregation of the people. A gracious Providence gave me the most entire self-command, and an unwonted fluency. We had in this Assembly not many giants, but we had a great number of able men, and the average talent and character of the Assembly was decidedly respectable, and indeed elevated. We had, as might be expected, particularly from the far West, a portion of radical men. There was an underground swell of radicalism, but it was not permitted to send up many turbulent waves. We had two exciting subjects before the Assembly, which received a great deal of discussion, and elicited deep feelings. The first was the slavery question. I was on the committee to whom the petitions and other papers on that subject were referred. After reading, and diligently considering them, we drew up our report, which was presented to the Assembly. We congratulated the church upon the comparative quiet that prevailed in regard to that exciting matter, and recommended that the Assembly take no farther action on the subject. This report, we supposed, would meet with strenuous opposition, but would, after discussion, prevail by a great majority. Our report was read and printed, and produced an eloquent and spirited debate, but was adopted by an overwhelming vote. The other great subject, which took up very much time, was church extension. On this subject I perceived there was a good deal of high-church feeling. I was on the committee to whom the subject was referred. We had one on the committee from each Synod. I represented the Albany Synod. I perceived, in that committee, a good deal of high-churchism. There was in some members of the committee, and in many individuals of the Assembly, a disposition to press the claims of the Presbyterian church, without a proper consideration of the interests of our Congregational brethren. Our first inquiry in the committee was, What is church extension? My opinion was, that we were to devise and report some plan for the extension of the visible kingdom of the Redeemer through the continent to the Pacific ocean. Others thought that the object of church extension was to stretch the Presbyterian church (New School) over the continent. Our report was kind in its spirit, and liberal in its scope, and, after an animated discussion for two or three days, was laid over to the next year.

While I was at Utica, I was exceedingly active and laborious, and bore the pressure better than I expected. I returned to my home after the Assembly, buoyant in spirits and full of elasticity and health. I had slept but little, for my nights were occupied with study, as I had often to make speeches on platforms, and in various other situations. My home now seemed delightful to me. I had hied once more to my peaceful dwelling, and here I was not visited with the anxieties of the pastorate. I loved my former congregation exceedingly, and they were affectionate to me. The smile of God seemed to rest upon us, and I trust my heart was full of thankfulness.

In July I went to Lebanon Springs, a favorite watering-place, which I had been in the habit of visiting for many years, and from whose healing waters I had often received great benefit to my health. During my visit, I was requested by a number of gentlemen from the cities, to preach on Sabbath evening. This request I accepted. Notices were posted up in all the conspicuous places of the establishment, that I should preach in the evening in the saloon. There had been no preaching there for more than twenty years. I had a crowded and attentive audience, and, in the following week, I observed several notices of the meeting in the Boston and New York papers. I will here make a short extract from the Journal of Commerce, printed in the course of the ensuing week:

COLUMBIA HALL, LEBANON SPRINGS, July 27, 1851.

We have had an extraordinary evening at Lebanon Springs. The gathering here is uncommonly large. We have visitors from all our great cities, and from a multitude of lesser places of the country, The scenery of this place everybody knows or ought to know. We have the rich and beautiful basin of Lebanon, stretching out to the south-west before us; mountain-hills of colossal magnitude rise in the north, carrying the heart and the fancy bewildered to Greylock, that overshadows Williams College. Here, too, is that curious community called Shakers.

Among the numerous guests here at Columbia Hall is the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, of Spencertown. There was a great and simultaneous desire to hear this venerable divine preach. The guests of the Hall assembled universally. A sacred orchestra sprang up, as if by magic, from the accomplished multitude, who gave forth most beautiful music. A lady played on the piano, who sustained the pieces with great skill and effect, and some of the richest and most cultivated voices of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, were recognized in the choir, distinguished for all that is chaste and elegant in the operatic school of music, gracefully and beautifully chastened by the solemnities and purities of the Christian religion, and the associations which belong to "the house where the tribes go up to worship." The great saloon, which was lighted by the immense chandelier, was filled with a large and enlightened audience, and the vast balcony looking off to the south, and the halls adjacent to the saloon, were crowded with attentive and earnest listeners.

Dr. Woodbridge came from a village eighteen miles distant, to find relaxation and health. This eminent clergyman was born in Stockbridge, Mass., and is a grandson of the illustrious President Edwards. A thousand associations crowded in upon the feelings of every enlightened auditor. Daniel Webster, in his glorious oration at Washington, on the extension of the Capitol, had just delivered a noble encomium upon Edwards, as being the only man who had written anything of permanent interest and value previous to the Revolution. This oration, with all its dignified associations, pressed into the memories and feelings of the audience. Under these imposing and advantageous circumstances, Dr. Woodbridge conducted the religious services in the great saloon, where many years have rolled by since a similar scene has been enacted. We found, too, during the tender and solemn excitements of the evening, another very impressive and eloquent illustration of the blessedness of living in a broad, free, glorious, Christian land, where the religion of Christ has by voluntary consent become the religion of the people, and where the emblems and ordinances of Christianity are universally known and responded to. It is a great mistake — and even many clergymen have made it — to suppose that, because our scenes of festivity and rural resort and relaxation are graced by elegant manners and the refined taste of the upper classes, there is of necessity, or in fact, an indifference to the subject of religion, and the celebration of its rites and services. On this occasion, it was manifest to every spectator, that the first summons to prayer found a home echo in many hearts, and throughout the evening there was not visible a single sign which did not seem to harmonize with the touching devotion of the assembly. Many an involuntary sigh was heard, and many an involuntary tear fell in graceful tribute to the eloquent simplicity, and classic style, and purely evangelical views of the preacher. It was refreshing, even to those who only listened with the intellect — to scholars, men of the world, and men of taste — to hear one of those discourses which we carry about in our memories as ideals of chaste and classic eloquence — to be where such a discourse was pronounced. But, beyond this, it was evident that a large portion of the auditors were stirred by more evangelical and practically Christian sentiments. We bless God that the reign of fashion has not yet shut from our most cultivated assemblies evangelical truth; and every reader of the chaste lyrics of the English language recalls with delight not only the verses but the spirit of Cowper, in which he so touchingly treats this subject.

It was a spectacle not often witnessed in any country or in any age, to see a clergyman long bereft of sight, addressing one of the most enlightened audiences in the nation. Dr. Woodbridge is one of our ripest and most accomplished scholars. Although he has reached an advanced age in his earthly pilgrimage, he is still as fresh and buoyant in his feelings, as elastic in his movements, and as brilliant in his intellectual powers as at any period of his life. After the services were over, there was a universal desire to be introduced to the preacher; and the next morning, after breakfast, Dr. Woodbridge received an invitation to meet the ladies in their parlor. The ladies and gentlemen were successively introduced, and the interview broke up with many a delicate expression of grateful regard from the delighted assembly.

In September, 1851, I went to Bergen Heights, two miles from Jersey City, to dedicate the chapel of a Female Seminary, under the supervision of Miss Caroline Graves, the founder and teacher of the institution. The arrangements for the dedication imparted dignity and splendor to the occasion. The chapel is a spacious and elegant upper room, extending over the lower rooms, which are devoted to the purposes of instruction. It was profusely decorated with flowers, and filled with an intelligent audience from the city and the surrounding country. It was also dignified by the presence of a large number of clergymen, of different denominations, and the music on the occasion was particularly beautiful. This seminary combines a variety of attractions. The site is as fine as can be imagined—commanding, in one direction, a view of the panorama of New York, and in another, Newark and the glorious New York Bay. I repeatedly visited the school, to observe its internal economy and educational appointments. I examined the methods of instruction, which must secure a solid and an accomplished education.

We may well rejoice at the improved character and increasing number of our female seminaries. They are moral lighthouses, which guide the ship of state safely in her voyage. We have a great many noble institutions for female education, but we want many more. We want them to light up and glorify every part of the land. This subject is one of vast magnitude and interest, and deserves even more attention than it receives. It is a most melancholy thing to see, in any country, one-half of the race left uneducated, or but very slenderly supplied with the blessing of instruction. The female sex, left uneducated, are of course degraded, and must of necessity bring degradation upon the other sex. Man may constitute the Doric pillar in the fabric of society, but that fabric requires the polished Corinthian shaft, with its glorious capital, for the strength and beauty of the edifice. The benefit of our female seminaries is visibly perceived in all the departments of society. Multitudes of women have already acquired a thorough and extended education; they have learned to think, and they have learned the mighty advantage of self-reliance. In this great interest, we cannot sufficiently feel our indebtedness to the Bible. God's Revelation has changed the condition of woman; and where it is profusely scattered among the people, it raises woman to her proper rank, brings her up to the side of man, makes her his companion, and his safe and fascinating guide. The degradation and seclusion in which women were kept in the most celebrated and polished States of antiquity, took from social intercourse all its interest and elegance, and reduced its scenes of gayety to coarse debauch. Let us, then, cherish with warm hearts and strong hands those institutions which are reared to impart an efficient and accomplished education to the female sex.

When John Robinson mounted the deck of the ship, in which our fathers were embarking for the New

World, he said, "Brethren, you must expect new light will break forth out of the Bible. New light has broken forth in the doctrines of the Reformation, and other great lights have broken forth since. One great light that has broken forth, brought the momentous importance of female education into view. When our fathers planted themselves here, they immediately began to rear schoolhouses, as well as churches. They were rude structures, but they were the best that could be built in their circumstances. They were built for both sexes; their daughters, as well as sons, were gathered into these places of instruction. The daughters received a plain and solid education, and they turned out dignified and sensible women. Very soon these good men instituted colleges and grammar-schools, as the academies of that day were called; but these establishments were for the boys. Advantages for female education did not keep pace with the appliances which were provided for our own sex. But here, Elder Robinson's idea was verified. The Bible, which was profusely in the hands of families, placed woman in her appropriate position. One of the glories of our age, is the establishment of female seminaries, to bring up the education of females to a parallel with that of males. In these schools, an extended and polished education is imparted to the female mind. The material which is operated on in these institutions is of a most precious character. The work is not chiselling out a beautiful Apollo from Parian marble; it is not the ingenuity of the artist, who polishes the diamond or the gold; it is not the work of the painter, who employs colors that must fade. But the subject operated upon is the female mind — the exquisite machine of woman's intellect and heart. The lines which are made on this subject outlive the deepest traces made by the engraver with a pen of iron or the point of a diamond. These are great processes which take place in the culture of the female character.

Woman is destined to exert a stupendous influence in human affairs and human destinies; and, since her place of influence is so high, it is of vast consequence that she be trained for her great responsibilities. Her field of toil and honor is not the same with that of man. Her influence and happiness are greatest when she moves in her own sphere. Her home is not on the ship's deck, where danger and glory reside, or in the field of agriculture, or on the railroad, with pickaxe and spade. Her sphere of agency is distinctly and broadly marked off from that of man by the constitution of her nature. These broad landmarks of distinction, some turbulent women of our own country are endeavoring to obliterate, and want both sexes to rush indiscriminately into the same field of effort, and scuffle together in the same toils and for the same honors. But the distinction between the pursuits of the two sexes, is too deeply founded in the constitution of nature to be extensively or permanently obliterated. Woman should be taught the mighty lesson of self-dependence in regard to her intellectual character; she must be taught to think for herself, and not put out her thinking for man to do for her. Her great strength is in her affections; here are the fountains of her influence and the sources of her glory. She must be taught to guide these affections by her intellect, and must be on the alert to distinguish between the good and the evil, that she becomes not the slave of these affections. A grand department of her instruction must be moral. She must never move in the doubtful twilight between right and wrong, truth and error, rectitude and sin. May God grant that the institutions referred to may be consecrated to the hallowed purpose for which they are reared — to use the honest and homely phrase of our fathers: "to the promotion of good learning among women." I was penetrated with these views on visiting the excellent seminary at Bergen.

Miss Graves, the principal of the institution, is from Green River, and, as she was brought up under my ministry, I had an opportunity of observing the finely-balanced elements of her character. She has practical talent, and is well qualified to stamp the character of a rising seminary.

The Graves family resided in Green River through the whole of my ministry in that place; and, though they lived four miles from the church, their vehicle was always seen driving up to the church door every Sunday morning, without much reference to wind or weather. Such a family is a light and blessing in a society, and a strong and beautiful pillar in the church. They cheer the heart of a minister, and, as the Dutch elder remarked to me, "assist him to wear a good face as well as a good grace." May the cloud of God's benediction long hang over this enterprising family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY TO OHIO.

Description of Cleveland. — Dayton. — Teachers' Convention in that City. — State of Education in Ohio. — Visit to Cincinnati. — Remarks on National Vanity. — Return from Ohio, with General Reflections. — Passage on Lake Erie.

In the summer of 1853, I went a journey, accompanied by my wife, to Ohio. Our programme was to travel through that State, and make a little excursion into Kentucky. This plan we executed to our entire gratification. We travelled by railroad, and the second day arrived at Cleveland, the Forest City. The heat and dust were insufferable; but every traveller can speak of such incommodities as dust and heat, who adventures himself in cars in sultry weather.

Cleveland is a sort of gem in Ohio. It takes the appellation of Forest City, from the fact that the planters of the town had the good taste to leave a great number of the primeval trees of the forest in such a position as to overshadow the rising town, and give the city, to observers at a distance, the aspect of a forest.

We made such inquiries of friends as our time would permit into the history, present condition, and prospects of the town. It was settled chiefly by New England people, and has been shaped by their manners and tastes. It is distinguished by refined and literary society. It is wonderful to see cities in the West, which, but a few years ago, were overshadowed by the primitive forest, springing up like the creations of magic, characterized by the refinement of ancient capitals, illuminated with literary and scientific institutions, and adorned with works of art produced by native and foreign artists.

Here we met my nephew, Mr. B., of Dayton, who had come to Cleveland to accompany us to his home. Mr. B. is an extraordinary man. He is an iron merchant in Dayton, has a high mercantile reputation, which he has acquired and which he sustains by conducting his business on a vast scale, with capacity, honor, and energy.

Mr. B.'s importunate kindness determined me to make this journey, and his munificence secured to me the means of every possible convenience in my travels.

His mother, my only sister, resides at Dayton, and, as I had not seen her for twenty years, I was anxious to make this visit.

After leaving Cleveland, and beginning to descend into the limitless valley of the Mississippi, we were struck with an impression of the vastness of the country, and I exclaimed with the New Englander, the first time he travelled into these boundless regions, "I did not think our country was so big!"

On arriving at Dayton, we were received by our friends with the utmost enthusiasm. This is a city of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, well-built, with broad streets well-paved and shaded. The public edifices are noble, particularly the court-house, which is said to be the best in the State. The city displays every token of industry, enterprise, and public spirit.

While we were at Dayton, there occurred a convention of teachers from the whole State. The faculties of the colleges, professors and teachers of every grade in the system of education, were in attendance. I mingled with the convention two days, and was pleased to hear the reports from every part of the State. The convention was made up of well-educated and sensible persons, who were decidedly a working class in the great cause of education; and such a body of men thrown over the whole State, devoted as they were to public instruction, must, I thought, make a great and salutary impression upon the interests of educational improvement. We saw evidences of this wherever we went, for we saw lying upon the tables the *last* publications, literary periodicals, and newspapers, fresh from the presses of the Atlantic cities.

After the convention had closed their labors, they spent the evening, by invitation, on the extensive and beautiful grounds of the Female Seminary. Here we were plentifully furnished with refreshments, and music, both vocal and instrumental. I was introduced to many gentlemen and ladies from various parts of the State, and, as they were practical people, I had an excellent opportunity of directing my inquiries to such objects as would give me the fullest and most minute information in relation to Ohio. The cause of education, I perceived, had received the most earnest attention, and was patronized by the government and the people with commendable liberality.

In my travels through Ohio, I found, what every traveller must find there, the material and moral elements of a great State. It has ample limits, but little waste land, and vast agricultural and mineral resources. I observed a different cast of manners from that which prevails in the older portions of the country. The people generally display warmth and generosity of manners upon a first acquaintance. They throw out their feelings a little more on the surface than the inhabitants of the East. But the more cautious people of the older parts of the country have as warm and true hearts as can be found at the West. If they are not as quick in their expressions of confidence as the people of the West, they are quite as durable and disinterested in their friendships.

In their hospitality, I observed they differed a little from us at the East. Everything in their hospitality must be on a very liberal scale. Their tables are loaded with what we consider unnecessary profusion. This is perhaps the natural accompaniment of a new country. Where people are few and the land productive and the markets distant, there is commonly a profuse display of viands on the table; and a hotel will furnish to a single traveller food enough for half a score. But the progress of population and the multiplication of markets are gradually changing this peculiarity. In the older and more commercial parts of the country, men are more moulded by institutions than in new regions. In the more ancient portions of the country, there is capital and the influence of conventionalism. In the West, there is more individualism, and there society is subdivided into minute parts and particles. The individual makes himself.

We went to Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, and spent a few days. Here we met a great number of old friends, who had gone thither in quest of fame and fortune; and, when I descended from the pulpit, where I had preached, I was surrounded by many old acquaintances, who had found homes there from the various districts of New England and New York. These old friends, who had concentrated in Cincinnati, greeted me with the most affecting cordiality. It was delightful to observe that old ties of friendship, which might have been weakened in some degree by distance, seemed to spring up in all their pristine strength.

I took a special interest in mingling in the society of that city that is increasing by tens of thousands every year. The length of the streets, the splendor of the buildings, and the bustle and smoke of the city, made me fancy myself in a metropolitan city.

Cincinnati excited my admiration. Young as it is, it has a dignified history. It has sent forth into the councils of the nation able and eminent men; it has, on an ample scale, schools of the fine arts, and has produced a number of artists in painting and statuary, who have acquired a national and European reputation. It is pushed forward in its career to wealth and fame by a large measure of public spirit and enterprise, and it is diffusing an elevating and hallowed influence far and wide over the West.

I was, in the West, a little struck and amused with a trait of national or local vanity, which I observed in various individuals in my travels beyond the mountains. Many of our countrymen, kindling with the bright dreams of the future which politicians set before them, and exulting in the admiration of statesmen and sages at the thought of the vast area on which our great experiment for freedom is being tried, have sometimes allowed the natural impulse of patriotic pride to affect their literary as well as political views, and have adopted the pleasing

——— "fancy that the poet's dreams
Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams;
The child of genius in the giant West
Must be, of course, her biggest and her best."

National vanity is, however, no peculiarity of any particular district of the earth. It exists everywhere, through all soils and all climate; and, indeed, there is no country where the people are not outrageously vain of their native land.

"But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, —
His first, best country ever is at home."

But the feature of this local vanity I observed at the West, was of a phase somewhat peculiar. They seemed to imagine, or at least a few of them, that the vastness of their country imparted vastness to the mind; that there was some analogy between the unbounded valleys and prairies of the West and the mental amplitude of the inhabitants. Their orators, I have found, had appealed to this local vanity, and flattered the passion, to win favor and promote their own popularity. A few gentlemen argued the point with me, and attempted, very ingeniously, to show the connection between external scenery and the mind, and if the scenery was vast, the mind must partake of the same quality. I told them that if extent of country expanded the mind, we at the East had the same advantage with them, for, amid our mountains, we could reflect that our glorious country stretched to the Pacific. I referred them to history, and told them of the Greek philosophers, whose stupendous geniuses were hemmed in by ridges of near mountains, as specimens of intellectual and moral vastness in very isolated and limited localities.

But I imagine, after all, that this form of local vanity is not, to much extent, a practical sentiment. I found the people of the great valley a vigorous, enterprising, and strong-minded race; and, on mingling with men from the far West, it does seem as though there is sometimes a grandeur imparted to the human spirit by the lonely forest and the boundless prairie. The great lesson of self-reliance and independence is acquired in these border schools. Those who are trained up in these rude ways are accustomed to contend with the storm and the mountain path. The men who first took possession of the broad prairies and vast solitudes of the West were men of iron nerves, who had a quick perception, a keen eye, and an unfaltering step.

But, if any people on earth are excusable for vanity in regard to their country, it is the American; for our country is not only rich in its fertility, and grand and beautiful in its scenery, but is boundless in its extent. In Europe, a man in a few hours will travel beyond the sceptre of his sovereign; but here, we may travel for weeks and not escape the range of our citizenship. Perhaps our vanity does not always take the best direction. We are inclined to be more vain of our country than of our history, brilliant as that history is in noble deeds and great examples. This is often observed by Europeans.

[An intelligent friend, who had read this portion of my manuscript, added a striking confirmation of the foregoing remarks. In conversing with Hallam, the learned historian, the same idea was thrown out.

"I have always been surprised," said he, "at the standard of true greatness which your countrymen seem so generally to recognize. You attach, possibly, an undue importance to yourselves on account of the physical features of your stupendous continent. To the mind of a European, the existence of such a man as Daniel Webster is far more important and imposing than the cataract of Niagara, while the character of Washington defies all parallel or comparison. Your Revolution is also one of the sublimest facts, in history; and the appearance of that wonderful race of great men, who may be called the fathers of your republic, imparts an intellectual and moral grandeur to American citizenship, which can receive no new lustre from your mountain ranges, your interminable prairies, or your continent-draining rivers. You will, it is true, with the progress of refinement, attach less comparative importance every year to these physical objects, as the higher attributes of the intellectual and the moral rise in your esteem.

"I am always struck when I see your journalists crossing the Atlantic for illustrations. If an American does a great thing, he is dubbed the Napoleon of his particular department, whether it be in making bridges or raising cotton. If you have a poet, you call him the Byron or Wordsworth of your country. If you have a novelist, like Cooper, you call him the Scott of America. But you will soon make a moral and intellectual declaration of independence — cast off these shackles, and stand on your own basis. Then the admiration of mankind for you will be complete."

These remarks were made to my friend by Mr. Hallam, sixteen years ago.]

In all the large towns where I stopped, I was constrained to preach in their principal churches, sometimes to my inconvenience, under the unelastic atmosphere where the Mississippi temperature prevails in mid-summer. I felt the subduing effect of this temperature more from having, through most of my life, experienced the invigorating influence of mountain air.

I spent four or five weeks in Ohio, greatly to my satisfaction. I was grateful to the people for their attentions, and brought away with me the impression that Ohio has already attained, and will always sustain, a prominent and splendid position among the family of States, and the great heart of the Republic will beat deep and loud within her borders.

We returned by way of Lake Erie, and embarked at Sandusky in a new and magnificent steamer. We did not much like trusting ourselves to that treacherous lake, whose history is so full of disasters and wrecks, and the white-capped waves which surged in all directions looked a little ominous. But our noble vessel and excellent commander vanquished all solicitude, and we ploughed on gallantly to our "desired haven" at Buffalo.

The next day we reached our home, by railroad, and, I trust, were grateful to Providence for our long and delightful journey.

May the cloud of God's benediction rest upon Ohio, and fill her noble territory with glad and happy families.

CHAPTER XIX.

HISTORIC DRAMA OF MY TIME.

When I opened my eyes upon the light, this great country had just asserted its independence, and was made up of a few slender States, exhausted by the long war of the Revolution, and linked together by the slender tie of the old Confederation. But this Republic has, since that period, risen into one of the most powerful nations of the earth; it stretches across the continent, and, from one side to the other, is enriched with cultured fields, villages, and cities. The growth of such an empire is the most extraordinary episode that has ever been enacted in the life of an individual. My faculties had sufficiently expanded to read and understand the bloody horrors of the French Revolution. I marked, though I was a young boy, the rise upon the theatre of the world of Napoleon Bonaparte. I observed the elevation, decline, and fall of this wonderful man, and his story is a dazzling episode of my time.

I have lived in the lifetime of Washington. I remember his presidency, and was old enough to appreciate discussions about his measures, and I read his state papers as they came from the press. I consider it a high privilege to have lived in the time and country of Washington, and I regard it as an interesting circumstance in my life, that I lived under the administration of the greatest and best ruler history presents.

When I was a boy, I heard a great deal of talk about George III., our late tyrannical and pertinacious oppressor. I was taught to dislike him as a violator of our rights, and the agent who pushed on the war to an unreasonable length, when there was no hope of success. This was not so well understood at that time, as it has been of late, since his private letters have seen the light, and shown him as personally utterly unwilling to make peace, when the best statesmen of his government desired and advised that measure. I lived to hear of that monarch being carried to his grave, in extreme age, worn out with mental and bodily disease.

I have outlived two or three generations of literary men. In my early life, Johnson and Goldsmith were the last great poets England had produced. There was a long waste from those poets down to Walter Scott, the appearance of whose first splendid poem I well recollect. The dreary waste referred to was indeed redeemed from absolute desolation by the hallowed lyre of Cowper.

When I was a boy, it was the common cant of literary men, that we had no elegant literature in this country. We had indeed but a slender stock of that beautiful commodity. The only works of great and permanent value were the writings of Edwards and Franklin; but they were of a profound and philosophical character. Our only poets were Dwight, Barlow, and Trumbull. The popular light reading was all from English sources, and, in the department of novels, Fielding's and Ann Radcliffe's writings obtained the preference. We also had favorite books from France; Madame de Stael's writings were particularly popular.

But we have since created a large stock of elegant literature. Washington Irving opened this path of writing, with great success and popularity; but, since he began his career, we have had a great accumulation of books in this department of polite letters, and many of these works have commanded high reputation and popularity on the other side of the water.

I have observed in my day great changes in the public mind on momentous subjects. There has been springing up a higher tone of morality in regard to the measures of government. There has been widespread an abhorrence of war, not only on account of its cost and the sufferings it produces, but on account of its immorality. All unnecessary war is considered criminal, as well as terribly burdensome; and a strong and practical desire is felt to make governments in their measures approximate more nearly than formerly to the Christian standard.

I have learned from my observation a solemn lesson on the shortness of human foresight. Most of the great measures which have been set on foot by the governments of the earth have produced effects not foreseen or intended. This is true in relation to great movements of foreign and even domestic policy, and pre-eminently true of the great wars which have been undertaken. The collateral and unexpected results of these movements have greatly surpassed in importance the effects which were aimed at by statesmen, and the unintended effects have been greater than those which were intended.

In my day, in all enlightened countries, the rights of the people have been more respected than ever before. Nations have learned that the State is not all in all, but the rights of individuals are sacred and inviolable things. New and more liberal maxims of government have found a lodgment in the high places of power. Old traditionary ideas which hampered statesmen are many of them abandoned, and the car of State is not now always driven along in the ruts of the old paths.

The condition of nations has been changed by certain great inventions which have been made. The application of steam-power to travelling by sea and land has greatly altered the condition of large portions of the earth. The boundless valley of the Mississippi has been entirely transmuted by steam-vessels on that mighty river and its tributaries.

The electric telegraph is rapidly changing the condition of the human race, by the celerity with which it transmits ideas and intelligence. Families and individuals have been greatly improved in their moral and material condition by the countless inventions which have multiplied the conveniences of life.

A great change in my time has come over the religious world. In my boyhood, the novelties and Infidel ideas which emanated from the French Revolution were rapidly spread through enlightened nations. They had a considerable run in our country, and extensively infected and injured young men. But, "when the enemy came in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him." In the early part of the present century, the missionary spirit made an unwonted development, and directed its benevolence and efforts to the whole circuit of the earth.

My time has been the era of Bible Societies. These excellent associations have been instituted in every Protestant country, and even in some Catholic countries, where a relaxation of the law has permitted them to be planted. These institutions are pouring forth broad streams of light over the earth, and seem likely to continue their beneficent operations, till "the wilderness and solitary place shall bud and blossom as the rose." A great number of subsidiary agencies to spread light among men have been brought into existence and sustained with vigor.

In the early part of this century, revivals of religion were chiefly relied on by ministers and private Christians to promote the piety of the church and to increase its numerical strength. But religious revivals, like all other good things, have been perverted, and have had their semblances and counterfeits. For the first thirty or forty years of this century, nothing gave Christians so much pleasure as accounts of revivals of religion. But so many scenes of spurious excitement have occurred, that accounts are now read with more discrimination and less reliance. The church is gradually coming fully to the conviction, that religion is to be promoted by the use of God's appointed means, humbly and perseveringly applied; and the custom of sending off periodically for some evangelist to come, and aim at the production of a revival, has ceased. Vital godliness was found to wither up under that system, as only a certain set of topics, which were supposed to be connected with immediate results, were brought into the pulpit, and the symmetry of the gospel was gone. Our churches, which aim at, and commonly secure, a periodical excitement, often called a revival of religion, have comparatively but little strength and influence. They have lost ground in the esteem of the Christian community, and have weakened their hold over the consciences and respect of men. There, are, however, some precious scenes which transpire in the progress of Christ's kingdom, which we properly denominate revivals of religion. I have witnessed many such which were clearly stamped with the marks of Divine operation, and the fruits of which have glorified God and blessed man.

These few glances at the leading incidents of my time show that I have lived in an eventful period; and there can be no doubt that the events which have been crowded into the historic drama of the world during the period under review, have been stupendous, and greatly surpassed in importance the events of any previous time of the same length; and yet, after witnessing all these strange movements, I am in the full vigor of my intellectual faculties and physical powers.

CHAPTER XX.

MISCELLANEOUS REMINISCENCES.

Multitudes of persons have seemed to regard me as dwelling in solitude. This, I suppose, has been on account of my blindness. Because I did not see people with the bodily eye, one of the windows of the mind, they supposed I did not see them at all, and that I could not come in contact, or mingle my sympathies with them, as readily and fully as if nothing had happened. This idea of my position has indicated itself to my observation in different ways. I have sometimes heard ministers, when I have been in the pulpit with them, pray that God would cheer me in my great and long solitude. This superficial view of my situation has amused and surprised me. I have been one of the most social of human beings, and have been, in a much greater degree than common, mixed up and identified with my fellow-beings. This has been well known by all who have been familiar with me. They have all found it very easy to keep up with me the most direct and energetic sympathies, and I have taken a quick and earnest interest in all persons and things about me. An erroneous method of conceiving of the external senses is very common. The philosophical idea of the different senses is, that they are so many windows through which the soul looks out; and if any window is darkened, the soul learns to seek its information through other windows. It is a direct and easy way to mark the expression of another person, by looking at his countenance and manner; and, because it is easier to use the eye in discovering the expression of another, the ear is not much relied on. But the ear, after all, is a more acute and faithful sentinel than the eye. The feelings of the inner man ray themselves out through the voice more perfectly than through the varying expressions of the eye. I can interpret a man's mind more acutely through his voice than I could through his face, if I had the eyes of an Argus. I have often surprised people by speaking of the expression of their eyes, which I perceived from the tones of their voice. The soul paints itself, with all its fleeting tints and shades of feeling, more minutely and perceivably through the accents of the voice, than through the varying but fainter expressions of the eye.

I have been through life active in my habits; have exercised, by walking and riding, without any obstruction from my blindness, and as much as almost any other man. I have mingled with the utmost familiarity in the public, and also in the domestic, scenes of life, and have been anything but a solitary man. I have thought, lived, and felt, out of the narrow dwelling of self, as fully and earnestly as any other human being. This idea of my solitude, I have observed, very quickly vanishes from the minds of persons on becoming acquainted with me. I have, through life, cultivated a taste for the scenes of nature, and have been minutely acquainted with all the scenery around me. My sight was good till I reached manhood, so that all the forms of nature were familiar to my imagination, and they have all dwelt with perfect vividness in my memory. I have forgotten no object I ever saw. When I visit new scenes, I get a description of them; or I visit them and get the palpable avouch of my own remaining senses. I have enjoyed the fine moonlight and the jewelry of the heavens over my head, as much as the man of perfect vision. I have taken great delight in climbing the mountain and in descending into the glen. The state of my eyes has obstructed me in regard to all these pursuits and pleasures much less than others imagine; and it is wonderful how intellect and resolution will surmount any impediments that may happen to the external senses. I can apply to myself the noble lines of Wordsworth:

> "Ah! if the time must come in which my feet
> No more shall stray where meditation leads,
> By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
> Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind
> May yet have scope to range among her own,
> Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
>
> Though the dear faculty of sight has failed,
> Still it may be allowed me to remember
> What visionary powers of eye and soul,
> In youth, were mine; when, stationed on the top
> Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
> The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
> Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,
> His bounteous gift! or saw him towards the deep
> Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
> Attended. Then my spirit was entranced
> With joy, exalted to beatitude;
> The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
> And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,
> With pomp, with glory, with magnificence!"

I have been a diligent and extensive reader. Few men have read more. I have applied myself more earnestly to the reading of a book than if I could peruse it with my own eyes, for I knew it would not be as convenient for me to turn to the book again as it would for a man of good sight; and, consequently, I would rather apprehend clearly, and retain permanently, the contents of a book, than to be obliged to search it again, through the eyes of a friend. It has been with me as with those who borrow books. It is the remark of some learned man, that he always remembered the books he borrowed better than those in his own library. The reason, undoubtedly, was the one above referred to. He was more faithful in the perusal of a borrowed book, because he could not recur to it when he pleased, than in the reading of his own books, which were always at hand. This idea, that we can refresh our recollections and renew our impressions often, makes us careless in reading.

I have been through life uniformly cheerful. Indeed, my life has, perhaps, been as bright with happiness as the life of any other man. I have always been of a hopeful temperament, and early trained my mind to hold up objects in a pleasing attitude, and to look at things on the sunny side, quite as much as upon the darker aspects. I have always made, too, my calm domestic scenes bright and gladsome; and I do not believe the sun has shone upon a happier house than my own. The candle of the Lord has shone upon our tabernacle, and "the sure mercies of David" have abode beneath our roof.

There is one feature in the arrangements of Providence, which eludes the eye of the careless observer, and which well deserves an attentive consideration.

I refer to a system of compensation, which may be observed in the providence of God, producing, to a greater extent, an equality in the allotments of different persons than is commonly supposed. There are a great many admired distinctions in life, which promote pride on one side and awaken envy on the other. The rich are often elated with their condition, and the poor envy those whom they call the children of fortune. But there are, after all, but slender grounds for these feelings. I have usually observed, in regard to those who are in the prosperous conditions of life, that God flings some compensation into their lot. The man of wealth, who wishes to be thought to dwell on some sun-gilt eminence, has counterbalancing evils; and, when we get behind the intrenchments of wealth, we can discover equivalent and often overbalancing evils. I have happened, in the course of my life, to pass behind the curtain that hung over wealthy families, and have seen what was passing behind that curtain. I have known a number of very rich families who had great domestic sorrows. Some of the family were deformed, some were hypochondriacal, some verged on mental aberration, and a considerable proportion were made unhappy by disease.

The particular range of my observation has impressed me deeply with the idea that there are, in the providential arrangements of our Maker, many tendencies to compensation actively at work. Men are often uneasy in the place where they happen to sojourn. They exchange their residence on that account, and, by removal, escape indeed the local pressure of their first residence, but encounter local inconveniences in their new sojourn more painful than those they left behind. It is common for men who live in northern climates to sigh for the warm regions of the south. They complain, in the northern portions of our own country, that they are constantly occupied in a hard struggle with nature, expending their energies to fell the forest and keep off the wintry tempest, and provide through the long winter for their families and domestic animals. But here are cheering compensations allotted by an overruling Providence. The rude elements of the north give hardihood to resolution, keenness to the understanding, and vigor to the muscles. They purify the blood, and lengthen out the thread of life. The inhabitants of warm climates sink down listlessly under the dominion of nature. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of Mahomet and his followers, stimulated by fanaticism, they may push their power to the north; but they soon retreat, and yield to the steady pressure of northern valor.

Every man has some quality of mind, some disposition of heart, or some secret source of enjoyment peculiar to himself, that, singly or combined, make him unwilling to exchange his identity and condition with those of any other person. A careful observation of life under the dispensations of God is eminently fitted to teach us lessons of contentment, and incline us to obedience to the mandate of Heaven, which requires us to learn, in whatever state we are, therewith to be content. As in some famous kingdoms, every road leads to the capital, so, in the kingdom of God, every path in life, pursued with virtue and contentment, leads to heaven, the city of the Great King.

In regard to the loss of my sight, it is undoubtedly considered by observers a great calamity; but God has thrown in counterbalancing advantages, so that I do not and never have regretted the event. It has been the occasion of much good in this life, and I trust will send forward a beneficent influence over my journey in the life to come. In the dark inn of my mortality I look out of the window, and the path before me seems covered with summer light.

My patrimony I exhausted in the extended course of my education, so that, when I went forth into the world as a preacher, I had an empty exchequer; but I had a good library, and was not in debt. Through my labors as a preacher, without charge, I received a fair and sometimes a generous compensation; and what little property I have was acquired during that period of my life. My property is about the same in amount as when I first crossed the State line and established myself in Green River. I have always lived in a style of generous but frugal hospitality. My house has been the scene of a great many comers and goers, and I have always been fond of a full house. I have maintained this style of extended hospitality, partly from taste and strong social feelings, and partly from the opportunity which it afforded me of doing good to others. A minister can do more good who has a constant succession of persons about him, as his opportunities are multiplied for imparting valuable ideas and impressions; and then, at his own house he has an opportunity of presenting to his numerous visitors the example of a well-regulated, Christian family. My income, during my pastorate, though my congregations have been large, has been slender and precarious; but I can say, with gratitude, that, if the Great Head of the Church sent me forth without scrip or purse, he has been a kind Master. I have lacked nothing essential to my health, comfort, or usefulness. I should have been glad to increase my library more rapidly, and have often desired to purchase certain books which I could not obtain without a painful and improper sacrifice. I should have been glad, also, to have had a larger supply of money to contribute to benevolent objects, and to the comfort of the unfortunate and the poor. What I could do in these ways, I have done cheerfully and gladly; and I have gone to an extent which has sometimes given me a severe twinge of self-denial. I have submitted to these inconveniences to set a good example to my congregations, and teach them in their own experience, the great lesson of our Master, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I have always been fond of the young, and have mingled with them to a great extent. My associations with the young and gladsome have contributed to preserve my buoyancy of feeling, and imparted a greenness to the more advanced periods of life. I resolved in early life to cultivate, while I lived, every grace of feeling, and every generous impulse. I have continued to read poetry, and all the other departments of elegant literature, with unintermitted pleasure; but my main occupations as a student have been with a wide range of theological study. The more I have studied theology in its diversified departments, the more I have loved it. Indeed, every day has added to its fascinations. I have kept up my enterprising habit of reading through life.

As I was returning from Andover, in company with my friend, H. D. Sedgwick, while I was pursuing my studies in that institution, the stage stopped at the hotel in Springfield for breakfast. While breakfast was being prepared, I inquired for a friend of mine, of the Princeton Seminary, who belonged to Springfield, and found he was in town. He was instantly sent for, and sat by my side at the breakfast-table. Our conversation turned upon books. My friend, who was at that time a theological student, inquired of me what books we had recently published at Andover. I told him we had just brought out of the press Owen's great Exposition of the Hebrews, in four volumes, and advised him, as he was rich, and a theological student, to purchase a copy. "Ah," said he, "I am too old to begin to read so large a book, and shall not think of buying it." He was only two or three years older than myself, and I was then a young man. His answer dwelt painfully on my mind, and, when we had reached Westfield, our next stopping-place, I took out my memorandum-book and handed it to Mr. Sedgwick, with a request that he would make an entry. "What," said he, "shall I write?"—"Mark the date, and I will tell you. Resolved, that I will never be too old to begin a great book. It is as well to die in the middle of a great book as at the end of a small one." This recorded resolution I have preserved to the present time, and it has been a light over my path of life. I grapple, with as much pleasure, with the largest book as with one of tiny dimensions.

To advert again to the young: they have fully reciprocated my partialities. They have had an affinity for me, and have always been disposed to gather around me. My wishes have always been a law to them, and

I never had the least trouble with any one of the multitude of boys who have been in my family, or have attended my steps when I have been abroad. I sometimes walk out with the boy who lives with me, and other boys who see us often join us. I recollect instances in which I have set off from home with only my own boy, and, before I had walked a mile, have found twelve or fifteen in my retinue. I have loved to have boys about me, and to have those with whom I was perfectly familiar climb over me and talk out their ideas with delightful simplicity.

Though I have studied hard, I have found a great deal of time for society, and have derived from it as much enjoyment as perhaps ever fell to the lot of any man.

Here is a specimen of the affinities and sympathies of the young for me. Yesterday, our academy closed its year. A large proportion of the scholars were from out of town, but they all came, with the most affectionate enthusiasm, to bid my wife and me farewell, with many tears and kind wishes; and it seemed to us as though we were parting with our own children.

I have now finished my task. I have drawn a picture of my own life, and I have sketched many men and things of my time. This little volume has been written with honesty and care; and, if I have sometimes seemed to commend myself, it has been because I would not affect any modesty which I did not feel, but have preferred going straight onward with my story, and have endeavored to speak of myself with philosophical impartiality. If I had been writing a history of my times, I might well have been shy of myself; but, as I am the hero of the drama, it would be a foolish affectation to try to keep the main subject out of sight.

I hope this narrative may prove entertaining and useful. It is most certainly a unique history, and may, I trust, prove stimulating and encouraging to my youthful readers. I have surmounted great difficulties in the path of life, and I have grappled with these difficulties with patient perseverance. My remarks on books, and various passages in my early life, will, I trust, prove an incitement to young men to press forward towards the goal of respectability and usefulness.

I commend this little volume to the blessing of God, fervently praying that, in the language of Johnson, "it may give ardor to virtue, and confidence to truth."

I ought not to close this book without a tribute of grateful and pious affection to my wife, who has greatly assisted me by searching my old letters, and by her sagacious suggestions in the composition of the volume. In turning the eye of memory back upon my varied course of reading, I perceive that many authors have left affectionate testimonials to the virtues of their wives; but, without claiming the dignity of authorship, or any desire to imitate the example of authors in this particular, I am impelled by the fulness of my heart to pay this tribute to domestic affection. There are no pictures in the poetry of human life so sweet as those which represent the domestic felicity of those authors who married happily. Many literary men have had unsympathizing wives; but I bless God for an intelligent and tender companion, who has cheered me under every pressure, and illuminated my path in every scene of darkness and sorrow. Her strong natural sense, refined by an education acquired under my own supervision, which moulded her to my taste and manners, has rendered her an inestimable blessing. May the providence of that gracious Being who bestowed her upon me, long preserve this hallowed domestic relation, which has been the source of so much mutual happiness and improvement.

THE END.